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~~ENTOMOLOGY~~

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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MASSACHUSETTS

Era of Intrigue in Apiculture.

BY UP-TO-DATE.

Although detesting all such things, I, like a great majority of the bee keepers, have made it a practice for the sake of harmony, to allow frauds and deception practiced in the name of the bee keepers of this country to pass unnoticed. But I believe the time has come when silence has ceased to be a virtue. What right have a *few self appointed dictators*, usually editors and some of their favorite contributors who have sung each others praises until blinded by their own conceit, they are determined to rule or ruin? What right, I say, have they to meet and in the *name* of the bee keepers of the United States pass upon any question effecting the interests or expressing in any way the sentiments of the vast number of bee keepers of this country? Such proceedings are an *insult*, an *imposition* and a *fraud* upon the bee keepers of this or any other country. The attempt of that self-convicted fraud, the North American Bee Keepers' Association, to fool the bee keepers by changing its name, is an old trick that has been resorted to before, and is resorted to time and again by *every fraud* to deceive the unwary and the public. Is the United States Bee Keepers' Union a better name than the National Bee Keepers' Union? Not much. Are not the members of the National Bee Keepers' Union just as capable of adopting a new constitution as the U. S. Bee Keepers' Union? Certainly. If the North American Bee Keepers' Assoc'n wanted to join the National why did they not disband and do so? Ah! but in this case they could not control it, and that would not answer their purpose. It is a clear case of "walk into my parlor." They are trying by intrigue and stealth what they could not get any other way. Members of the National should think twice before they jump into this trap. But even should a majority be misled into it, undoubtedly the scheme can be defeated through a permanent injunction from the courts. Instead of seeking to promote a feeling of brotherly love and organization among bee keepers they proceed to stir up hatred and disorganization. General Manager Newman, not taking readily to their *scheme*, has fallen under their displeasure and the usual methods to misrepresent, discredit and depose him are already manifesting themselves. According to the report of the late "convention" at Lincoln one of the first things they did was to get revenge on Mr. Benton Pres. Root missed the opportunity of a lifetime when he failed then and there to sit squarely down on such disgraceful proceedings. I am frank to say my confidence was somewhat shaken in "Ourselves and Our Neighbors." "Dearly deloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written: Vengence is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Romans, 12:19.

The abuse and persecution of Manager Newman and Mr. Benton is disgusting, but it is only a specimen of the contemptible tactics that has characterized these parties in the past. It has gotten so that no bee-keeper or bee keepers society (outside a certain clique) however respectable and worthy, can advocate or encourage enterprise and advancement without incurring unprovoked abuse, misrepresentation and persecution. Do such acts show a christian spirit and tend to advancement, confidence and brotherly love ? How much longer is this state of affairs to continue ? I find that well-informed bee keepers generally understand the "true inwardness" of things, but the prominence of the chief offenders, and the certainty of insult and abuse if they speak their minds, commands silence. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Matt. 5-5.

I submit the above criticism in the most friendly spirit, but I believe that the interests of the pursuit, if we are going to command the confidence of God and our fellow citizens, demand a change from past and present methods. We can not close our eyes longer to the iniquity and the selfish and revengeful spirit which prompts it without ourselves becoming a party to it.

Many Bees, Much Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

In order to secure section honey we must have plenty of bees in our hives when the honey season arrives, or a failure is almost certain, as those reared as the season draws to a close will be consumers instead of producers. But how shall we secure the bees, is a question frequently asked. I will tell you the best way I know of to secure them. As soon as they are out of winter quarters see that each colony has plenty of stores to last until pollen becomes plenty, also a queen. The latter is told by the brood they may have and the former by the amount of sealed honey they have. If they do not have honey enough feed them in some way, frames of sealed honey being preferable at this time. When pollen becomes plenty reverse the brood nest, that is, put the center frames of brood on the outside and the outer ones, or those having the least brood, in the center. In this way the queen will soon fill the frame having little brood more fully than were the others, thus giving a great gain in brood. In from ten days to two weeks go to the hive again and take an outside frame having as much sealed honey in it as possible, and break the sealing to the cells by passing a knife flatwise over it and place it in the center of the brood nest. The removal of this honey will stimulate the bees to great activity, cause them to feed the queen, when she in turn will lay many more eggs than otherwise, thus increasing the number of bees which will hatch twenty-one days later. In ten days more reverse the brood nest again and you will find that the bees will soon have every available cell filled with brood and that from two to three weeks sooner than she would have done had the colony been left to themselves. By the 20th of June every available cell should be filled with brood and the hive full of bees. By this time white clover is nearly in full bloom and all the sections should be put on, if not already on. I like to put on sections when the hive is so full of brood and the bees so anxious for some place to put honey that they will commence work in the sections at once.

Mr. E. Gallup, who stood first among the bee keepers of twenty-five years ago, gave us the secret when he said : "Get the bees and they will secure the honey, if there is any to be had.'' Keep an eye to business and do things at the right time if you wish success. If we wait about putting on the sections, when our bees have arrived at the condition I have supposed them to be on June 20th, and we should have but few days honey yield, we should get nothing. It is no unusual thing to secure from eight to twelve pounds of section honey from a colony per day if we have the hive full of brood and bees and honey is plenty in the flowers.

Now I will suppose that instead of managing as given above we let our bees take care of themselves, leaving weak colonies unprotected, and if any bees have died during the winter, we leave their stores for the bees to carry away. After carrying off this they will be apt to rob our weak colonies, and thus their combs will bo filled with honey instead of brood. Soon the willows blossom, then the apple trees, and thus the hives are kept full of honey. Too much stores in May and June gives about the same assurance of section honey as would be given in letting the colony starve. There is no such thing as having the combs full of honey during the fore part of the season and then securing lots of sections full of clover honey, for where would the bees come from to gather said honey ?

Gallup said again: " We must never allow the bees to get in advance of the queen, for if we do the prosperity of the colony is checked at once, that is, if the bees are allowed to fill the combs with honey in the spring, before the queen has filled them with brood, the colony will be an unprofitable one." Honey can not be obtained without bees. The nine Gallup frames which I use in a hive gives about 45,000 worker bees every twenty-five days, and a queen that is worth keeping, worked on the plan given in this article, will keep the frames full of brood after they are once full, till the honey season draws to a close, providing the sections are put on at the proper time ; but give the same queen only 5,000 bees and those old ones, or field workers, and they will keep the combs so filled with honey that no surplus will be obtained. If our hives contained 5,000 bees on the first of May, with ten pounds of honey, they are what would be called extra good colonies. Now if we should give them what honey or syrup they could carry during the month of May instead of using up the ten pounds in rearing brood, they would store the honey in the brood cells in addition to the ten pounds already there, so we would have about 5,000 bees in our hives all summer. Thus it will be seen it is the bees and brood we want in our hives the fore part of the season instead of honey. If by the process given, our bees run short of stores, of course we must feed them, and money thus spent in feeding will return a large interest if the season is anything like favorable. There is no time in the whole year that it pays as well to put a little money in feed for the bees, where they need it, as it does at this time, yet how few seem to realize it. I often hear it said if the bees cannot get a living now—during the first half of June—let them die. No greater mistake could possibly exist. When any of the sections are filled take them off before soiled and put empty ones having a starter of nice, white comb or thin comb foundation in their places, and thus you will avoid the difficulty, so often experienced, of getting the bees to work in a second set of sections after a full set has been taken off.

As the season draws to a close place the unfinished sections together, and as near the brood as possible, contracting the amount of section room to suit the number of bees, and thus you will secure the most of your honey in a salable form.

Borodino, N.Y.

Condition of Bees, Etc.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

Through southern Ill. we have as yet not had much cold weather. Usually we do not have much if any severe cold weather until soon after Christmas. As the weather has usually been warm enough for bees to fly a little most every day, I have taken several opportunities to study the winter problem.

I find that my bees are much weaker in numbers than for many years, and I think other bee keepers will find the same conditions whose locality, late honey flow, etc., is and has been similar to mine. The spring of 1895 was unusually wet here, so much so that we failed to get any honey from white clover. The summer months were very dry, but when time came for our fall flow conditions were more favorable, and bees stored honey very fast. They soon filled up, bees wore out soon and very few bees were reared. So bees are in good shape for winter so far as honey is concerned, but unusually weak in numbers, and should we have very severe cold weather many colonies will "turn up missing" before spring unless they have been put up in first class shape, i. e., unless we give them especial care they will not live through. It may not be too late yet for some of us to give our bees better protection. A good strong colony, in a good close hive, will stand a good deal of cold if honey is where they can get at it, while a weak colony in the same kind of a hive would not pull through. Bees should have been prepared for winter long ago, but better do what you can for them late than never.

Now a word in regard to something else. Every little while I get a letter or card asking certain questions, which answers they wish by mail, but often the name is left off. Again the address is missing. Now I would ask all to be more careful. I always try to answer all letters when possible, although I can hardly spare the time. If friend J. W. M., of Canada, will be so kind as to send his address I will gladly give the desired information.

Steeleville, Ill,, Dec., 1896.

Our Correspondents

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir:—I have at present ten colonies of bees which represent an unbroken line of descent from stocks which my father started over forty years ago. Although from my first recollection I have been no stranger to the industrious insect, still I have never cultivated a close acquaintance with them except on special occasions For instance, when they would chase me out of the garden into the house, or my bare feet would disturb their labors on the clover blossoms. I have always been afraid of them, which they were aware of only too well, and took undue advantage of the fact to my personal discomfort and peace of mind, for what is more agravating to a timid person than the persistent buzzing of a bee about ones face ?

Since my father died the care of our bees devolved on mother, (who is always "hale fellow well met" with them) 'til about two years ago when I saw advertised the " A. B. C. of Bee Culture," which I procured, and also a copy of Dadant's Langstroth on the Honey Bee, in the study of which I became greatly interested as it opened up a new world of wonderland. Our bees at this time were in box hives with two glass boxes about five by five by fifteen inches long on each side of the brood chamber for surplus. Last winter while business was slack I made up twenty hives after the Dadant pattern, only I put in Hoffman frames, and this spring all swarms were put in these hives on full sheets of foundation. While I got no surplus from these young swarms I think they did very well to fill such large hives and I expect to hear from them next season.

Living in town I have been troubled in the past considerably by sneak thieves helping themselves to a few boxes of honey, so concluded I would put a stop to their depredations by placing the hives inside a small empty building and cutting passages through the sides, converting it into a house apiary, which works very satisfactory as it can be locked up, and then you have everything handy to work with, besides your hives are not exposed to sun and rain.

The harvest from clover here the past season was good, in fact the best for years, but the buckwheat was a disappointment as there was not a pound of surplus from it, although considerable was raised in the immediate vicinity, but was not visited by the bees as the blossoms apparently gave no nectar.

Honey was never so cheap here as it is this season, pound sections being peddled at 10c to 12c on the streets, the usual price being from 13c to 15c.

There are no bee keepers here who make a regular business of it, the largest apiary comprising about thirty hives. Stocks are either black or hybrid, there being no Italians. The largest producer originally had pure Italians but has allowed them to become mixed till now his bees run from clear black to three banded. He claims the blacks are better honey gatherers and that the reason nearly all apiarists hold opposite views is that they have queens to sell. I had intended to Italianize my stocks this summer but this person and several of his opinion have about scared me out, for the present at least, although I am not a convert to their belief yet, for if I kept bees entirely for the profit I should certainly try the Italians, but we only keep a few colonies for our own use and perhaps it would not pay to try to keep pure Italians when surrounded by all blacks. I noticed the bees last week carrying in loads of bright dark red pollen and have been wondering from what source they procured it this late in the season.

Here is a curious incident which I would like to have explained: One afternoon last summer, my wife being occupied wsth some household work on the back porch, noticed a bee or bees (she thinks it was only one bee) carrying small pieces of green leaves in among the loose folds of a rag carpet that laid there. She did not disturb it but waited till I came home when we investigated the matter and found a perfect cylinder open at one end, about the size of a small lead pencil and one inch long, formed of small pieces of what we took for leaves from pea vines, which were wrapped around each other so firmly and neatly that it retained its form when handled. Looking inside disclosed the bottom of the cylinder covered with a yellow substance which on being tasted proved to be pollen. Now what could have induced this one bee to desert her home and set up housekeeping all by her lonely self after such a fashion? I might state that we did not notice any subsequent returns of the bee.

Will close this rambling letter by saying that the bees and I are mutually advancing along peaceful lines, and the present indications are that we will yet become good friends.

Yours, &c., A STUDENT.
Titusville, Pa.

ED. AM. BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir,—If those men at Lincoln, Neb., who condemned the convention at Ontario, N. Y.. for importing the *Apis dorsata*, lived some years ago, with the same backward spirit, then we should not have any Italians, or other good worker bees, or the Cyprian, Holy Lands or Carniolians. The bee keepers of our land can therefore congratulate themselves that this condemnation comes now in the age of progress too late. Honor, and respect, and gratitude to those men who risked their money and their lives for importing other species of the honey bee.

Dec. 20, '96. A. FORWARD.

ED. AM. BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir.—The past season has been a very good one for me, as a whole. I made one experiment, which was a failure. I tried running the forces of two queens under one super. They worked well for a short time until one got the swarming fever, then out came a large double swarm, leaving two sets of queen cells to look after with little prospect of surplus honey. So I came to the conclusion that one good queen and one swarm is enough for one surplus case.

It is admitted by most bee keepers that comb, or partly drawn out comb, is a necessity in getting bees started in the sections. How to get a supply of this comb may be a question which is hard for some to solve. At first I had no difficulty in securing them, although I did not know their full value. During the honey harvest I picked out the full sections about as fast as they were finished and placed empty ones in place of the full ones that were taken out. At the end of the honey flow a portion of the last sections put in are only partly drawn out. Now, all that are not full enough for market are run through the extractor, excepting the portion not containing honey enough to pay for extracting. Then all are placed out where the bees can clean them out. Now that I have learned their full value I am ready to say with B. Taylor that I consider these combs my best stock in trade for another season.

I have tried the V shaped starters in sections cut wide and long, and fastened at top and bottom, all with good results. I have had these sections filled with honey before they hardly touched those with smaller starters nearer the center of the super.

By the way, I have just found the most inconvenient and out of the way place to get stung. It was right on the end of my nose. It gives me a very nice appearance.

Yours truly, S. M. Keeler.
Ccenango Bridge, N.Y., Dec. 20, '96.

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir,—I recently received a sample copy of your magazine and also a catalogue from the W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co. of articles pertaining to bee keeping. The catalogue is the most complete I have yet seen. My experience in this line of goods and my knowledge of bee culture is rather limited, and I class myself as an amateur, but as you kindly invite correspondence I will give an outline of my meager acquaintance with the honey bee, which may interest some of your many readers. That all who read this article may understand why the writer is such a drone himself, doing nothing for a livlihood excepting watching a few swarms of bees, I prefer to explain, for I hardly think I have been long so classed.

I had the honor of serving my country in the late war in the First Maine Cavalry, which contained as high a percentage of workers as any company connected with the Army of the Potomac. and the writer distinctly remembers participating in many engagements which proved more deadly and certainly more permanently disabling than the several encounters had the past season while engaged with my present antagonists, the honey bees.

Last spring I purchased five swarms of bees and I hardly know which has been the most interesting subject, bees or National politics. I am inclined to think that taken on a bee line, politics are, but the bees are not to be grinned at. I now have seven colonies, five of which have produced 200 lbs. of comb honey, which I have sold at my house at 20 and 25 cts. per pound on a gold basis, which more than paid the original cost of the whole lot, supplies included. They are now peacefully at rest in my cellar on suspended shelves, with screens of wire on top of frames elevated ¾ inch to allow the bees to pass over the frames. The hive covers stuffed with straw take up moisture. If they survive, also your humble servant, next spring shortly succeeding inauguration with home Protection I will place them on their stands where they are expected to multiply more than 16 to 1.

Yours truly, Chas. E. McCoy.
Bangor, Maine, Dec. 7, 1896.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal).

THE IMPORTATION OF APIS DORSATA ENCOURAGED.

BY PROF. A. J. COOK.

It was with much surprise that I noted the discussion at the Lincoln convention, the resolution there adopted, and the replies in a late number of the Bmerican Bee Journal as to the advisability of the importation by the United States Government of Apis dorsata into our country. It seems to me that there is a lack of enterprise shown in this matter by a large number who have recently spoken. I have wondered whether a prejudice against one of the employees of the Agricultural Department at Washington might not be at the foundation of this projudice. I believe that every bee keeper of our country would say that the early action of our Government in securing the Italian bee was a piece of undoubted wisdom. The officials of California, in conjunction with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, went to Australia and imparted some little beetles, and thus secured untold benefit to our State. Such enterprises are very little likely to be undertaken by private individuals, and it seems to me that if the Government is ever warranted in coming to the assistance of the people it is in just such projects as these. I have always been of the opinion that it would be excellent policy for the Government to introduce Apis dorsata. I have read very carefully all the comments I have seen upon this enterprise, and as yet I have seen nothing that changes my mind regarding the matter.

The late Dr. C. V. Riley came to me some years ago at Lansing, Mich., where I was then residing, and asked me what I thought the Government could best do to further the interest of bee keepers. The first thing I stated in answer to his question was regarding the importation of Apis dorsata. I told him that a good many of our people believed that we might secure valuable results if this bee were brought to our country; that the enterprise was too gigantic for individual effort, and that it seemed to me that this was just the work that the Government ought to undertake.

He next questioned me as to the method to be pursued in its accomplishment. I suggested that Frank Benton had already made an effort to secure these bees, and had almost succeeded; that he was now in Europe engaged in bee culture, especially the rearing and shipping of queen bees; that he had invented the most successful shipping case, and that if there was anything in experience and long study he certainly must be admirably fitted for just such work. Mr. Benton was very soon employed by the Agricultural Department, where he has been working ever since. I understood from Dr. Riley that through some technical ruling this project of the introduction of these bees was held in obeyance.

In an article which I wrote on this subject for the bee periodicals some time ago, I considered this matter very much in the same light as that presented to Dr. Riley in the conversation mentioned above. I again said that it seemed to me that Mr. Benton should be the proper man to send if any such quest was attempted. I think no one will doubt that Mr. Benton's experience should be very valuable in case any such attempt was made.

It is greatly to be regretted that since the St. Joseph North American Bee Keepers' convention there has been a serious rupture between Mr. Benton and the leading bee keepers of our country, which has led many of the latter to consider him as not the proper man to be sent to India or Ceylon in case the attempt to introduce these bees should be made. I have no bias in favor of Mr. Benton that would make me feel that he was the only man to do this work. If from his temperament or individual peculiarities he is unfitted to carry out this enterprise, then certainly some other person should be secured. I think there are others who would do the work well, and the very work that Mr. Benton did would be a great help to any one else who might undertake the enterprise.

I feel very certain that if the bee-keepers of the country were united, and should ask the United States Department of Agriculture to introduce this bee among us, all technical difficulties would be removed and the work would be done. I believe the Department of Agriculture wishes to do the utmost possible to benefit agriculture in all its lines, and I believe that any such large work as this would especially appeal to the broad-minded men at the head of the Department. Therefore it is that I wish further to comment upon this matter.

The objection has been raised that we might introduce another "English sparrow." I feel, myself, that there is no peril in this direction. None of the honey gathering bees are even in the least degree mischievous. They are always and everywhere friends. Their honey gathering habit, and their great numbers, especially early in the season, make them par excellence the most valuable agents in cross pollinating the flowers of our fruits and vegetables. This work has an importance that few even of bee keepers sufficiently appreciate. If bees anywhere had any evil traits we might look askance at this enterprise, fearing that its consummation might be another of the list so disastrous to America in the importation of the rabbit. As it is I am sure we need have no fear in this direction. This, and the possibility, very likely—we may say probability—that these bees may be of no value if brought among us, are the only objections to this enterprise that I have heard mentioned.

I wish now to present what seemed to me advantages. There are among us many enterprising men like D. A. Jones, who will constantly feel a desire that these large bees of India might be among us. They will constantly be feeling about for some method of doing the work. They have not, nor can they have, the facilities which the Department of Agriculture possesses. Therefore, any action that they may take will be attended with very large expense, even if it succeed at all. Therefore, in quieting this very unrest, it seems to me this undertaking on the part of the Government is most desirable. If any work should not be left to the individual surely this work should not be.

Again, without any doubt, these bees have longer tongues than our ordinary bees and might very likely be able, like our bumble bees, to gather honey which is inaccessible to our common honey bee. It would certainly be a great acquisition to secure a bee, for instance, that could secure the nectar at the deep flower tubes of red clover. It is more than probable that many other flowers secrete nectar that cannot be reached by our common bees.

Again, these bees are not only a different variety from all our domesticated bees, but they are also a distinct species. It certainly is not up to our nineteenth century civilization to let bees of such marked characteristics pass year after year without a trial. Every great enterprise has more or less risk back of it. This is no exception to the others. While we may perhaps say that the probability is of no signal advantage, yet, on the other hand, there is more than possibility that its introduction among us might be attended with great advantage. The Government is all the time introducing new seeds, new plants, new domesticated animals, and I see no possible reason why we should make an exception of Apis dorsata, or any possible reason why bee keepers should not benefit by Government enterprise with those engaged in other manual pursuits. Without doubt the Government could accomplish this at very slight expense, as they did the introduction of Novius (vedalia) cardinalis from Australia. In that enterprise the State of California received a benefit which is almost beyond computation.

It seems to me the broad view of any such matter as this is for the Government to introduce any species or race that might offer even a slight hope of improvement. Is not this a sort of "making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before?" And I have no objection to the Government becoming just such a philanthropist. It passes understanding, to me, why any one should object to the Government undertaking such an enterprise. If the objection comes from the fact that some obnoxious individual is likely to be selected to carry it out, then I say make objections to the individual, and not try to balk the enterprise. While I am not in favor of the Government giving money for conventions or anything else that benefits the few, I would hold up both hands to have it undertake any such project which offers even small hope of advantage, and which is beyond the means of individual effert. Especially would this be true where all the people of any great industry would certainly profit were the enterprise successful and the results available.

I, therefore, wish to put myself on record as commending the action of the bee keeping society of New York State, which has been so active in trying to accomplish this object.

Claremont, Calif.

(From Gleanings).

APIS DORSATA NOT UNDESIRABLE

Their Practical Value for the United States —Other Races of Bees.

BY W. K. MORRISON.

The editor of Gleanings is anxious to know something about my way of securing *Apis dorsata* for the purpose of attempting its domestication. In the first place I hope, for the general good of bee keeping, that a staid, respectable journal like Gleanings will never again make the statement that it did a few weeks ago about *Apis dorsata* changing the flora of America. Such a statement appears like a sound from the Dark Ages. What! even the savage would not believe such a statement. Suppose a fruit grower applies to the Governor of Ohio for protection against the bee keepers of his State, saying the bees mix up his apples and his strawberries, his pears and his persimmons, etc. Why, it pains me to discuss such nonsense. Are the readers of this paper aware that there are some 3,000 species of bees in existence? These have been working through all the ages, and so far as we can see, have never changed the flora of any country one iota.

The honey bee has been at work in the United States some time now and I fail to see that it has changed one single flower as yet. I know it would stagger the mind of most of your readers to be told how many species of bees there are in the United States. Now, it is to be hoped this sort of thing will be dropped. Talk about Prof. Wiley's lie—this one knocks it completely into the shade. Prof. W. can now poke all the fun he chooses at us.

Let us discuss a pleasanter subject. Most of your readers who write about *Apis dorsata* seem to take it for granted that it is the only bee capable of domestication, but this is a mistake, as other species are actually kept by the natives of these eastern countries. We have pretty accurate information of the following bees:

Apis Dorsata (natives make a business of its honey).

Apis Zonata (natives make a business of its honey).

Apis Indica (kept in hives).

Apis Rhonta (kept in hives).

Apis Unicolor (kept in hives).

Apis Mellifica (the one we cultivate).

Some bees of Central and South America have been partially domesticated. I know I saw notices of several species of *Trigona* as having been imported into the United States, but they were very far removed from the domesticated kind. The *Trigona* of the West Indias has some 1,000 bees in a nest, while Mr. Stretch, while at Panama, counted a colony of *Melipona* with at least 100,000 bees in it, as he says almost countless, their nest occupying several (6) feet of a large hollow tree, and having large quantities of honey and wax. The bees were like a black cloud. Gardner says in his travels (giving a long list of *Melipona*) that in the provinces of Piauhy, and Goyaz, he found bees very numerous. In every house they have the honey of these bees. Many species, he says, build in the hollow of trees, others in banks, some suspend their nests from branches of trees, while one species makes its nest of clay, the honey of this species being very good.

Mr. Guerin found one of these nests with six queens (*Melipona fulvipes*). Bates, no mean observer, brought back from the Amazon 45 species of *Melipona*, mostly new species.

I know some editors of bee papers who gravely discuss the uses of *Melipona* and *Trigona*, who evidently do not know the meaning of "species." I see advertisements in Gleanings like this: "For sale—hybrid bees, $4.00 a hive." Now, triends, this isn't so. Nobody has hybrid bees in the United States as yet. Wait till we get *Dorsata* or *Indica* here and there may be a chance to get hybrids.

One of the most painful reflections about the recent death of the great Langstroth is the fact that there is no one to take his place as an author and student in apiculture. I know of editors of bee papers who have never read Reaumur's work, the foundation stone of bee culture. All these things make it difficult to conver to the average bee keeper just what chances there are of improving practical apiculture by introducing new *species* (not races) of bees. The domestic animals of the United States are all introductions; and the introduction of *Apis dorsata* would probably, in my opinion, be of more importance than either ostriches or reindeer.

The more we diversify our business the more likely we are to succeed. The introduction of a new species of bees would give us a standing in the eyes of the world we do not now possess. What I should expect from *Apis dorsata* would be:

1. A larger number of flowers visited having deep nectaries.
2. A larger area covered by its greater power of flight.
3. More wax produced.
4. Honey coming to us now going to bumble bees.
5. A greater power to take care of itself against wasps, etc.

It is, of course, problemical somewhat as to what would be the greatest advantage till we know more about them. Certain it is, they are valuable, and compare favorably with *Mellifica*. I should be discouraged if I did not know how our own honey bee behaves in the tropics. It is often said that *dorsata* is migratory in its habits, but our own honey bee does the same thing pretty much. This is news, but it is a fact. A bee tree is not a bee tree very long in the tropics. When the rainy seasons come, enemies of all sorts come to eat their honey and wax, till, in sheer exasperation, evidently, the colony decamps, leaving his abode in the hands of its enemies. Bees in the tropics get no peace.

It may strike your readers as very strange, but flowers are scarce in the tropics. I suppose that Ontario is a better place for flowers than Brazil, under the equator. One of the lies we are taught in childhood is that tropical countries have lots of flowers. Mr. Miller would find wintering quite a problem in the equator—just as much as in Illinois. For months the bees get hardly an ounce of honey. Then they are annoyed by swarms of ants, termites, and moths,

Then *Apis dorsata* is accused of working nights. So does *Melliyca*. Bees in the tropics work nights and mornings only, for the very good reason that the vertical sun evaporates all the nectar out of the tubes in the middle of the day. My own bees used to fly around moonlight nights in the tropics, and no wonder, for a moonlight night in Capricorn is superb, but I could never discover that they did anything nights. On the eastern side of the Andes the little rivulets trickle down the mountain side till about 10 or 11 A. M., then stop altogether for the day. This is about the time bees stop till about 4 P. M., when work is resumed.

Lately *dorsata* was accused of being a great stinger, but among a certain class our own pet has a similar name.

A great amount of data has been collected about the bees of India, and the government of India has published a book about the bees of India that are kept in hives. If we can't do any better we can get the bees the natives have and try them.

The bees of Bhotan are kept in hives and are different from ours. It seems to me that if these natives with their rude hives can keep these bees we ought to do a *leetle* better.

The reports furnished to the government of India show that the bees of that country suffer from moths and men chiefly. They do not cultivate our bees—only Europeans do this. Our bees do not mix with theirs.

Bermuda.

[Our correspondent, Mr. Morrison, in his first paragraph, must surely have misunderstood me in what I said concerning *Apis dorsata* on pages 390 and 396. On neither page did I say anything about their "changing the flora" of America. The nearest approach to it was that they would be "out of harmony with the general flora of America," and this was but endorsing the opinion of that scientist and an authority, Mr. Frank E. Cheshire, whom I had just been quoting.

We have permitted the use of the term "hybrids" when referring to crosses between blacks and Italians, simply because it had become generally accepted. And in the same way we have permitted the term "fertile workers" when we meant "laying workers," just the same as everybody speaks about the sun rising, when, in fact, it does not rise at all; or when we say the tea kettle boils, when it is only the water in it to which we refer; or when we say the eaves drop, when it is only the water running from them. Even if we were to change the term "hybrid" to "cross," bee keepers all over the country would be continually using the term they were long accustomed to. As to the term "races of bees," it is not any worse than that commonly accepted by the whole human family when it refers to "races of men." If we must stop using the term "races of bees," then our geographies and our general literature must correct themselves in the use of the term African race, Malay race, etc. The Standard dictionary, the latest and best, gives as one of its definitions of race, "a stock or strain as of domestic animals or plants." "Race" as we have used it in reference to bees is correct according to these.

There is a tendency in language to give secondary meanings to words, and these secondary meanings often and even generally intrench themselves in the language of the masses so firmly that strict accuracy would really amount to an inaccuracy.

But in reference to *Apis dorsata*, I am willing to take back anything I said referring to the undesirability of bringing them to this country; and in view of what our correspondent has said in favor of points 1 to 5, it may be worth our while to get them here.

In our next issue Mr. Morrison will tell of the plan he has for going through the Eastern countries, and how he proposes to carry it out, for, indeed, I believe he is just the man to introduce new races or species into the civilized world; and he will do it, too, providing the bee keepers stand back of him, even if he does not secure an appropriation from our own national government. He has had a wide experience as a traveler, and is well acquainted with all the intricacies of travel among semi-barbaric people.—Ed.]

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EDITORIAL.

Elsewhere we reprint an article by Prof. Cook, favoring the introduction of Apis dorsata into the United States. We also publish an article on the same subject by W. K. Morrison. After reading these articles many of our readers who have heretofore been averse to their importation will no doubt favor the project. Some very sound reasoning is given in favor of the idea, while the adverse arguments are hardly worth considering.

It will be noticed in the foot note of Mr. Morrison's article which is copied from Gleanings, that Editor Root, who is now doing all he possibly can against the proposition that the government take the matter of importing Apis dorsata in hand, was at the time the article was written of an entirely different mind.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

During the past month the weather throughout the middle and eastern states has been almost spring like in its mildness, and so warm and full of sunshine that the bees have had frequent flights.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Co., N. Y., Bee Keepers' Association will be held at Canandaigua, N. Y., January 29th and 30th, 1897. It is the intention of the managers to make this the most interesting meeting ever held by this wide-awake society. Everybody welcome.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

California bee keepers are rejoicing over a bountiful rainfall which brightens the prospects of a good crop of honey next season, Last season was an "off year" for the Pacific slope, but with the present favorable conditions it is hoped that the big yield of 1895 will be repeated in 1897.

The layers of paper which are placed between sheets of foundation by manufacturers in shipping are thought by some to be a needless precaution and expense, but besides preventing the sheets from adhering to each other a customer in the south says the paper prevents the burrowing of the moth worm as they will not eat through the paper.

Notes.

BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Occasional reference is made in the bee papers of late to the Caucasian bees, a race found in the Caucasus mountains, Russia. It was our privilege several years ago, when the merits of the Caucasian bee was being quite generally discussed, to test some of the advantages claimed for them. They proved to be a very gentle and hardy race, with no other desirable points. Their most conspicuous trait being a lack of energy, worthless as honey gatherers and an irrepressible swarming propensity, American bee keepers have wisely given the Caucasians a deserved rest for the past ten years, and we think would do well to continue it. They are a tired race.

Elias Fox, in Gleanings, reports 65 perfect queen cells upon one frame of brood. Editor Root regards the case as something extraordinary, if the bees were Italian stock, but cites a similar case in his experience with Holy Land bees. Though we neglected to make a note of the exact number of cells which we found at one time several years ago in a hive occupied by Caucasians, we are prepared to accept almost any figure along this line. There were cells and clusters of cells upon each side of every comb in the hive, and queen cells in several sections in the super, while some were attached to the side of the hive, entirely separate from the comb.

A correspondent from Oregon in the American Bee Journal, declares that yellow jackets destroyed five colonies of bees in spite of all he could do. There is a large wasp, of which Southern bee keepers complain as a bee killer, but this is the first charge of this kind against the yellow jacket to come before our notice. Perhaps it is the same, *Stizus speciosus*.

Garden Seeds as Premium.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER one year and a box of choice garden seeds, retail value $1.60, for only 60 cents.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

JACK FROST IN FLORIDA.

Prosperity was rampant; the people were happy. There was only one South Florida. "Its delightful winters and health-giving climate could not be duplicated or carried away." "Prices must go up and up until every acre is a home or garden, and every owner a man of wealth and leisure." The pioneers and orange growers thought so; the builders of railroads and cities, the founders of electric lights and newspapers the investors and money lenders, all thought so; and it would have been so, perhaps except that, after all, God disposes.

"It is the unexpected that happens." One starlit night in 1886, an ice cold wind stole down from the North and, passing all established "frost-lines," penetrated the "orange belt." Ungathered fruit was frozen, and the trees were "nipped," retarding the growth and fruiting of young groves, and curtailing the crop for several years in older ones.

The greatest injury, however, and one from which all classes suffered, was the shock to confidence. The record had been broken. the frost-line destroyed. Investors must take into consideration a heretofore unrecognized danger, and in consequence there was an immediate and rapid decline in the demand for property. Who could tell when another freeze would come? and in fear of it, though little actual damage had been done, the South Florida boom collapsed.—R. G. Robinson, in January Lippincott's.

New features are being continually added to Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, and the publishers say that the coming year will show even more marked improvement in its character than was shown during the past year.

WOMAN'S LOVE

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel! Hear my story!

"I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell,
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit, let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow. Look! The dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go.
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing
She fluttered back with broken hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee.
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept: "Now let my punishment begin.
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire."

—John Hay.

JUST PURE NERVE.

They had been talking of nervy men when one of the group asked if they had ever known of Johnny Neeley, who staid awhile in Santa Fe in the early days of the town. He wasn't a "bad man," a little, smooth faced chap, weighing perhaps 125 pounds. But he was lightning, and by and by the boys learned that he carried large quantities of nerve with him at all times.

One night Neeley strolled into the White Rose saloon, and sitting down by a small table some distance away from the gang began smoking a long, black Mexican cigar while reading a newspaper that had come down by the last stage. He puffed away at the cigar until half an inch of ashes hung at the end. The young fellow was tilted back in his chair pointing up at an angle of 45 degrees. The ashes made a splendid target, and big Bob Sweeney cautiously drew his gun and gave the boys the wink.

There was a flash, a loud report, and the bullet from Bob's pistol flecked the ashes off Neeley's cigar just as light and smooth as if he had brushed them away with his finger. To the surprise of every one present the young fellow did not jump and yell as they had expected. Instead he slowly folded the newspaper, laid it down on the table and then turned and looked at the gang with a questioning expression on his face. He did not even remove the cigar from his mouth.

When he saw the smoking revolver in Sweeney's hand, he got up and, walking over toward the table where the gang were seated, asked in the mildest sort of tone, "Did you shoot at me or my cigar?"

The gang was completely taken aback at the coolness of the fellow.

"I just thought I'd flip the ashes off yer cheroot, young feller, and save you the trouble," replied Sweeney, who still held his revolver.

"Thank you very much. I just wanted to know what you were shooting at. It was a good shot. There's no hard feelings. Have one with me!"

As Neeley spoke he pulled out another long cigar and handed it to Sweeney. The big fellow held out his hand for the cigar, but he was fairly dazed by the action of the young man. Then Neeley went back to his own table and sat down again. As soon as Sweeney had recovered from his surprise he winked at the crowd, and, putting up his gun, struck a match to light his cigar. As he raised the burning match toward his mouth there was a sharp report, and it was knocked out of his fingers. Quick as lightning Johnny Neeley had drawn a 6 inch derringer and had shot the match out of Sweeney's fingers.

"Never light a cigar with a match. The fumes of the sulphur may spoil the flavor of the weed! Allow me to offer you a light," said Neeley, stepping over and extending his lighted cigar with his left hand.

Bob Sweeney's face was a study. He let his cigar drop on the table, and, with his hands on his knees, he just sat there for a minute and stared at the young chap.

"Did you do that?" he gasped at last.

"Yes, but I meant no offense. Here is a light."

Bob picked up his cigar, but when he went to light it the boys saw that his hand was shaking a trifle. He got the cigar burning, and then he sat and puffed it in silence for five minutes, at the end of which time he got up, and, glancing at the half burned match lying on the floor, said:

"Well, I'll be ——!"

Sweeney marched up to the bar and took a drink, without a word to the gang. Then he started out. To reach the door he had to pass the table where Neeley sat quietly reading the newspaper. As he walked past the young fellow the big bully took off his hat and went out at the door on tiptoe. Pretty soon the others of the gang followed, and before morning every man in Santa Fe knew that little Johnny Neeley was the quickest and best shot in the territory and that his nerve was the pure stuff.

That little shooting match fixed the jokes on him. Neeley continued on the even tenor of his way, never boasting of anything and playing in hard luck most of the time, for six months passed before the boys had a chance to see his nerve tested again. He was gambling more and more all the time and was usually broke.

One day there drifted into the town a regular professional bad man. He wore his hair long and called himself Arizona Jake. His available assets consisted of two revolvers, a knife and a record of two murders and three plain killings. Before he had been in town many hours he let it be known that he was hunting trouble, and the boys decided that he should not be long finding it.

It was always believed that Bob Sweeney put the stranger up to picking a row with little Johnny Neeley, but they couldn't prove it at the inquest. It was late at night, and Neeley was in the faro bank playing the high card and losing right along, as usual He seemed to have faith that his luck would change that night and kept close watch of the game. He had spent his last dollar for chips and had staked his last stack when Arizona Jake entered the place with a regular Indian warwhoop and fired a shot through the roof as a warning that he was out for trouble. Nearly every one in the place got out of the way, but Johnny Neeley did not even look up from the card table. Jake was a big, strong fellow, and when he caught sight of the little, smooth faced chap sitting there playing faro it seemed to set him wild. He walked over, and, catching hold of the back of Neeley's chair, lifted both fore feet from the floor and let go. The young gambler got quite a jolt by the fall, and as he straightened his chair he looked in mild surprise at the big desperado who towered three feet above him.

"Get out, you white faced kid! Go home to your ma! You are a nice looking thing to be sitting down to a game like a man! Get out! Whoop!"

With a fearful string of oaths Arizona Jake brandished a pistol over Neeley's head and ordered him to leave the game and get out of the house.

The boys held their breaths for a minute, but to their surprise Neeley merely said to the big bully, "Please go away and do not annoy me."

"Go away! Ha, ha! I like that! Say, young fellow, do you know me?"

"Don't want to. Let me finish this deal," replied the young gambler.

The big bully seemed a little nonplused because Neeley would not resent anything he did, and, standing a few feet away, he began to curse and abuse the young fellow. By this time Neeley had lost his last chip.

"I'll try one more deal. Give me $5 worth of chips on my gun," said the gambler as he took out his revolver and passed it over to the dealer. The chips were pushed across the table and Neeley staked them all on one turn of the cards.

Arizona Jake had seen the young man pass over his pistol, and with a yell he jumped and seized Neeley by the collar, lifting him clear over his head. He swung him around two or three times and then let him drop on the floor.

Neeley landed on his feet and there was fire in his eyes. Quick as a flash he reached across the faro table and snatched up his pistol from the open drawer where the dealer had put it. Jake saw the movement and reached for his own guns, but he was not quick enough. There was a loud report, and the big, cowardly outlaw tumbled over, shot through the heart. Neeley turned back to the faro table just as quiet as if nothing had happened, and, handing his pistol back to the dealer, he said:

"Go on with the deal. My last five on the queen."—Buffalo Express.

The Earliest American Coins.

The very earliest coinage that can be called American was ordered by the Virginia company and was minted in the Bermudas in the year 1612. At that time, and for a long time after, tobacco was the standard currency in Virginia. In 1645, however, the Virginia assembly, after reciting that it "had maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quoine (coin) would be to this colony, and the great wants and miseries which do daily happen unto it by solely depending on tobacco," provided for the issue of copper coins of the denominations of twopence, threepence, sixpence and ninepence, but nothing was ever done toward carrying out the law.

Seven years later, in May, 1652, the "general court" of Massachusetts passed a law which created a "mint howse" in Boston, and which directed that a regular coinage be established. The coins provided for by this law were, in the quaint language of the old statutes, "to bee 12 pence, 6 pence and 3 pencepeeces, which shall be for forme flatte and stamped on one side with N. E., and on the other side with characters xiid, vid and iid, according to the value of each peece." This Boston mint was the one which produced the famous "oak tree" and "pine tree shillings," which are highly valued by collectors of old coins and which have sold as high as $25 each. This early mint continued in operation for 34 years. During the reign of William and Mary copper coins were struck at this mint for the Carolinas as well as for New England in general. The first coins struck for Maryland were silver shillings, sixpence and fourpence pieces, which Lord Baltimore caused to be minted in London.—St. Louis Republic.

Russia's Greatest Ambition.

In Constantinople centers the vastest ambitions of the race of czars. For over a century the great white power has descended toward the queen of cities. Over mountains has she come, hostile peoples has she subdued, treaties has she made and treaties has she torn up, armies has she raised and navies built, wars has she waged and countries has she absorbed in her march. On the surface her policy has changed so often that the story of them would be a tapestry for variegation. At heart it has never altered one iota. She is coming to the Mediterranean, and she is coming there through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. Her purpose is as fixed as fate, and she is prepared to be as patient as Providence in its accomplishment. But so long as she exists she will never relinquish it. Bit by bit Turkey has rotted; step by step the Cossack, with his cross, has advanced. Today he is almost within striking distance.—Henry Norman in Cosmopolis.

Her Application.

The study of definitions presents many obstacles and difficulties to childish minds.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the schoolteacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.

"In summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar with such doleful frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.—Youth's Companion.

Wooden Spoons.

In the district of Semenovsk, where wooden spoons chiefly come from, about 7,000 men make a living at the trade. The spoons are generally made from birchwood, and a skillful workman can turn out several hundreds a day. No fewer than 12,000,000 spoons are manufactured during the course of the year, which are sold at 6 to 8 rubles (12 shillings to 16 shillings) per thousand.

They find a ready market and penetrate as far as Persia, Khiva, Bokhara and Khokand.

Charles VII of France was the Victorious. He won 47 battles.

THE STRANGE GUEST.

He brought a branch of olive,
This stranger guest of mine.
Could I deny him entrance
Who bore the peaceful sign?
Ah, no! I bade him welcome;
I set him meat and wine.
But while he drank and feasted
How laughed his eyes divine!

I took the branch of olive,
The smoothest plant that grows,
And from the carven ceiling
I hung it with the rose.
"But why to me this token
Who never lacked repose?
Why this to me," I questioned,
"Who knows nor feud nor foes?"

He smiled beneath the olive,
This strangest stranger guest.
A branch from off the thorn tree
Had told his errand best,
For since my house he entered
There's ne'er a heart at rest.
To mock me with the olive!
But love doth love his jest.

—Edith M. Thomas.

ROMANCE OF A FLAT.

Mr. Ogglesby Possiter smoothed out his cards, and, with great deliberation, laid them before him on the table, leaned back in his chair and gazed intently at his wife.

"Well, I never! You've gone and trumped my ace on the second hand around," he cried.

Mrs. Ogglesby Possiter's fine eyebrows arched perceptibly.

"Oh, how stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "Really, my dear, I wasn't thinking when I did it."

"It is but just that in payment for so charming a partner you should waste a few trumps," said Lieutenant Swash gallantly.

This compliment rather conciliated Mr. Possiter, for he picked up his hand and said: "My wife can play good whist, but when she gets talking her game is abominable—atrocious. She"—

"It is your lead," interrupted I, with a glance at my fair opponent.

She played a two of hearts, and Swash followed with a three. Then my wife entered the game by venturing from the corner where she sat at some fancy work: "Do go on, Mrs. Possiter. You were saying that your cousin, Jack Dimly, was not acceptable to Mr. Pyn as a son-in-law."

Mr. Possiter sighed, and his wife, after following suit on my lead of clubs, took up the thread of her tale.

"To me there is a great deal that is romantic about a flat, commonplace things though they generally are. I know that when I was first married it seemed to me as if I was in a fairy palace when every morning there came a low whistle at the speaking tube, and then a rattle in our dear little kitchen, and I would run out and just throw open a little door, and there before me was everything for breakfast—a scuttle of coal, milk, eggs and bread. It was as though some genii, some invisible spirits, were serving me. I just used to dote"—

"My dear," exclaimed the fair story teller's husband as he for a moment stopped dealing, "if you can find me a flat house where they have genii as janitors I'll move at once."

"Of course I know you have to tip them; but, Ogglesby, you are so prosaic. You have no romance at all. I knew the janitor did it all, but then there was no reason why I should always— Oh, I beg pardon. It is my lead. Anyway Jack Dimly and Evangeline Pyn had the loveliest adventure, the most romantic"—

"There you go, leading spades when I signaled for trumps," cried Mr. Possiter, thumping the table testily.

"Dear, how stupid! I saw you frowning and thought you wanted a black card."

"I played a six spot, then a two on Mr. Dockboy's lead," retorted Possiter. "You made the same mistake two hands ago, when the lieutenant led the three of spades."

"You shall have the trumps very first chance I get," said his wife. "I don't see why you always interrupt the game. My lead? There! Well, when Mr. Pyn found out that Evangeline had made up her mind to marry my cousin, Jack Dimly, in spite of his poverty, he determined to use every means in his power to keep them apart, and to accomplish this he had virtually to keep his daughter a prisoner. He took a flat on the sixth floor of a house so as to have her as high up as possible, and removed the fire escape to cut off that means of exit. He kept no servant for fear that if he had one she might enter into collusion with his daughter. He never let Evangeline out of his sight except at night, and then he locked the door and slept with the key under his pillow. What does my cousin Jack Dimly do? Does he give up in despair? By no means. My cousin Jack Dimly inherited from his ancestors—my ancestors, too—at least one of their good qalities—he had grit. He never went into anything except with vim and determination, whether in love or in sports or"—

"In debt," ventured Mr. Possiter, shuffling his cards nervously.

"Ogglesby, how could you?" said his wife reproachfully. "What! Have I revoked? Dear, dear! There, lieutenant. Just put this heart on that trick and give me back my spade. Now it's all right, and you needn't score three. As I have said already, my cousin, Jack Dimly, did not know the meaning of the word surrender—not he. For a time nothing was seen of him, and to Mr. Pyn everything seemed to be going splendidly. Nothing was heard of the detested young man, and the old gentleman had almost decided that his own determination had won the day, when a slight incident aroused his sleeping suspicion. While poking about the kitchen one day he happened to open a small door, and before him, on the dumb waiter, lay a box of candy. Of course he called Evangeline, and of course she denied all knowledge of it and suggested that it belonged to some other family on the same shaft. He whistled down the tube. Yes, thank you, Mr. Dockboy, you may deal for me. The janitor, my genius, answered. It was a mistake. The box was intended for the family two floors below, so down it went. But that box of candy became a weight on Mr. Pyn's mind. He pondered over the incident and tried to make himself believe that the kitchen elevator was quite the usual way to deliver such parcels, but he could not. He became suspicious. A dozen times a day he would throw down his pipe, dart from his chair to the kitchen and throw open the dumb waiter door. He found nothing. What.. are trumps? Diamonds? Thank you!

"Now, one night some weeks later, old Mr. Pyn, sleepless and ill at ease, lay in bed, thinking over this incident, when a gentle rattle in the elevator shaft sounded in his ears. It was simply habit that led him to it, for, as luck would have it, he darted from his room and groped his way to the kitchen. He was none too soon. The light was burning, the door of the shaft was wide open, the cable was running down, and above the rattle and clatter there came a soft scream. Old Mr. Pyn was a strong man, a determined man. Like a flash he jumped to the shaft, leaned in, seized the cable and held on to it with a madman's fury. Oh, is it my play?

"The car of course stopped short in its downward career. Then there was a vigorous tug from below—a scream. Mr. Pyn clinched his teeth, braced himself and held it as firm as a rock. As I have said before, my cousin Jack Dimly is a man of pluck, but he is small and not strong. So his efforts to drag down the car—for you have surmised, of course, that he was at the bottom of the shaft —and its precious burden proved unavailing against the strength and determination of old Mr. Pyn, who never slept a wink unless he had just swung the Indian clubs through several miles of circles. Tug as my cousin might, the car did not budge below the third floor. On the other hand, all the power of old Mr. Pyn's muscles availed nothing against the combined weight of the car and my cousin Jack Dimly. Grind his teeth, pull and struggle though he did, he could not draw the precious burden an inch nearer him. Did he let go? No. That was not"—

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Possiter, laying down his cards and pushing his chair back from the table, "you never told me before that your cousin Jack"—

"Ogglesby," cried my pretty opponent, "I do wish you would watch your end of the game. I led that ace. Did he give— Don't stop playing, lieutenant. I have such a lovely hand!"

Swash, too, had laid down his cards.

"That reminds me of the time"—

My wife from the corner interrupted him with, "Now, lieutenant, do let me hear first who won—that poor, dear Mr. Dimly or that horrid"—

"There, you've spoiled such a splendid hand!" cried Mrs. Ogglesby Possiter, tossing her cards on the table. "Just as I get seven trumps you all stop playing. We were sure of three points, and if"—

"Ethel," said her husband firmly, "you were telling us about your cousin Jack Dimly."

"Oh, was I? Dear me, how stupid I am! Where was I last?"

"Evangeline was in the center of the shaft, and your cousin and old Mr. Prim, or Pim, or what's his name, were trying to get her up and down," said my wife.

"I remember now. Did old Mr. Pyn give up the ship, or the dumb waiter, rather? No; he held fast. He called down the shaft to my cousin Jack Dimly and demanded that he release the rope, and my cousin Jack Dimly called back up the shaft that he would hold on until he was a skeleton sooner than allow the one he loved to return again into the clutches of such a cruel father. Then old Mr. Pyn retorted that his dust would tumble down the shaft and get in the eyes of the abominable suitor for his daughter's hand before he released the rope. And he showered down words of reproach and abuse upon his faithless child, and my cousin Jack Dimly called up to her to be of good cheer, as he was near. She did not answer. All night long those two determined men clung to the elevator cable. Morning came, and the sunlight was coming into the kitchen, when old Mr. Pyn, nearly exhausted, whispered hoarsely down the shaft that the milkman would soon be coming and proposed a truce.

"My cousin replied that he dare not let go lest the old man drag up the car. Mr. Pyn replied that he would give his word of honor not to if the young man likewise pledged himself not to drag it down. The parley was a long one, and finally it was agreed that my cousin should come up stairs, and that they would raise Evangeline together. So Jack Dimly went to the Pyn flat, and, with the irate father, drew up the car. What did they find? It was empty."

"Why, what became of Evangeline?" cried my wife.

"That was what puzzled old Mr. Pyn and my cousin. She was gone. Where and how, neither knew. And, equally bereaved, they made up and mourned together."

"It seems to me Evangeline was a sort of genius," ventured Lieutenant Swash.

"She wasn't at all. She was simply a lovely girl," cried Mrs. Ogglesby Possiter. "She married another man, that was all. A week later her father and my cousin Jack Dimly got a letter from her from Niagara Falls, where she was spending her honeymoon. She apologized and explained that she got off at the third floor and eloped with a nice young bachelor who lived there."

"And how in the world had they become acquainted?" cried my wife.

"Why, through the speaking tubes, of course! How else could they?"—New York Sun.

Strange Circulation.

"Isn't it odd," asked Squildig, "that what I eat should go to my stomach, while what I drink goes to my head?"

"Yes," replied McSwilligen, "it is very strange that anything at all should go to your stomach while your head is so empty!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Block Island.

The hum of the spinning wheel is still a familiar sound on Block island, a quaint and interesting resort in summer and a miniature world in winter, in which the habits and customs are those of 150 years ago. The island is 15 miles off the Rhode Island shore and almost directly south of stormy Point Judith.

There are times during the winter when the wind sweeps across the treeless land at a velocity of 84 miles an hour, and women take their lives in their hands when they venture out of doors. The isolation of the island is almost complete.

John Schofield established the first woolen mill in Connecticut near Oakdale, where the carding was done by power cards. In 1798 the Block islanders began to send wool to the mill to be carded into rolls, and generation after generation have kept up the practice. Formerly many bags of grain accompanied the wool, and grist and woolen mills were kept running day and night, while the fishermen and farmers enjoyed themselves in the quiet Connecticut village until the work was done.—New York Herald.

The first submarine telegraph wire in this country was from Governors island to the Battery in New York, laid in 1842.

FISHER LASSIES.

The wind blows up from the nor'west waves
Chill, salt and strong from its ocean caves.
The sea glows yet in the sunset's hue,
And the hollowing sky is a cup of blue.

But the sentinel rocks on the headland's right
Are black and grim in the waning light,
And out in the west a lone white star
Keeps its steadfast watch o'er the harbor bar.

Over the waves where the red light floats
To the glooming shore come the fishing boats,
And the girls who wait for their coming in
Are something to wave and wind akin—

Born of the union of sky and sea,
Joyous, lithe limbed as the sea birds free,
Fearless in danger and true as steel,
To friend unswerving, to lover leal.

No care is theirs. All the world they know
Is the sky above and the sea below.
Light o'er the waters their laughter floats
As they wait on the sand for the fishing boats.

Brown are they, yet the tint that glows
In their cheeks has the hue of a crimson rose,
And never brighter or clearer eyes
Watched across the bar 'neath the sunset skies.

When the wearisome toil of the day is done
And the boats come in with the setting sun,
Sweethearts and brothers, tall and tanned,
Bend to the oars with a firmer hand.

Each one knows at the landing dim
Some one is waiting to welcome him.
Over the harbor the twilight creeps.
The stars shine out in the sky's clear deeps,

From far sea caves comes a hollow roar,
And the girls have gone from the darkened shore,
For the crimson has died from the sky line's bound,
And the boats are all in from the fishing ground.

—M. L. Cavendish in Youth's Companion.

SAVED HER SON.

You must know that Mme. Jambe—Mother Jambe the soldiers called her—was for many years cantiniere in a regiment of the line, and in this capacity she was a sort of good angel to the troops. Officers and soldiers alike all respected her, and never, during the quarter of a century she served, whether in Algeria or throughout the Italian campaigns, had she to complain of a single brutal act or word.

She married, when about 30 years of age, the quartermaster sergeant of the regiment. His time was nearly up, but he remained with the colors in order to help his wife to keep the canteen. The little household was a prosperous one, for Mme. Jambe had more than one string to her bow and well understood how to employ her spare time profitably. She had learned the art (or science, perhaps, it should be called) of hairdressing, and on the occasion of any fete was in great request with the officers' wives. Mme. la Colonelle never employed a professional coiffeur even for the most ceremonious event. The thrifty woman was thus able to lay by a very considerable sum of money, which by no means lessened her popularity in the regiment.

After a year of married life a son was born, and Mme. Jambe and her husband agreed that as soon as he should attain the proper age he, too, should be a soldier. At the age of 16 he passed into the ranks, and, already accustomed, as he was, to military life and discipline and being smart and intelligent, he seemed to have a bright future before him.

But in the full tide of its prosperity the little family suffered a sad catastrophe. The husband and father died suddenly in 1869. It was a terrible shock to our poor Mme. Jambe, and she would hardly have survived it were it not for the thought of her son and the hope that he would be a comfort to her in her declining years. Sorrow aged her more than her rough life had done, and, with regret, she left the service and settled in a little cottage left her by her parents in the village of Clusy, near Pontarliers.

A year later war broke out, and this was another sorrow for her to bear. She was a patriot—Mme. Jambe—but she was a mother also. Her country was in danger, and her son, too, and she was a prey to nervous fears which knew no cessation, no relief.

During that terrible winter of 1870-1 she hardly slept for three consecutive hours in the 24. Always on the alert for news, she chafed sorely at the snow, which almost cut off her little village from the outer world and made communication a matter of great difficulty. She passed whole weeks in ignorance of the progress of the war and of her son's whereabouts, and then, little by little, she heard of the defeats and at last learned that her son, a sergeant now, had been attached to the Army of the

East, which was being formed under the command of General Bourbaki.

From this time and in all weathers she might be seen each day trudging the weary, snow covered miles which lay between Clusy and Pontarliers or else climbing to Fort de Joux, overlooking the Swiss frontier. She sought news, but news, unhappily, was scarce and contradictory, and gradually hopes of a decisive victory grew fainter and fainter.

Suddenly, toward the end of January, the rumor spread that the Army of the East was approaching, having failed to relieve Belfort. For nearly a week Mere Jambe kept a strict watch day and night, scanning eagerly the road by which she hoped to see the French arrive. They were signaled at last, but the Germans were signaled, too, from the opposite direction, and it seemed evident that the armies would encounter one another in the immediate neighborhood.

And now I will let Mme. Jambe take up the story, for what follows I had from her own lips a few months after the events described took place:

"One morning at dawn I heard a noise at the door of the cottage and then the sound of breaking glass. I rose hastily and ran down to the entrance. I gave a cry. My boy was there, and behind him stood three of his comrades, but in what a state—haggard, hollow cheeked, their uniforms in rags, their boots almost in pieces, blue and shivering with cold!

" 'Ah, my child!' I cried, opening my arms.

" 'Mother, you must hide us,' he said. 'The general has intrusted me with a message to the commandant of the fort, but the Prussians bar the way. They have seen us and are in pursuit. They must not find us.'

" 'Give me your order,' I cried. 'I will take it while you hide here. No one will suspect a woman'—

"I had no time to finish. We heard a discharge of musketry, and a neighbor rushed in, crying:

" 'The Prussians! The Prussians are here!'

"I pushed my son and his friends into a storeroom, at the farther end of which, under some hay, was the door leading into the cellar where I kept my little stock of wine and cider.

"The Prussians entered in through the open door. I saw others in the road. There must have been about 100 of them altogether. A young officer was in command.

"He came up to me and asked brutally:

" 'It is you who are Mme. Jambe?'

" 'Yes, I am she,' I answered him.

" 'Your son has just entered this house?'

" 'My son! He is far away from here, always supposing that he is still alive.'

" 'He is here. I am sure of it. Come, now, where is he?'

" 'You must seek him then.'

"He made a sign, and I was surrounded and prevented from moving my position. The soldiers ransacked the house, I asking myself meanwhile who could be the coward who had betrayed my son.

"At last the brutes found him—him and his friends—and I saw them dragged out, covered with the hay in which they had attempted to conceal themselves. And my son! How brave and handsome he looked, with his flashing eyes! Yes; he was my own flesh and blood, and I felt proud of him. They were rigorously searched for the message they were supposed to bear, but as it was a verbal one they could find nothing.

"The officer stamped about the little room, mad with rage. Glancing at the prisoners, he cried:

" 'Is your son among them?'

" 'He is not, and, if he were, I would not confess it.'

"He drew his sword on me, and then we were all dragged out into the roadway, the officer shouting:

" 'Where is the man who gave us the information?'

" 'One of his companions has just killed him,' a Prussian sergeant replied, pointing to a corpse which I had not seen, hidden, as it was, behind a bush.

"The traitor was a franc-tireur, who, to save his own life, had given up my son to the enemy. His punishment had not been long delayed.

" 'The murderer shall be shot!' cried the officer. Then, looking fiercely at a group of the villagers who were cowering under his men's bayonets, he continued:

" 'Some one among you knows the

man Jambe. Point him out to me, or I will order my men to fire on you.'

"Ah, they were brave, my neighbors! They made no reply.

" 'Then we will soon find out.' He gave an order in a low voice. His men pinned me with my back against a wall and placed rifles in the hands of my son and his comrades.

"And the officer said:

" 'On the word of command you will fire and kill that woman. If you disobey, it will be your turn next.' He urged on his men, who arranged the unfortunates whom he was turning into assassins in line in front of me.

"A cry of horror ran through the crowd, followed by a dead silence. I—well, I offered my soul to le bon Dieu, telling myself that I must try to show how a Frenchwoman could die if need be, and I waited, watching my son.

"But he did not seem to see me. His eyes were turned to his comrades. They seemed to be making signs to one another.

" 'Ready!' the word of command thundered.

" 'Present!' And they obeyed, covering me with their rifles.

" 'Fire!' They turned suddenly to the right about. An explosion followed, and four Prussians, the officer among the number, fell. And, above the roar of the discharge, I heard my boy's voice clearly:

" 'Fire! Yes, but on you, coward!'

"A general volley on the part of the Prussians followed, and I fell, with a bullet in my shoulder. Before I lost consciousness, however, I saw that my son was still unhurt.

"I learned afterward that, just at this moment, the cannon of the Fort de Joux began to play. The commandant had caught the reflection of the sunlight from the Prussians' helmets, and, concluding—none too soon—that something untoward was taking place, had sent a few shells into the crowd and rapidly dispersed the enemy. It was those guns which, some hours later, covered the retreat of our Army of the East across the Swiss frontier."

Mme. Jambe died a few years after these events—which I have related as nearly as I can in her own words—took place. Her story was recalled to my mind the other day on hearing that the son of this brave woman had just been promoted to the command of his regiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

First Tariff Makers.

If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note, at its southern point and running out into the straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean sea and watching the entrance and exit of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was called in the time of the Moorish domination in Spain, Tarifa. The name is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea and to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise contained therein. This duty was called from the place where it was levied "tarifa," or tariff.—Philadelphia American.

His Preference.

Her father is a physician and an admirer of culture. But he grows weary now and then of hearing Mabel play scales and five finger exercises. After a half hour of work from her exercise book she turned and said:

"Father, I have taken up the study of theory."

"Have you?"

"Yes. This," she went on, striking a chord, "is a tonic."

"Mabel," he answered in a tone of patience sorely tried, "I'm ever so much obliged, but I don't think that is what I need. But if you had a sedative that you could try on me I'd appreciate it more than tongue can tell."—Washington Star.

The Safety Point In Floors.

Probably less is known by architects and structural engineers regarding the safety of floors than of any other portion of a building. The relative cost of the steel beams in a floor, as compared with the terra cotta or other filling, has caused some builders to go to an extreme in increasing the spans between beams, thus greatly increasing the risk of destruction by fire, even though there may be ample strength in the absence of fire.—Engineering News.

William Morris and Music.

Some idiot, says a writer in The Saturday Review, takes it on himself to assure the world that William Morris had no musical sense. As a matter of fact, he had a perfect ear, a most musical singing voice, and so fine a sense of beauty in sound (as in everything else) that he could not endure the clatter of the pianoforte or the squalling and shouting of the average singer. When I told him that the Amsterdam choir brought over here by M. de Lange had discovered the secret of the beauty of mediæval music and sang in with surpassing excellence, he was full of regret for having missed it, and the viol concerts of M. Dolmetsch pleased him greatly. Indeed, once during his ilness, when M. Dolmetsch played him some really beautiful music on a really beautiful instrument, he was quite overcome by it.

I once urged him to revive the manufacture of musical instruments and rescue us from the vulgar handsomeness of the trade articles with which our orchestras are equipped, and he was by no means averse to the idea, having always, he avowed, thought he should like to make a good fiddle. Only neither in music nor in anything else could you engage him in any sort of intellectual dilettantism. He would not waste his time and energy on the curiosities and fashions of art, but went straight to its highest point in the direct and simple production of beauty.

The Child of a Village.

All the scenes and atmosphere of one's native village—if one is fortunate enough to have been born in such a locality—lie around the memory like the horizon line, unreachable, impassable. Even a socalled cosmopolitan man has never seemed to me a very happy being, and a cosmopolitan child is above all things to be pitied. To be identified in early memories with some limited and therefore characteristic region—that is happiness. No child is old enough to be a citizen of the world. What denationalized Americans hasten to stamp as provincial is, for children at least, a saving grace. You do not call a nest provincial. All this is particularly true of those marked out by temperament for a literary career. Literature needs for its material only men, nature and books, and of these the first two are everywhere and the last are easily transportable, since you can pile the few supreme authors of the world in a little corner of the smallest log cabin. The Cambridge of my boyhood afforded me all that human heart could ask for its elementary training. Those who doubt it might perchance have been the gainers if they had shared it. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley."—Colonel T. W. Higginson in Atlantic.

Madame's Quiet Answer.

It would not do to specify the restaurant. It is enough to say that it happened in a French restaurant well patronized by those whose French consists of "garcon," "oui" and "demi-tasse."

The place was well filled, and madame at the receipt of custom was busy—making change, smiling to the customers, frowning deep French frowns at the waiters and shrugging her shoulders and eyebrows at M. le Mari.

In a little lull a man, evidently an habitue of the place, walked up to madame. In one hand he held a plate, in the other a napkin.

"Look here, madame," he began. He held them up for inspection. The plate was shining, but the napkin, where he had used it to wipe the plate, was grimy, almost black.

Madame looked at him carelessly.

"If monsieur would wash his hands before he came here," she said softly, with a shrug of her shoulders, "then pair-haps"—

But the man had gone back to his seat, and madame made change for some one else.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Funny Little Way.

Clara—He has such a funny little way of kissing me on the back of the neck.

Maude—Well, you know he can't see your face from there.—Taggart's Times.

Real Modesty.

"Wonder why old Skinner's funeral was private?"

"Family didn't have enough grief to make a good display, I guess."—Detroit News.

A CATECHISM.

What bends men's figures to an S?
The bicycle.
While ladies ride with gracefulness?
The bicycle.
And what makes Daphne with alarm,
From sudden spill foreboding harm,
Yield her slim waist to a man's arm?
The bicycle.

What makes Amanda save and scrape?
The bicycle.
Till she can buy the latest shape?
The bicycle.
What makes a joint last days on days,
Turned and returned in sundry ways
Of hash, rissoles and rechauffes?
The bicycle.

What plays the deuce with Yankee trade?
The bicycle.
What's now the only "notion" made?
The bicycle.
What makes the carriage builder slack?
What cheapens cob and nag and hack,
While the financiers boom and crack?
The bicycle.

What turns the scholar to a dunce?
The bicycle.
He rides (he used to study once)
The bicycle.
Why are neurotic novels shut,
And minor poets all uncut,
And everything neglected but
The bicycle?

—St. James Gazette.

A QUEER ELOPEMENT.

"Well, yes, that's about all it amounts to—a peon's hut. However, Augustinita will always give you a cup of excellent coffee. And when the trains are late in either direction, you have no alternative but to accept the hospitality of 'old mamma,' as the railroad men call her." And my pleasant acquaintance of an hour or so led me to the small entrance of a hut thatched with tules. The little mud structure was built against the face of a hill. There were birdcages filled with a variety of beautiful birds and such other evidences of civilization as a goat, a turkey and jardinieres of flowers, yet the habitation belonged to the age of the cave dwellers, I decided, as I groped my way apparently into the bowels of the earth.

After a few moments my eyes grew accustomed to the half light, and I could see quite well.

"Wow-wow-wow!" growled a heavy bass voice from the inner room. The words were indistinguishable.

"What a deep voice that man has!" I said innocently. "Mexican men, as a rule, have such light voices!"

"That's not a man; it's Augustinita," replied my friend.

I am acquainted with that pleasant little custom of Mexico which holds to childhood's tender diminutives long after old age has fallen on one. Still, I confess, Augustinita—which would be "dear little Gussie" in English—was a slight shock. She was of huge bulk, and her old face was like a withered, brown apple for wrinkles; but her eyes were as bright as stars in a tropic sky and she had on that old countenance a most shrewd expression.

Augustinita delivered our orders to some one in the farther cave—I cannot call it a room—in her rumbling bass, put her long, brown cheroot back in her mouth and waddled behind a mat made from reeds hung from the ceiling. She brought out a clean, white cloth, which she spread with care, and on that put some American plates and cups and a Guadalajara water bottle. I sat on a long bench drawn close to the table, watching the old woman.

"I want you to take a good look at Manuela when she comes in. She is quite a belle with the men who eat here," said my friend, who had told me his name was Stacey.

Manuela came in and went out again that moment. I was almost startled by her face. "Why, she's a beauty," I said.

"She has a good figure," said my companion, with assumed indifference, "but you get a straight look at her, and you won't think her such a beauty."

If long, red braids, soft, brown skin and limpid, gray eyes can make beauty, then was Manuela beautiful. On closer examination, however, her face lost much of its beauty, so coarse was her red mouth and so hard and bold her expression.

She switched her skirts and put her hands on her hips and her head to one side, after a fashion I had known but not loved well in time gone by.

"I could weep for very home sickness, she is so like the waiter girls in the frontier towns, if she had more bang and bustle," I said.

Mr. Stacey smiled.

"I mean more slap and dash. She is

so quiet,'' I exclaimed hurriedly, seeing the construction he was putting on "bang and bustle."

After looking at his watch my companion said: "We have yet an hour to wait. I'll tell you about Manuela's elopement."

So, while eating calabassas, chile con carne and frijoles fritos with "old mamma" sitting in the corner, her glittering eyes the only live thing about her, with Manuela flirting in and out, bringing the highly seasoned Mexican dishes and bestowing soft, furtive smiles on my comrade, I heard of the elopement of Manuela.

"Branscombe, one of the men who used to eat here, fell in love with Manuela's red braids and buxom figure. It was reciprocated by her, but 'old mamma' hated him and never winked her little rattlesnake eyes when he was round. He was a rough sort of fellow, and, it was said, had a wife or so and a lot of children up in the States, but as that cuts no ice here in Mexico he kept right on making love to Manuela. He was greatly annoyed by Augustinita, who was ever to the fore and would not efface herself. So one night he got the girl to run away with him on a south bound freight—queer vehicle for an elopement, a freight train!

"Augustinita reached the station just as the train pulled out. She was almost frothing with rage and went stamping round the platform, calling on all the Aztec gods for assistance.

"She calmed down after a time and asked the night operator's advice, and he told her that the only way to catch her daughter was to hire an engine and follow on that.

" 'Old mamma' took fire at once and sent a message to the superintendent asking for an engine. They wired back, 'Yes,' if she would pay $100 for the first hour and $50 for each succeeding hour. Pretty steep, but, you see, they cinched her because she was a pilao. Pilao is derived from pilado—peeled, without clothes or anything else. They knew Augustinita had quite a bit of money put away, and it is the proper thing to keep the pilaos true to their name and caste—peeled.

"Augustinita was blooded. She bit her teeth down on her cheroot and said, 'Send for it.'

"In about two hours the engine came thundering in from Aguas Calientes. Tom Haskins was the pilot, and the engineer was one of the best on the extra list.

"The road was clear for a half dozen stations, and they went whizzing along, 80 kilometers an hour.

" 'Old mamma' sat stolidly looking out of the cab window, apparently unmoved by the tremendous speed and the lurching of the engine as they tore round the short curves, but Haskins thought she must have been greatly excited, because she was unable to keep her cheroot lighted. Finally she tired of trying to smoke and simply clamped her jaws on her puro and sat immovable, with her beady eyes fastened on the rails ahead.

"They met the passenger train in the early morning, and, as word had gone from one end of the line to the other, of course the trainmen had informed the passengers, and, with heads out of windows and the platforms crowded, they cheered and laughed as the engine ran by. One wag shouted: 'Hurry, and you'll catch them. They're just round the bend!'

"Not 20 minutes later, at the next station, was the freight train, humbly side tracked, waiting the enemy.

"They had had a terrible time assisting Augustinita in the cab. You can see for yourself she weighs about 275, and clumsy at that. Haskins and the engineer pulled, and the fireman, who was a Mexican, pushed, and Augustinita struggled and grunted and finally was landed. But when she saw the yellow caboose she frisked out like a kitten. The engineer, who is a spiritualist, said that the spirits helped her. Haskins said he would have been much more grateful to them if they had helped her in, but he thought they showed good sense in taking the easy end of the job.

"Haskins was afraid Branscombe would shoot or abuse the old woman in some way, so he went with her to the caboose. The two were sitting on a sort of locker. He had his arm about the girl, and, beyond rising, they made no change in their position. Haskins, on the platform, hovered near the open door.

"Augustinita walked up to them and asked Manuela in her politest basso to come home. The girl gave an impudent answer, and poor 'old mamma' turned to Branscombe, who laughed in her face and gave Manuela a fervent kiss. Later in the day the thought of that kiss and others made Branscombe's blood turn to ice.

"Now, Augustinita had followed her daughter because she loved her and wished to save her from the fate Branscombe had in store for her. Besides she is a thrifty old body, and Manuela's beauty brings a great many centavos to the house. Many of the men eat here merely to get a look in her big gray eyes.

"At Branscombe's laugh Augustinita burst out: 'Caramba! No more will you laugh this day! Look!'

"With a surprisingly quick movement she pulled off Manuela's chal and tore open her high necked camisa. Branscombe gave one glance and staggered heavily against the wall.

" 'Keep away!' he screamed, with outstretched hands. 'For God's sake, keep away! Don't let her come near me! I'll hit you if you touch me!' as the girl endeavored to catch at him, pleading with him in her soft tongue.

"Branscombe, mad with fear, was deaf. Although he had threatened to strike her he did not do it, for it would bring his flesh in contact with hers. The terror stricken man, shaking her off, ran out of the car and down the track.

"Manuela covered her breast and walked sulkily back with her mother to the engine.

"Hawkins said it was an awful sight—those shining, livid, white blotches on the brown skin, a sight he could not forget for many a day."

I rose, sick and trembling. That was one of the loathsome sights of Mexico to which I could never accustom myself, and the thrill of horror I had felt on seeing the first white patched, frosty headed leper returned.

"Don't get frightened, madam," said my friend, eating his salsa with gusto. " 'Old mamma' had just painted Manuela up in her sleep. If she had been a leper, Branscombe would have been welcome to her. Do you think that old lady would spend $300 recovering damaged goods?"

I looked at "old mamma," sitting on the earth floor comfortably smoking, and she looked back with her diamond eyes, and I thought it not likely.—Edith Wagner in Argonaut.

A Fisherman's Story.

"About ten years ago—yes, just ten years—I pulled a bass out of the water that looked to weigh about a pound, and the line broke at a distance of about a foot from the hook," said the fisherman.

"And then, about five years afterward," another hastened to interrupt, "you caught him again, with the hook and line still in his mouth, and the fish had grown to weigh ten pounds."

The fisherman looked pained at this ruthless capture of his best story and answered: "No, sir. He weighed less than two ounces. His vitality had all been consumed by the line, which had grown to 28 feet 2⅜ inches of clothesline."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gained His Point.

In the days when her majesty went down to Windsor by road she liked to be driven at a rapid pace—a little too fast to please her escort, especially the officers who rode their own horses. A gallant captain, afterward a renowned M. P., was one day in command and riding at the head of his troop. Just in front of him, with his back to the horses of the carriage, sat the Prince of Wales, then a small child. The captain, directly the party started, lifted his hand and shook his fist in the little prince's face. The prince roared with fright, and his royal mother, quite ignorant of the cause, took him on her lap to pacify him. When the prince was quiet and resumed his seat, the captain again shook his fist, and this was repeated all the way down to Windsor. At the end of the journey the queen learned exactly what had occurred and issued her command that the officer should never command her escort again. This was just what the captain hoped would happen.

Long Headed.

First Lady—I don't see how you can afford to let your lodgers owe you several weeks' rent.

Second Lady—Well, it's like this. When they're in debt it affects their appetites—they never like to ask for a second helping—so it comes cheapest in the end.—London Tit-Bits.

AFTER DEATH.

I sometimes linger o'er the list
  Of friends I lost in other days,
  And still the question with me stays—
"When I am gone, shall I be missed?"

I doubt if others think the same
  Or even wish to share my thought—
  That men were foolish who have sought
To leave a never dying name.

When thou hast run thine earthly race,
  Thou wilt not "leave a world in tears,"
  Nor will men come in after years
To view thine earthly resting place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well,
  Thy spirit will be no less free,
  Although it is not thine to be
A Milton or a Raphael.

Fret not thyself, but heaven thank
  If all the good that thou canst do
  May be so done that only few
Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if but one true heart
  Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—
  Ere it can say, "We meet again"—
Of knowing what it is to part.

One loving heart thou mayest crave,
  Lest all thou caredst for on earth
  Should seem to have no lasting worth
And end forever in the grave.

One faithful heart beneath the sky
  In which to leave a seed of love
  To blossom in a world above
And bear a fruit which shall not die.

—C. J. Bodenn in Chambers' Journal.

GETTING A HUSBAND.

"What an idea! You'll never get any one to do it, Lil."

"Oh, yes, I shall! I know just the girl."

"Who? Do tell me."

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"You."

"Me!" I fairly screamed.

"Yes, you. Now, listen, Bertha. You're just the girl for Duncan. I've always thought so, and I know you both well. Duncan is"—

"Oh, my dear girl, just as if I didn't know everything that Duncan is and isn't and was and will be! And just as though any girl would take that sort of thing on trust and not judge for herself before she went all the way out to India to marry a man!"

"Bertha, darling, don't get excited. Please do think this matter over seriously and try and see its advantages. Here, I will give you his letter to read and leave you for a little. Do try and like the idea."

I read the letter and can't say I was much impressed, but as it explains the position of affairs here it is:

Dear Old Lil—I am writing to ask a favor of you, but first you must promise you won't think me perfectly mad, as I solemnly assure you I am in earnest. We have always been pals, haven't we? And I think you know exactly what sort of fellow I am. Do you remember you used to say that the reason so many people are unhappily married is because the man always persists in choosing the girl he falls in love with without considering whether she has the qualities necessary to make him a good wife? I remember you once said, "Men would be far happier if they would let their sisters choose their wives for them." Well, I want to get married, and I have resolved to give your wise maxims a trial. Perhaps I may be rather a cold sort of fellow; but, anyway, I have never wanted to marry any of the girls about here. Will you choose a wife for me from among your English girl friends and place the case clearly before her? Tell her all you know of me as regards character, disposition, etc.; also that I am 29 years of age, well off, tall and, I believe, passably good looking. I should like her to be presentable in appearance. The rest I leave to you. We might exchange photos, only mine would be no good, as they are all old ones, and I know you have no decent ones at home. I need hardly add that, though it is a dangerous experiment, I will do all in my power to make it turn out a success, and whoever trusts herself to me shall never have cause to regret it, if I can help it. Let me know as soon as you can, and, believe me, your affectionate brother,

Duncan Eastwood.

After all, it is rather a good idea, I think—original, if nothing else. But somehow I wouldn't like to take the risk. On the other hand, I've no home, now that dad's gone, and only a poor little £40 a year to live on. Lil's awfully good and kind, but I can't stay here forever. Her husband must think me a nuisance as it is. I shall have to go out as a governess, and here's a chance of marrying a man who is rich, handsome, kind hearted and of whom every one speaks well. I don't care for any one else. Shall I chance it?

Well, I did, after all. I had no one in the world to advise me but Lil and her husband, and they both thought it a desirable match. They said we were made for each other, but I believe in their innermost heart of hearts they think Duncan a bit too good for me. My photo was sent out, and my future husband deigned to say that, "If I was anything like my photo, he loved me already." I think it was rather sneaky of him not sending one of his, but he has been minutely described to me and is going to wear a white gardenia in his buttonhole when he meets me at Calcutta. He has a good post in the Indian civil service and lives in Calcutta in the cold weather and Simla in the hot; so I shall have a good time. Lil rigged me out and packed me off, and as for me—well, I think I shall like him, and I mean to try anyway.

We have passed Port Said, and very soon we shall reach Aden. Every one on board is kind to me.

I shall never forget arriving at Aden, a horrid looking place, with low white houses against a dreary background of rocks, and no trees or flowers to be seen.

An interesting man came on board at Aden. He is tall and broad, with a kind face and dark eyes, and such lovely beard and mustache. I think I rather like beards. That horrid Duncan is clean shaven. I oughtn't to be thinking about men. Oh, dear, I wonder if I have done right!

I heard this new man ask the captain, in whose charge I am, whether he might be introduced to a girl on board.

"Which one?" asked the captain.

"I think she is in your charge," said the man; "a tall, slight girl, with lovely gray eyes."

He must have meant me. I should like to be introduced, and yet in some ways I would rather not. If I fell in love, how awkward it would be!

"Miss Carr—Mr. Rogers." The captain stood before me with the man who came on board at Aden.

I got red and hardly dared to raise my "lovely gray eyes" to the handsome face above me.

"Miss Carr, I know a friend of yours in Calcutta, Duncan Eastwood."

I got redder. How much did he know? How could I tell him I was going to marry a man I had never seen?

"Oh, yes," I stammered. "I am going to stay for a few days with his sister, Mrs. Osborne, in Calcutta. Do you know her?"

"Yes, slightly," he answered. "Rather a long way to go for a visit of a few days, isn't it?"

There was an awkward pause. I simply couldn't tell him the truth.

"Oh," I said carelessly, "I have other plans after that."

He seemed amused at my confusion. I'm sure I looked a perfect fool, and I was thankful that just then another man came up and asked me to join in a cricket match they were getting up.

I have been so happy all these days, but tonight I am the most miserable girl in the world. We shall get to Calcutta tomorrow, and I shall be seized on by that odious man with the white gardenia. I shall never love him. I love some one else, and some one else loves me. A few hours ago Mr. Rogers asked me to marry him, and I told him all my story.

I was leaning over the side of the boat watching the glorious effects of the moon on the dark waters, when he came up behind me. I had a white dress on. I looked up at him as he stood near, and he was looking down at me with a look I had never seen before in any man's eyes. Such a world of love was there, and all for me. It was worth living all my 19 years just simply to see that look.

I don't know why I did it, but I couldn't keep back a great sob, and at that he took me in his arms and kissed me passionately over and over again, as though he had lost all control over himself.

I tore myself away and told him as calmly as I could all about myself.

"I ought to have told you before," I cried over and over. "But, oh, don't you understand how hard it was? I thought you would think me such a dreadful girl to marry a man I had never seen."

"I don't, dear," he said very gravely. "I think it is a good idea, and you will find all will go well."

"You are heartless," I cried despairingly. "You don't care a bit. You are not one bit unhappy."

"My Bertha, it is everything to me to know you love me. I don't think I shall ever be unhappy again."

"You are cruel, heartless, wicked," I cried. "I won't listen any more," and before he could stop me I ran away, and here I am crying my eyes out, wishing we had all been wrecked in the bay.

He called me back. "Bertha, dearest, let me explain." But I wouldn't listen.

A strange thing has happened to me. I went on deck this morning and found everything in a bustle and nearly every one had gone on shore. I waited behind purposely. The captain came up and asked me whether I could see my friends anywhere about.

"No," I answered miserably.

He said he was sorry to see me looking so pale. "The gentleman who is to meet me is tall and clean shaven and will wear a white gardenia," I began.

"Here we are then," interrupted the captain, and I felt rather than saw that some one was approaching. My knees were trembling. I thought I should fall. I couldn't raise my eyes until suddenly a deep voice that I knew—ah, yes, and loved, too—spoke:

"Miss Carr, I think?"

Startled, I looked up. The captain had been called away, and I stood face to face with—Mr. Rogers.

"What does it mean?" I gasped.

"It means, my darling, that I am Duncan Eastwood. Will you forgive me for the deception?"

I couldn't speak, and he went on:

"I was impatient to see the dear little girl who had trusted her future to me, so as I had been ill and was ordered a holiday I came to Aden to meet you. Then it struck me I would like to see what sort of a little girl you were before you knew who I was. Lil was right; you were made for me, dear heart. Then I found you loved me. Last night I nearly betrayed myself, but I wanted to see your face when you met me this morning. By the bye, I haven't seen it yet. My sister is waiting for you. I have been on shore and got rid of my beard, etc. Look at me, darling, and see how you like the change."

I looked up, and he took my hands in his.

"Are you still afraid of the risk, my Bertha?"

"There will be no risk," I murmured. "My life will be all sunshine."

"And if not," he broke in gently, "our love will help us through the shadows."

The experiment turned out a perfect success, and Lil is more than ever convinced that a man should let his sister choose his wife for him.—St. Paul's.

Superstitious About Thirteen.

Augustin Daly, of whose company Mr. James Lewis was a member for over 25 years, said of him: "It is a coincidence that he was buried on Sept. 13, for he always had the strongest fear of the number 13 and of Friday. I don't know that he was a superstitious man in other respects, though, no doubt, he would object to humming the Macbeth music in the theater, but he had great fears on that point. He never wanted to begin anything on the 13th of the month or on Friday. If I had a new part to give him and it would naturally be delivered to him on either of those days he would ask me not to let him have it until the next day or to give it to him on the day before. I don't know that he had ever suffered any misfortune on either of those days to confirm him in his fears.

"My own experience has been quite the reverse of unlucky with regard to them. Some of my most successful seasons have been begun on Friday, and he made one of his own greatest successes in a part which he played for the first time on the 13th of the month. It was Sept. 13, too, the date of his burial, and it was the beginning of Miss Clara Morris under my engagement, when he played Sir Patrick Lundy in "Man and Wife." The fear of No. 13 extended further than this. Mr. Lewis would never sleep in room 13 at a hotel. He would rather walk the floor of some other room all night without a bed. And he would never accept section No. 13 in a sleeping car. That or stateroom No. 13 on a steamer was in his mind a positive invitation to disaster. The person on whom the duty devolved of arranging the details of Mr. Daly's tours had to remember that and look out for it."—Troy Times.

He Asked Too Much.

The waiter accidentally jogged the elbow of the man eating breakfast in the restaurant.

The morsel that he was about to consume fell to the floor.

The next moment he gave a startled cry and turned deathly pale.

All was confusion.

The proprietor and the occupants of the other tables jumped up and rushed to his assistance.

His face had assumed a bluish hue, which was quickly followed by a greenish color and then by a purplish tinge.

The case looked serious, for he was evidently apoplectic.

Finally, to the relief of all, he was resuscitated.

All demanded an explanation.

"I am subject to heart disease," he at length exclaimed, "and any severe shock is likely to kill me. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tale."

"What tale?" they asked eagerly.

"Heavens, gentlemen!" he replied, as his cheeks blanched at the recollection, "you'll hardly believe me, but I swear on my oath that when the waiter knocked that piece of bread and butter out of my hand it fell to the floor with the butter side up."

The others surveyed him pityingly.

"Something has affected his brain," they whispered one to the other. "Such a thing is unheard of. It could never have happened."

One by one they drew away and left him alone.—New York World.

Ice Cream Now Made in a Minute.

I have an Ice Cream Freezer that will freeze cream perfectly in one minute; as it is such a wonder a crowd will always be around, so anyone can make from five to six dollars a day selling cream, and from ten to twenty dollars a day selling Freezers, as people will always buy an article when it is demonstrated that they can make money by so doing. The cream is frozen instantly and is smooth and free from lumps. I have done so well myself and have friends succeeding so well that I felt it my duty to let others know of this opportunity, as I feel confident that any person in any locality can make money, as any person can sell cream and the Freezer sells itself. J. F. Casey & Co. 1143 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo., will mail you complete instructions and will employ you on salary if you can give them your whole time.

THE CHINAMAN'S SUNDAY.

While John Chinaman's face is inscrutable, and it is impossible to know his thoughts during the hours from early morning till late at night, in which he silently labors over the washtub and ironing board in the little laundries that are scattered by thousands through New York and Brooklyn and surrounding communities, yet it is very safe to say that he very often lives over again in memory his last Sunday with his cousins and friends in Chinatown, and looks forward with much anticipation to his next visit. On Saturday night he works very late; but his shop is closed on Sunday morning. Then every train and trolley car and ferryboat traveling in the direction of Chinatown has its quota of stolid Mongolian passengers. The three short streets in the slum district have become a Meca, and Sunday night they are overflowing.—From "Chinatown in New York," in Demorest's Magazine for January.

A Chance to Make Money.

In the past three months I have cleared $660.75 selling Dish Washers. I did most of the work, my brother helped some. I expect to do better next month, as every Dish Washer sold advertises itself, and sells several more; I don't have to leave the house. People hear about the Dish Washers and send for them, they are so cheap. Any lady or gentleman can make money in this business, as every family wants a Dish Washer. Any of our readers who have energy enough to apply for an agency can easily make from $8 to $10 per day. You can get full particulars by addressing the Mound City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Try it and publish your success for the benefit of others. C. A. L.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 21, 1896.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 9 to 13c. per lb. Extracted 4½ to 6c. Demand for beeswax is slow. Good supply; prices 25 to 26c. per pound.
M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch. Mich.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1896,—Light demand for honey. Large supply; price of comb 6 to 12c per per pound. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. Good demand for beeswax at 28 to 30c. per pound. Cold weather has made traffic in honey light.
H. R. Wright.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 22, 1896.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Prices of comb 10 to 14c. per pound. Extracted 3½ to 6c per pound. Fair demand for beeswax; fair supply; prices 22 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow.
Chas. F. Muth & Son.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 22, 1896.—We quote an active demand for fancy white comb honey; price as to style package 13 to 14c. No. 1 white 12 to 12½c; amber 11c; dark 8 to 10c; extracted white 6 to 7c; amber 5 to 6c; dark 4¼c. Quote beeswax at 25c. Liberal advances on consignments, or will pay cash. S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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How I Manage My Bees

BY SAMP. WILLIAMSON.

The past year I have kept my bees in a double walled two story chaff hive, and I commenced stimulating brood rearing as soon as the weather would permit. One of the most essential things for a successful season is to have your colonies large and so I get them as strong as possible to be ready for the first honey flow. As soon as they begin to whiten up their combs nicely I put on the supers with some drawn comb in the center. I keep down swarming as much as possible by cutting out queen cells, and when a swarm comes out I hive them on full combs if I have any and if not I give them starters and put them on a new stand, and at about the close of the honey flow I take off the supers with whatever they contain, let it be much or little. After this I put on the feeders and commence feeding again, during the time when there is no honey flow here, which is usually in July. By feeding I keep my bees as strong in numbers as possible so that when the fall flow comes I am ready for it. During the flow I go over my hives and contract the brood nests by removing the outside frames according to the size of the swarm, leaving from five to eight frames. A division board is put on one side of the frames.

About the time the flow of honey is at an end I go over them again and ascertain if each colony has enough stores to last until spring, and if they are found satisfactory I place four sticks across the tops of the frames and put on my chaff cushion and bid the little fellows good bye.

Friendly, W. Va.

Swarming.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

Bees are not swarming yet, but probably will in a few months. The question of how to prevent swarming has often been discussed. I have never said much, if anything, in regard to this, but have thought and experimented a good deal along this line, and have long since come to the conclusion that if bees are really determined to swarm, let them swarm. I have tried hiving back, uniting with another colony, etc., but have failed to have much success. I find that to get the very best work from a colony we must try to keep them satisfied. As soon as they become dissatisfied with their home and surroundings and take a notion to swarm, better let them swarm. I remember years ago of having a good strong colony from which of ocurse I expected to get lots of honey. Well this colony took a notion to swarm and I took a notion they should not. Of course the queen was clipped or they would have left me anyway. Well this colony would swarm out every day, and I hived them back as often. Took out most of their full frames, replacing them with frames of empty comb, or frames with foundation, but all to no effect. Eventually I had hardly as many bees left from this strong colony as would make a good nucleus. Had I allowed them to swarm no doubt I might have had two good strong colonies. Again when I practiced clipping my queens, I found that usually when a colony made two or more attempts to swarm, and were prevented or did not succeed, the next thing would be the queen was balled or killed. Sometimes, of course, the bees are at the bottom of this swarming fever, and again it is the queen. I have often seen the bees trying to drive the queen out. Of course in this case the bees were at the bottom of it all. And again I have noticed that where a colony attempted to swarm and did not succeed, or was prevented, the queen ceased laying entirely. In such a case I always concluded that the queen was the fault of the desire to swarm, For some years past I have tried to make things pleasant about and in the hive. Gave them room enough, kept them shaded from the hot sun, and all else that I thought would help to keep them satisfied, and then if they wanted to swarm and desired a new home I tried to give them what they wanted, and I am satisfied I have had better success. Then if I had more colonies than I wanted I doubled up in the fall. At this time they will not be liable to swarm, and then they will also winter better, and be on hand with a full force in the spring.

Steeleville, Ill.

Straws from the Apiary.

BY FRED. C. THORINGTON.

A correspondent wanted to know lately if it was advisable to move bees to a new location for the sole purpose of getting rid of mothes. I told him no; the moth miller has wings and can fly anywhere the bees are located, and if she does not enter the hive she can deposit her eggs near the entrance and the bees in passing gather them on their feet and carry them into the hive. They soon hatch out and if in sufficient numbers will soon ruin a weak or queenless colony. Vigor and strength is the only protection. If the colony has a good young queen, and is strong in numbers, they will carry out the eggs and mothes as fast as they are found. Sometimes they will sting them to death or seal them to the bottom or some other part of the hive. They will get rid of them in some shape.

Italianize your apiary and keep nothing but prolific queens and you will have but little trouble. The fear of trouble from mothes seems to exist mostly in the imagination of the beginner and passes away as he or she gains a more thorough knowledge and experience of the bee.

In years past the writer on several occasions has put a comb or two containing many mothes into a hive very strong in numbers of bees and watched results. In a very short time the mothes were on the outside of the hive squirming around, and I expect they were holding a hasty consultation as to how they came there and the next course of procedure, while the bees were busy mending the comb as good as new. Too many combs at a time would have discouraged them. They should be placed among the brood to insure best results. If the mothes are left unmolested they soon spin their cocoons, and if not destroyed once or twice a week they take unto themselves wings and fly away to fields anew or fill the combs with eggs.

Many people make sad mistakes by not caring for their bees at the right time, then if the bees fail to store honey all the blame is cast on them. If the bees were cared for equally as well as the prudent farmer cares for his stock, I think there would be less complaint of failures than there often is.

I sometimes see would-be bee keepers vainly trying to keep bees in a slipshod way, without a good bee journal, text book, or anything to give them the required information, then if they ask for the needed information of one that knows, and he kindly informs them, they have the impudence to contradict him or tell him he does not know. The writer knows of several such ones, and as a rule they have quit bee keeping in disgust, saying, "bee keeping don't pay," when they were in the fault. Such people will not learn, and it is hard work to talk to them. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

In preparing bees for winter it is my habit to commence the preparation during the fall honey flow which we usually have here. This gives the bees a chance to seal stores, be it honey or sugar syrup, and so arrange their brood nest as to be ready for the winter nap which nature intends them to take. Call it "somnolence" or whatsoever you will. All work in the brood nest should be done early in the fall, so when winter comes on the bees can be kept in that quiescent state so needful for safe wintering. Bees wintered on their summer stands should be kept as quiet as possible, with no sun shining on the hive entrance during the afternoons, and the entrance to hives should be kept clear from dead bees and all other obstructions.

Chillicothe, Mo.

Annual Meeting Ontario Co. Bee Keepers' Association.

The annual convention of the Ontario County Bee Keepers was held in Canandaigua last Friday and Saturday. The question box was an interesting feature of the meeting and elicited at times very spirited discussions. There was a stereoptican entertainment, "The Honey Bee," Friday evening. The committee in charge of the Apis dorsata enterprise reported very encouraging progress. Apis dorsata is the giant bee of India. These bees are twice the size of ordinary honey bees and undoubtedly would be able not only to gather the honey from red clover but insure a more perfect fertilization of the same, thus increasing the seed production, which would be of inestimable value to the farmer. Owing to the rapid disappearance of the bumble bee it was thought that the introduction of these bees would be a necessity in the successful growing of red clover for seed if for no other purpose.

Resolutions were adopted recommending the passage of a law to prevent the spraying of fruit trees while in blossom, a practice which is not only unnecessary but injurious to both the fruit and bees.

The freight rates on extracted honey are considered excessive, and a petition to the official classification committee was prepared for circulation and extensively signed, asking that it be rated the same as syrup.

According to the secretary's report the finances of the association are in a good condition.

Election of officers resulted as follows: President, Walter F. Marks, of Chapinville. Vice presidents, Lee B. Smith, Vincent; Herbert L. Case, Bristol Center; F. Greiner, Naples. Secretary, Miss Ruth E. Taylor, Belona. Treasurer, H. C. Roat, Reed's Corners. Honey inspector, E. H. Perry, South Bristol.

An amendment to the constitution, changing the time of holding the annual meeting to the last Thursday and Friday of January, was unanimously passed.

Visiting apiarists were N. N. Betsinger, of Onondaga County; Corydon Peck, of Cayuga county; W. L. Coggshall and David H. Coggshall, of Tompkins county.—Ontario County Journal.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen—You recently asked me to verify my statement as to the amount of honey my bees gathered on the 6th day of July last and on Aug. 14th. I am absolutely sure of my statements as I took the actual weights. The hive I had on the scales contained a medium swarm and gained 16 lbs. in ten hours. I have many swarms that must have gained 20 lbs. in the same time.

I will give below a record of the amount gained on basswood for 12 days:

On June 30 at noon I took a swarm and put them on the scales and they gained ....1 lb.
July 1 gained 1 lb.
July 2 gained 3½ lbs.
July 3 gained 7 lbs.
July 4 gained 2½ lbs.
July 5 gained 3½ lbs.
July 6 gain 16 lbs. Lost during night 1¼
July 7 gain 1¼ lbs. Lost during night 1
July 8 gain 9¾ lbs. Lost during night ½
July 9 gain 11½ lbs. Lost during night 2
July 10 gain 6 lbs. Lost during night 1¾
July 11 gain 6¾ lbs. Lost during night 3
July 12 gain 3½ lbs. Lost during night 1½

I started each morning at where the scales set in the morning so as not to reckon the loss by evaporation during the night. After the 12th of July they gradually lost until the buckwheat flow. I have of the buckwheat flow only the data of the day they gained the most, the 15th of August, on which day they gained 8¼ lbs. So my statement made in a former letter must be correct. They must have gathered no less than 20,000 lbs. and consumed 9,000 lbs., which gave me 6,000 lbs. surplus with 5,000 lbs. with which they went into winter quarters.

The season here was very favorable from the time I set them out (I winter in the cellar). The hives were empty of honey in the spring, giving the queens plenty of room to do their best, and such an increase I have never seen before in my 40 years of experience.

I estimated the workers in my apiary on the 6th of July at twelve million. Of course I manipulated my swarms to keep down excessive swarming and to build them up into very large swarms for the great day that is sure to come. Perhaps I will never again see a day when nature and art will be so combined to produce so great a result. I would not have believed it had I not actually seen the result.

I received a copy of the American Bee Journal of Oct. 8th, with a marked piece stating that my bees gathered 1,500 lbs. of basswood and 7,000 lbs. of buckwheat honey on Aug. 15th, and that I had made such a report to the American Bee Keeper. What botanists some of your editors must be to think that linden and buckwheat would bloom at the same time.

S. Sleeper.

Holland, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1897.

Garden Seeds as Premium.

We will send the American Bee Keeper one year and a box of choice garden seeds, retail value $1.60, for only 60 cents.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal).

MAKING HONEY VINEGAR--HOW IT IS DONE.

BY C. P. DADANT.

Vinegar, originally, was only sour wine, (vin aigre), but it is now made from all sorts of beverages, and the common vinegar of commerce is made by the distillation of wood (pyrologneous acid). Unprincipled dealers have been known to add to the vinegar water and sulphuric acid, a very injurious preparation. Our farmers here make all their vinegar from cider. In England it is made from malt, and even from beer. But the best vinegar is made from grape wine or from honey.

In making our honey vinegar we always use a little wine for two reasons. In the first place it helps to make it. In the second place, as we are grape growers and make considerable wine, we often have remnants that lose in quality or become somewhat sour, and these remnants can only be utilized for this purpose.

In making honey vinegar we use only inferior grades of honey, such as honey dew or thin honey that has already fermented. We also use all the washings of our cappings. We have often noticed that many bee keepers render up their cappings into wax without having previously washed them, and when we receive the beeswax from them it is still sticky with honey. This does no damage to the wax but it is a waste for the apiarist, and this waste is unnecessary.

When the honey is all extracted and the cappings well drained of their honey, so that they seem entirely dry, we put them into a large boiler with just enough water to soak them. This water is heated a little below the melting point of beeswax—say 120°, or a little above this—to a point where you can just endure the fingers in it.

The cappings are stirred in this water, then the water is pressed out. For this purpose we use a very small cider press, but the same work may be done almost as well with the hands while the wax is soft. The press goes faster and does the work more thoroughly. The water thus obtained looks dark and dirty but if your cappings have been well cared for the only thing in them to cause any residue is the propolis, and we all know that there is nothing disgusting about it. After the vinegar is made all this will disappear, without leaving any trace, as it settles in the dregs. The honey water is now tested. We use a must-scale, but as our readers do not have such an instrument, we will give them an easy test, viz:

Take a fresh egg and drop it in the liquid. If it floats, showing a portion of its shell of the size of a dime, the liquid is of proper strength. If it sinks you must add more honey, diluting it well, till the egg comes up. If the egg projects too much add more water.

To make the vinegar from honey we use from 1½ to 2 pounds to the gallon, according to the strength wanted. The sweeter the liquid the stronger the vinegar when made, but the weaker it is the quicker it is made. The reason of this is that a small percentage of sweet diluted, changes more promptly into alcohol and into acid than a large quantity. If you put in too much honey some of it may remain unfermented for a long time and a very heavy solution would probably never all change by fermentation. The weaker the beverage the quicker it sours.

Bear in mind that the fermentation of any sweet or any fruit juice is first alcoholic then acetic. No acetic or vinegar fermentation can occur till an alcoholic fermentation has taken place and the more thorough the alcoholic fermentation is the more thorough the acetic change will be.

After our honey water has been made we must induce the fermentation by some means. The temperature must be right, about 90° or 100°, if it has not already been heated as above mentioned. A little of access is not so injurious as a low temperature, provided, however, that you do not reach the germ killing point—160° to 170°. If your liquid was heated to this point it would have to stand till it had absorbed more ferment germs from the atmosphere and this would be slow.

Most honey contains plenty of ferment germs and it needs but little inducement to start the alcoholic fermentation. If, however, there is any delay a little fruit juice, fresh grape juice, fresh cider, or even a little yeast will soon give it a start. The liquid is put into barrels in a warm, sheltered place, the barrels being filled only about two-thirds, as the boiling of fermentation will cause it to rise and a full barrel would spill part of its contents. The bung-hole is covered with a thick cloth to keep the gnats and flies away.

If the vinegar is made during cool weather it is best to keep it in a warm room or in a cellar heated by a furnace. This is where we keep ours. But if you have no place in which to keep it warm, and must leave it in a cool place till summer comes again, it will do no harm, but the vinegar will be that much longer in getting made.

If your vinegar making is made in a warm place in the winter where there is no fear of flies, give it all the air you can. Bear in mind that it takes oxygen both for the alcoholic and for the acetic fermentation, and this oxygen is to be had only in the air. That is why wine makers leave their casks open as long as the alcoholic fermentation lasts in the wines, but take good care to fill up the casks and bung them up tightly before there is any chance for the acetic change. We must, therefore, give our vinegar all the air we can, and if we want to make it rapidly we must transfer it from one vessel to another as often as we can. Vinegar makers pour their vinegar over beach shavings, which assists in airing it and retains much of the lees or sedement, but it is not necessary to go to all this trouble for after the fermentation has been well started it will continue with more or less speed according to circumstances, till good vinegar is produced.

After the alcoholic fermentation has been well started it is easy to induce the acetic fermentation by the addition of sour wine or sour vinegar in a small quantity. We make it a practice to always keep at least two barrels of vinegar, the one sour, the other souring, and we refill the one from the other occasionally.

If the vinegar. is wanted clear, it must be racked, by removing all but the lees, and the latter need not be thrown away, but may be used with new vinegar to help its formatation.

Good wine or cider must not be kept in the same cellar with vinegar as the germs of the vinegar floating through the air will induce the acetic fermentation very readily in the former.

Good vinegar usually contains millions of small animalcules which prevent it from having a crystalline appearance. These may be destroyed by heating to 170° and will then settle to the bottom with the lees or dregs. Let it not be supposed, however, that they are injurious for millions of these are evidently consumed in every glass full of good vinegar, and one should beware of vinegar that does not contain any, for it is probably made of poisonous compounds that kill them. But it is lucky that our house keepers do not have eyes gifted with microscopic powers or they would relegate good vinegar out of the domain of the kitchen,

The writer, at the North American convention, in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1894, met a young bee keeper who had tried to make vinegar and had succeeded, but said that he had to throw it away because it was full of liitle snakes, which he had detected by holding a very thin vial of the vinegar in the sunlight. It must have undoubtedly been first class vinegar, and he was very much astonished to hear that he could with difficulty find any good vinegar that did not contain such snakes, unless it had been heated.

To help strengthen vinegar that is making too slowly, pour it over crushed fruits, grape skins, apple pumice, or even apple parings, but, above all things, if you want it to make fast, be sure it has plenty of air at the right temperature. We have now in our house cellar, three or four barrels of wine and honey vinegar that has been a year in making because it was not kept warm enough.

Hancock Co. Ill.

(From Gleanings).

ANCIENT LEGENDS REGARDING BEES.

Ability of Bees to Distinguish Between Genuine and Artificial Flowers ; An Interesting Article.

BY T. S. FORD.

In the Sunday School Quarterly sent out by the M. E. Church South, and in Peloubet's notes on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1896, an example is quoted to illustrate the wisdom of Solomon, as follows: "When the queen of Sheba placed two wreaths before the monarch and asked him to tell which was real and which was artificial, he opened a window, and a bee alighting upon the natural wreath told him what he wished to know." Peloubet quotes this story from Geikie and Farrar, and Stanley's History of the Jewish Church. It is supposed that these authors got the story from some rabbinical compilation and it really shows how easy it is to get away from the open book of nature. A Greek historian would never have invented such a story, and if he had found it he would have rejected it at once. The truth is, if Solomon was the close observer that he must have been he would never have permitted an appeal from the verdict of his own senses to those of an insect.

The writer was sitting one day last summer by an open window. A hand painted fire screen of enameled cloth hid the fire place and upon it was painted in water colors, upon a dark background, some water lilies, rather clumsily executed, and some passion flowers (May pops) which were quite life like. The whole vine was shown with flowers and fruit hanging. An enormous bumble bee came buzzing in at the window and made straight for the painted flower, and clung to it, extending his tongue in a frantic endeavor to get at the supposed nectar. He persisted in his efforts for at least twenty seconds—long enough to call the attention of other members of the family to the scene. Finally he gave it up and flew straight out of tbe window, apparently without ever realizing how he had been cheated.

In a contest between two ancient Greek painters, as related in Rollin's Ancient History, grapes were painted so naturally that the birds came and pecked at them; and another great artist painted a mare so artfully as to cause a horse, when led up to it, to whinner. Now the senses of a bird or animal, reinforced as they are with a higher degree of intelligence, were thus cheated.

In the crest of the king-bird or bee-martin are hidden, under a dark exterior, a cluster of scarlet feathers which show beautifully when the crest is erected. The current belief among our common people is that this semblance of a scarlet flower on the top of a bee-bird's head attracts the unwary bee to the jaws of the hungry bird, and I have myself seen bees swerve from their line of flight and circle round the sitting bird until snapped up.

It is said that Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall ; he spake also of beasts and of fowl, and of creeping things," (insects) "and of fishes." In other words, this great man, who probably had no access to works on entomology and natural history as do we, was a close observer of all the phenomena of animal and insect life as he saw them. To say that such a man, gifted above all men who lived before or since in all the faculties of observation as well as reasoning, and therefore a closer observer than Darwin himself, should have been so silly as not to know that any gay color, having the semblance of a flower, will attract a bee, is a striking illustration of why it was that He of whom he himself said, "A greater than Solomon is here," treated with contempt " the tradition of the elders." This story of Solomon's artifice of using the bee to aid him in detecting the artificial from the natural flowers is evidently one of the monkish inventions of the ancient Jewish rabbis, living as far from the real truths of nature as they did from the truth of the Spirit, and who erected a hideous system of ethics, false to the real teachings of the Angel of the Covenant.

The rabbi who in ancient times, coined the false story of Solomon and the honey bee, thereby imputing to the insect more acute power of observation than the wisest of men, found his counterpart in a Methodist bishop whom the writer heard in the pulpit on a great occasion,enlarging upon the wonderful faculties which the Creator had bestowed upon the honey bee. He said the senses of the insect were so acute, and that they were always so sensitive to the approach of rain that the last individual of the busy hive were always safely housed before the storm began. The idea clothed in his beautiful language (which I can not undertake to quote) was very impressive ; but, as every bee keeper knows, he was far from the truth. Last summer a thunderstorm came up in the middle of the day. There was a furious wind accompanying the first dash of rain, and while probably the great majority of the busy workers reached the hive before the bursting of the tempest, thousands were soon so buffeted by the wind and rain that they took refuge in the shrubery many yards from the hives. The writer thinks that the Jewish legends of the several incidents attending the visit of the Sabæan queen are squarely on a level with the Arabian stories of his dealings with the geni, and that neither is worthy of quotation in the Christian study of the Scriptures.

Columbia, Ill., Nov. 29.

HAVE BEES CONSCIENCE.

This question was raised in my mind and answered in the affirmative by the following incident which I observed in the course of a country ramble on the coast of Devon, says the London Spectator. There were several small bumble bees steadily at work among the many gay colored blossoms which form a perfect flower bed on either side of a cliff walk on that lovely promontory opposite the little fishing town of Salcombe. Each bee kept to his own particular flower, as (so Sir John Lubbock tells us) all well conducted bees should do. But one became puzzled by the likeness in coler between black knapweed and purple thistles. His flower for this outing was evidently the knapweed, and when he had exhausted all its blossoms in the immediate neighborhood he was beguiled by similarity in color in trying a thistle, but, on alighting he instantly discovered his mistake, and flew about looking for more knapweed, which he might easily have found by flying a few yards further. Instead, however, he returned to the inviting thistle-head, and this time gave himself up with perfect abandon to its luscious delights, stifling the voice of conscience which on his first visit he had so instantly obeyed.

These little bumble bees repay the time spent on watching their small, busy lives. On another occasion, when camping for the day in a fir-wood, my sister became aware of two of these soft little creatures buzzing round and round the skirt of her dress in such a determined spirited way that we felt they meant business and not mischief. My sister drew her skirt away, when the bees instantly made for a tiny hole in the bank, evidently their home door. Their gentle, persistent manner of making their meaning known to us was most striking.

THE APIARY IN WINTER.

The expert bee keeper watches his apiary in winter as well as in summer. True, the bees should not be disturbed if they are doing well, for if a strong, healthy colony is rudely disturbed some bees will leave the cluster and, perchance, the hive. If the weather is cold enough to chill them, many of these will perish. Another bad result of such a disturbance is that from some instinctive cause the bees fill themselves with honey, and if a prolonged period of arctic weather follows and prevent them from taking a cleansing flight the colony will become unhealthy, which causes its loss entirely.

But these cautionary suggestions do not imply that there is no winter work to be performed in the apiary. The most skillful bee keepers look after their bees at all seasons. He watches them throughout the year, and is acquainted with the situation and condition of each colony. It happens sometimes that a colony goes into winter quarters with a large number of old and nearly worn out bees and but few of younger stock. In very cold weather the old bees succumb, and, falling, soon clog the entrance to the hive. Unless they are removed the entire colony will smother. The entrance must be kept open. This is easily done with a wire hook about a foot long. Sometimes excessive moisture in a hive causes some fatality, often sufficient to block the entrance at the bottom. Thus it is necessary to watch the apiary every day to avoid unnecessary losses. Care is required in removing dead bees in order that the live ones may not be disturbed or aroused to activity.

(From American Bee Journal.)

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ABOUT SWEET CLOVER.

BY DR. H. BESSE.

1. How far from the apiary can bees work profitably on sweet clover, when they fly in the direction of a field for it, and have nothing else to work on, and come in loaded?

2. How much sweet clover seed is

considered a good average crop per acre?

3. How much honey per colony per day would be expected in an apiary of 97 good and strong colonies, when one-half of the colonies are located in a field of 4 acres of sweet clover in full bloom, from July 20 to Sept. 20, and the other half of the apiary 2½ miles from sweet clover in great abundance for the bees?

Delaware Co., Ohio.

[The foregoing questions were submitted to two sweet clover specialists—Mr. McArthur, of Canada, and Mr. Stolley, of Nebraska—who reply as follows:]

MR. M'ARTHUR'S ANSWER.

1. Bees will work profitably on sweet clover, or any honey producing plants, if existing conditions are present for the secretion of nectar, at 2½ miles. They will gather more in proportion if only one mile or less distant.

2. That depends on how it is grown, whether for hay first and seed afterward. Sweet clover hay is valuable as winter food for stock—the same value as other clover hay, allowibg the second crop to mature seed, averaging from 5 to 7 bushels per acre, of clean, hulled seed, if properly handled.

3. If a good season for the secretion of nectar, and an abundance of sweet clover within a radius of 1½ miles, with strong colonies and plenty of surplus combs for extracting, one pound per day, or about 100 pounds per colony has been secured from that source in this vicinity. Taking an average of years, 60 pounds per colony would be a good average from sweet clover.

JOHN MCARTHUR.

MR. STOLLEY'S ANSWER.

1. I think several miles; but it should be within, or about, one mile.

2. We have never harvested seed on a large scale. The yield is heavy, if you can manage to get the seed.

3. About 50 colonies of bees on 4 acres of sweet clover is more than should be allowed, to get the largest yield, since they need about 100 lbs. of honey a day to live on during the working season. In my judgment 20 colonies would carry more surplus honey from 4 acres than would 50 colonies. This has been the case in our apiary. At the time when 60 to 70 colonies were kept we had to feed in the fall for winter stores, and hardly any surplus; but since the number of colonies is in proportion to the melilot bloom, the surplus has been year after year from 400 to 500 pounds to the acre, through the season.

RICHARD STOLLEY.

HUNTING WILD HONEY.

In the wilds of Taylor county, Wisconsin, Billy Horton owns a homestead and George Beebe is his partner and companion in hunting and trapping. Recently a Chicago Record correspondent joined them in a bee hunt, and thus tells of his experience.

The "outfit" consisted of a stand upon which the honey and scent were placed. This stand was a stick or pole four or five feet in height, sharpened at the lower end to stick in the ground, and with a square board of four inches nailed at the top. This stand was first placed in the center of the garden. A bee soon hovered about, lit on the honey, filled his canteen and, circling upward above the encircling trees, darted off straight to his home. Practice has made Billy's eye keen, alert and accurate, and he watched the flight intently. Only a few minutes pass until this identical bee returns, but not alone. On wings, feet and dusky jacket a telltale aroma informed his companions what stores he had found and they too load themselves with sweets and each make that selfsame flight homeward. The compass is consulted, a line is drawn and a new stand is established exactly on that line and in the direction of the bee tree. If their flight is high above the trees this indicates that their tree is distant. If they dart low down among the branches it is near. If the the stand is carried too far or beyond the tree no bees will return, but if it is yet between the place first taken and the tree or home they will soon find it and again dart for home.

At this second stand all the small shrubs and trees are cut down for a circuit of several feet to give open flight to the bees and a sight of them to the hunter. Sometimes "cross lining" is necessary; that is a stand is set off at right angles to get a new line, and thus, with patience, care and skill the coveted tree is located. On the base of the tree, to establish ownership by right of discovery, the hunter carves his initials, "W. H." To the credit of woodsmen a tree so marked is rarely cut by any but the rightful owner.

The first tree was an elm, its great arms covering a space of 100 feet in circumfrence. The hive was in a branch extending southward.

"Cut the tree," said Billy, "so as to have it fall with that limb upward."

The task of felling the tree is light for it is hollow. Its giant crown trembles at each stroke of the axe and it slowly moves to the north; then the movement is swift and swifter until it whips its large trunk deep into the earth. Before it strikes the ground the hive branch breaks from the trunk and shivers into splinters. Bees and honey are scattered broadcast and most of the precious sweets are lost. It is a new hive swarmed this year and therefore the stores are not large.

The second tree afforded better results, To reach it our path was obstructed by a swamp, briers and the woven mat of an old "slashing." The bee tree was a large dead pine, bereft of both bark and branches. The axe and cross-cut saw are each brought into play in bringing this monster down. It falls with an awful crash but not a bee is seen mingling with flying leaves and debris.

"You must have been mistaken this time," I said.

"Come here and listen," said he, as he put an ear to the side of the trunk.

When the tree falls the first man to approach guards his face and head by placing mosquito netting over his head and neck. Shortly after the crash the bees are too busy in a frantic effort to save their treasures and do not often attack one, especially in cold weather. In this instance the bees were completely imprisoned, their entrance being under the tree. With an axe and saw a section of the trunk is split off and rows on rows of honey, rich and toothsome, are exposed.

The amount of honey found in trees varies greatly. In rare instances 100 pounds may be taken. The old hives are the rich ones. In the majority of instances the stored honey runs from ten to forty pounds.

(From American Bee Journal).

GETTING QUEENS FERTILIZED AT THE LEAST COST.

BY W. Z HUTCHINSON.

The greatest expense attending the rearing of queens is in getting them fertilized. I think it safe to say that virgin queens could be reared for 10 cents each. As a rule a colony will build a dozen queen cells at one batch—they will, if rightly managed, and the queens will be good ones too. The colony will not be more than ten days in doing it. A good colony can certainly average a dollar a week building queen cells. Of course a colony can not go on week after week all summer long building queen cells, but it can build at least three good batches, and then it can be dropped from the list and another taken. In time this colony can be used for cell building again. It could be used right along by giving it plenty of young bees or brood, but it is exactly as well to give it a queen and let it rear itself some more brood, and turn some other colony to the work of cell building. By employing proper methods to get the cells built, and taking them away when sealed over and the queens have commenced to "color," and hatching them out in a lamp nursery, there is no trouble in rearing virgin queens at 10 cents each. I would like no better job than that of rearing virgin queens at that price.

It will be readily seen that the cost in queen rearing comes in getting them fertilized and holding them until needed if it should happen, as it frequently does, that there is not an immediate demand as soon as they begin laying. In queen rearing it is the usual plan to employ the same frames as are in use in the apiary. This is an advantage in many ways. The same kind and size of hives may be used, and when the season is over there is great convenience in uniting the nuclei. If the nuclei gather much honey it is easy to extract it if it is in the regular size combs. All these are advantages that can not be denied, but the great amount of bees that are used to stock one nuclei makes the cost of getting queens fertilized come pretty high. Little combs four or five inches square have been tried, using them in little boxes of the right size, and they work all right, except that such small colonies are quite likely to swarm out and follow the queen when she takes her wedding flight. More likely still are they to swarm out after the queen has filled the combs with eggs and there is no more room for her to lay. The latter difficulty is easily remedied by placing a piece of queen excluding zinc over the entrance after the queen begins to lay.

I have used with the best of results the ordinary 4½x4½x1½ section boxes for frames and the old style Heddon super for a hive. I save the unfinished sections that are left at the end of the fall season. These are about half drawn out and partly filled with honey. I use the regular bottom board of a hive that has a rim of a bee space height around three of its sides, putting another strip at the end where the entrance usually is. This makes a rim all around it. Strips are then put crosswise at such points that they will meet the partitions in the case. Strips are also nailed to the upper edges of these partitions, bringing them up flush with the top of the case.

A movable partition is also put in the center of each apartment, thus dividing it in two and making eight little hives in each case. Pieces are nailed to the upper part of the bottom board to meet these division boards and make each little hive bee tight. A little board cover is also made for each little hive, and then a regular hive cover laid over all to keep out the rain and to prevent these little covers of thin boards from warping. These extra covers are needed because if all eight of the nuclei were opened at the same time the bees would be crawling back and forth ; and if one were queenless the bees would be coming over into the nuclei that had a queen. Queens might also possibly go from one nucleus to another and thus be destroyed. A separate cover for each prevents all this.

Entrances are made by cutting out a portion of the rim around the edge of the bottom board. About an inch is cut out for each entrance and each is finished with a slide of bee zinc that can be put in place when the queen has been fertilized. In fact this slide is kept in place most of the time, it being removed only when there is a queen of the right age to fly. These guards are a great barrier to the entrance of robbers. It seems to be almost impossible to have one of these hives robbed when these guards are in place. I put two entrances on each side and as far apart as possible, and the number of queens lost is very few.

To stock these hives three sections of combs are put into each apartment. This brings the bees all in a close, compact cluster. A caged *laying* queen is then put into each apartment and the case, without the bottom board, is set over a strong queenless colony. Every bee keeper knows how the bees will crowd into those sections and gather about the queen. I then carry the case and set it on the bottom board. Do this just at night when the bees are almost done flying. As soon as it is too dark for the bees to fly release the queens. There is no trouble about their being accepted. I never lose one in this way. By the next morning the queen has begun to lay and the majority of the bees will adhere to that location. Queenless bees are usually ready to give up their location for a new one where there is a queen. When larvæ begin to appear in the combs it is safe to take away the queen and to use the nuclei the same in all respects as in the case with ordinary nuclei that are larger. Laying queens instead of virgins are used to start the nuclei as the bees are so much more inclined to stay with a laying queen than with a virgin.

These little nuclei are so easy to manipulate. It is seldom necessary to use smoke ; they seldom kill a queen even if she is a virgin, and queens can be found so quickly and so easily. If there is a dearth of orders for one or two weeks or longer as sometimes happens, there are not a pound or two of bees and two or three frames of brood and honey standing idle caring for one queen.

To unite in the fall simply take off the covers and remove the bottom boards and stack up the cases four or five high, and when they are all nicely united shake them off upon combs of honey and give them a queen. As a rule, however, such bees as these—those that have been used in nuclei all summer—are of little value as "winterers." I have wintered them, however, but they seldom come through in very good condition. I sometimes think that Henry Alley's plan of shaking them off on the ground and destroying them is about as good as any. It depends somewhat upon how they have been managed. If there has been considerable brood reared all summer and toward the end of the season, the bees may winter pretty well, but the uniting must be done early, and it often happens that there is more profit in keeping the nuclei running than there is in uniting them early.

Genesee Co., Mich.

Owing to the severity of last year on the bees, and consequent great losses, there are nothing like the number to gather the nectar this year that there were two years ago. As far as we can learn, however, what bees there are, are doing very well, and bee keepers have that fact to add to the joy of their Xmas and New Year's festivities. But a little advice is needed. There is a very great abundance of fruit just now. We are told the large markets are glutted and prices are ridiculously small. This will certainly militate against the present sale of honey, and if bee keepers rush the market prices must certainly go down temporarily. We say *temporarily* only. Owing to last year's failure there has been a slight rise in prices, which every bee keeper should do his best to maintain. Fruit will not keep, and must be sold no matter at what price. It is not so with honey. Honey will keep for years and be as good as ever. Let those who can keep their honey, reserve it till the fruit season is past. It will pay them, and they will be doing a duty to their fellow bee keepers. —Australian Bee Bulletin, December 28, 1896

Literary Items.

THE ORIGIN OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

"Yankee Doodle" is claimed by many nations. It was known in England as "Nankee Doodle" in the time of Charles I. The Hollanders had an old song to this air called "Yanker Dudel." It is said to be also an old French vintage song, a native Hungarian air, and the ancient music of the sword dance of the Biscayans. In June, 1755, Dr. Richard Schuckburgh, regimental surgeon under General Braddock, thought to play a joke on the ragged tattered Continentals by palming off the "Nankee Doodle" of the time of Cromwell upon the Colonial soldiers as the latest martial music. It at once became popular, but a quarter of a century later the joke seemed turned when the Continental bands played this same "Yankee Doodle" as Lord Cornwallis marched out after surrendering his army, his sword and the English colonies in America to the Yankees.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

YELLOW KID SCHOTTISCHE.

We have just received a copy of the above named Schottische, composed by Charlie Baker, the popular music writer. This piece of music is without doubt destined to have an unprecedented run of popularity. Most of our readers are aware that the charcter of the "*Yellow Kid*" is now the reigning fad throughout the East, being the feature of the illustrated weeklies and newspapers. It is very easy, remarkably pretty, and can be played on piano or organ. Price 40 cents per copy. All readers of our magazine will receive a copy by sending 25 cents in silver or postage stamps to The Union Mutual Music Co , 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

"FRUITAGE," FOR FRUIT MEN ONLY.

The exclusive fruit paper of America is a 32 page paper, the reading matter of which pertains to nothing but fruit. It is indispensable to any one engaged in fruit growing. Is a great fruit paper published in the center of a great fruit section, (PORTLAND, OREGON), and costs 50 cents per year. We want every one of our readers to have it on their table and will therefore give it free to all our subscribers who will send their back subscription and one year in advance, or to new subscribers who will pay one year in advance. This offer is good for but a short time.

IRRIGATION.

It is fair to presume that the popular conception of irrigation and its possibilities is vague and indistinct with the mass of people living east of the Mississippi River, although it is the oldest system of agriculture known to the human race. The richest and most productive portions of the earth have been cultivated in this manner for thousands of years and yet maintain the densest populations; in India two hundred to six hundred to the square mile; in Italy two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty: in Egypt nearly five hundred, and so on.

This oldest of arts was practiced by the ancient Arabians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Chinese, and has always formed a part of the agriculture of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. The plains of Oman in Arabia are watered by subterranean canals supplied by reservoirs in the mountains, and a vegetation of rare luxuriance. consisting of most of the fruits and grains of Persia, is produced in consequence. The plains of Assyria and Babylonia are covered with an immense system of canals, some of them hundreds of miles in length, intended partly for irrigation and partly for navigation.

On the American continent the ancient inhabitants of Peru were found by their Spanish conquerors in the use of the most costly works for irrigating their lands. Prescott says, "Canals and aqueducts were seen spreading over the country like a network. diffusing fertility and beauty around them." The Aztecs of Mexico also made use of similar means to counteract the dryness of their atmosphere; and in the beautiful gardens of Izlapalapana, watered by canals and moistened by the spray of fountains, was exhibited to the astonished Spaniards a perfection of horticulture at that time unknown in their own country.—Albert G. Evans, in Februray Lippincott's.

Almost eyeryone is interested in the North Atlantic Squadroon, but very few know of the life aboard a man-o'-war. A profusely illustrated article, "A City Afloat," in Demorest's Magazine for March, gives a graphic account of the daily routine on board a modern war vessel, and is very interesting reading.

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Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

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MASSACHUSETTS

The American Bee-Keeper,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE W. T. FALCONER MANFG CO.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

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EDITORIAL.

A movement is on foot among some of the prominent bee keepers of this State to prevent the spraying of fruit trees while in blossom, by State legislation. It is to be hoped that success will attend their efforts and that a proper bill will be passed this winter.

The indiscriminate spraying of fruit trees while in blossom is entirely unnecessary, and is practiced largely by those who make spraying a business. Of course they do not care when the spraying is done as long as they can have the job of doing it at so much a day. Some time it is practiced at that time also by those who have to borrow a spraying outfit and can only be done so then. The practice, which is very detrimental to bee keepers, is on the increase, and certainly something should be done to decrease the practice. The following is the form proposed to have enacted:

AN ACT to prevent the application of poison to fruit trees while in blossom.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION I. Any person who shall spray with or apply in any way poison or any poisonous substance to fruit trees while the same are in blossom is guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than ten dollars or more than fifty dollars.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Those of our readers who are interested in this matter can make a copy of the above and send it to their representative, with a request that he exert himself toward having it made a law.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

A subscriber writes: "My wife has a pair of rubber gloves which she uses when working in the apiary and she has discovered a new use for them. Tell your lady readers who possess a pair to wash them at the end of the bee season and put them on while hanging out clothes on cold wash days, and they will find them much more comfortable than to have the hands exposed to damp clothes and winter atmosphere."

A FIELD OF DAISIES.

Away and away on every side
The wide fields billowed in gold and white--
Tens of thousands of daisies fair
Looked up and welcomed the sunshine bright.
But the farmer leaned on his hoe to rest
And muttered frowningly, "I'll be blest
If ever I see such a spreadin pest!"

His wife was bustling to and fro,
Making the guestrooms "spick and span,"
Decorating with muslin and scrim,
And the ever present Japanese fan.
Then she threw her apron over her head
And out for a "posy" of daisies sped.
"The boarders 'il like 'em!" she breathless said.

The "boarders" came, and with "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"
Greeted the fields where the daisies trooped.
And they plucked them for belt and breast and hair,
Then threw them down where they faded and drooped.
And they fell in the dusty wagon track,
Where the clumsy oxen drew cart and rack,
And their trampled beauty came not back.

But the little daughter wandered forth
Under the branching apple trees
That bordered the field, and lived all day
With birds and flowers and whispering breeze.
And the daisies listed her prattle sweet,
And told her stories for fairies meet,
Such as only the daisies can repeat.

And the poet, dreaming beneath the trees,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
As the drifting clouds moved overhead,
Lived with the daisies till day was done.
And they wakened thoughts that in liquid rhyme
Carried the soul of the summer time
To an exile lone in a dreary clime.
—Minnie Leona Upton in Good Housekeeping.

A SURPRISE.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lester had a flat on the North Side.

They were and are the kind of young married people calculated to restore a feeling of confidence as to matrimony.

Many a bachelor after spending an evening at the Lester flat and rioting in the simple delights of a "Dutch lunch" would remark to some other bachelor as they were walking homeward, "Say, if I knew where there was another Mrs. Bert Lester, I'd be a married man in less than six months."

The Lesters had a dozen or more men friends, mostly of the hotel kind, but Joe Barnet held the record for constant attendance. When there was any sort of social gathering at the Lester flat, Joe was neither absent nor tardy. He and Bert Lester had been good friends long before there was any Lester flat. Mrs. Lester believed that Joe was an "awfully nice fellow." She had laid certain plans for his future.

Louise Rhodes had been preached to Joe Barnet for a year.

Her picture was on the Lester mantel, and her name went back and forth between the Lesters.

"Oh, Joe, I must have Louise come up to visit me," Mrs. Lester would say when she had dragged Joe up to the photograph for the hundredth time. "You'll like her immensely. She's as clever as she can be, and pretty. Joe, her father has plenty of money, too. Think of that."

"I don't see why that should interest me," Joe would reply with an indifference which was wholly assumed.

"Well, if I was a man there would not be many girls like Louise Rhodes running around single."

"You couldn't marry more than one of them."

"You're very bright tonight, aren't you? Wait till you see her. I know you will fall in love with her, and then it will serve you right if she refuses to look at you at all."

Mrs. Bert Lester and the much talked of Louise Rhodes had been classmates in a girls' seminary in Ohio. After graduating Kate Townsend returned to Chicago and promptly accepted Bert Lester. Louise resumed a country town existence at Flavius, Ind., where her father owned a grain elevator, a bank, a general store and a hub and spoke factory. His country possessions were marked by white farmhouses and huge red barns. Mrs. Lester once visited Louise at Flavius, and when she returned home she told fanciful stories of the Rhodes possessions.

Last spring, while Mrs. Lester was writing to Louise, coaxing her to come to Chicago on a visit, Joe Barnet did a very unusual thing. He wrote a letter to Miss Louise Rhodes of Flavius, Ind., a young woman whom he had never seen.

Mark the cunning of the scoundrel! This is the way the letter ran:

"Of course you dare not overlook my vast presumption in thus addressing you. One fact you must consider, however. I am with the Lesters so much of the time that I am, to all intents and purposes, a member of the household, and this may entitle me to the privilege of joining in the invitations. You may remember that May 8 will mark the third anniversary of their marriage. I am arranging to give a little dinner in their honor, but I want to make it a surprise to them. As you are Mrs. Lester's most intimate friend, it would be almost a calamity if you were not present at the dinner. You will understand, of course, that I could not have forwarded this information through the agency of Mrs. Lester. Don't tell her that I have written to you. I do not want her to learn of the dinner, and there are other reasons."

The letter closed with a final plea for pardon, and Joe mailed it, in the consciousness that he had done a very clever thing. He believed that any young woman, no matter how strict her seminary training had been, would have to answer that kind of letter. He was not mistaken. The reply came three days later, and it was in a bald and peaked handwriting, in which both ink and space were lavishly wasted. The letter called him "Mr. Barnet" and said among other things:

"Under these extraordinary circumstances I suppose I am justified in writing to you—a stranger. No, not a stranger, either, for I have heard so much about you (through Kate) that I suppose I can already claim a half way acquaintance. Alas, to say it! I cannot come to Chicago for your little dinner, which will doubtless be lovely. We are in the throes of preparation for a wedding here (my cousin), and until she is safely away on her wedding tour I shall be deliriously busy. It's too bad. Perhaps next month I shall be in Chicago, and you may be sure I will be prepared to feign proper surprise and embarrassment when Kate presents you. I would not for worlds let her know I had written this letter."

"Say, she's all right." This is what Joe Barnet told himself as he read her letter and grinned like a vealy boy over his first love note.

Joe studied the letter again and concluded that the young woman had not been seriously offended. So he wrote another letter, setting forth some of the June attractions in Chicago and hoping, rather more fervently than in the first letter, that she would accept the Lester invitation. He received an answer expressing regret that no absolute promise could be made and incidentally suggesting that the writer would be pleased to learn some of the particulars in regard to the little dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lester. Joe construed this as an open consent to keep up the correspondence, and in one short month thereafter his letters began, "My Dear Miss Rhodes," and she addressed him as "My Dear Mr. Barnet," this being the set and accepted form, although not commonly used between young people who have never met.

In the meantime Mrs. Lester continued to show the photograph to Joe and lecture on the superlative merits of her classmate. In her letters to Louise she eulogized Joe.

All this was preliminary to her subtle plans for a matchmaking.

In July the correspondence had become so cordial in its exchanges that Joe felt at perfect liberty to slip away to a night train and go to Flavius, Ind. He told the Lesters an elaborate lie about going to Indianapolis to settle a tax claim against some property left to him by his uncle. Miss Louise Rhodes, having been advised of his coming, told her parents an unblushing falsehood to the effect that she had become well acquainted with Mr. Barnet while she was attending the seminary in Ohio.

That day at Flavius settled it. They strolled under the maples and went driving along a winding creek road, an ardent Flavius couple in the front seat and the overhanging boughs sweeping the canopy top of the Rhodes family carriage.

They sat side by side in the big dining room while State Senator Rhodes, at the head of the table, ordered the timid hired girl to deliver immense portions of spring chicken to the young man from Chicago.

From that time on the developments came with the rush of closing chapters in a novel. Joe wrote almost daily, and after an interval of two weeks he was called to Indianapolis to settle another tax claim. On the occasion of his second visit to Flavius he proposed, but he was not definitely accepted, with the full consent of the state senate, until he had paid a third visit.

All this time he was pretending to be carelessly indifferent to the photograph in the Lester flat, and Louise Rhodes, in her letters to Mrs. Lester, sometimes mentioned that she would be glad to meet Mr. Barnet, having read so much about him.

Last week the Flavius girl came to Chicago for the long delayed visit.

Joe had been advised that the photograph girl was coming. He appeared at the flat promptly at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Lester, fluttering with importance, met him at the door.

Joe did not wait to be welcomed. He slammed his hat and coat on the rack, rushed into the parlor and then and there threw his arms around Louise Rhodes and kissed her.

Mrs. Lester shrieked and then tottered over against an armchair, actually faint with terror. She thought that Joe had gone stark, staring mad.

There had to be an immediate explanation, but it did not satisfy Mrs. Lester. She said the two of them were no better than the people who go to matrimonial agencies or put sloshy "personals" into obscure weekly papers. She was shocked beyond expression and did not fully forgive them until they had pleaded for at least five minutes.—Chicago Record.

William Morris as a Socialist.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, writing in the London Daily Chronicle, records the following incident: I remember seeing William Morris one Sunday afternoon walking up Parliament street. A meeting was being held in the square. I now forget entirely what it was about, but the people holding it had made up their minds to march to Westminster abbey, with a vague idea probably that when they got there they might do something. Suddenly an enormous crowd began to pour out of the square down Parliament street—a black, solid, muddy mass, for it was a wet, wintry day. On they came, with a sort of irresistible force, which really frightened one looking on as a spectator. And right in front—among the red flags, singing with all his might "The Marseillaise"—was William Morris. He had the face of a crusader, and he marched with that big stick of his as the crusaders must have marched.

One turned round and went with the crowd, which, when it got to the abbey, seemed half inclined to smash the windows, but those at the head of it were switched off and passed into Poets' corner, there to sit down and be preached to, while the others, who could not get in, were addressed by Canon Rawlinson outside. But what was so curious was to find this artist—like another Courbet—leading a crowd who really did not know what they wanted to do. However, had this crowd determined to destroy, to tear down even a stone of the abbey or to break a window, I think, instead of William Morris leading them a step farther, that they would only have taken that step over his body. I am not so sure what would have happened had the crowd marched against St. Paul's, for Morris hated the one sort of work as much as he loved the other. —St. James Gazette.

Dashed.

Friend—I say, Daub, I suppose you heard about our house being broken into the other night?

Artist—No, I hadn't heard. Did they take much?

Friend—A couple of watches, some silver, a suit of clothes, and, it's a funny thing, but you know that picture you painted me. They cut it out of the frame, and—

Artist (interrupting excitedly)—By Jupiter, old man, you don't say so. Why, my fortune's made. Yes!

Friend—And nipped off with the frame, the beggars.

Artist—Ah, did they? It's rather funny, isn't it? Good day.

Friend—Good day.—Pearson's Weekly.

What to Eat.

The carpenter, hardtack; the watchmaker, minute pudding; the printer, pi; the wheelman, meets; the upholsterer, stuffing; the plumber, long billed snipe; the blacksmith, hammered steak; the banker, golden pheasant; the balloonist, angel food; the clown, capers; the glovemaker, lady fingers; the shoemaker, soles; the political speaker, his own words; the bummer, swallows; the oarsman, crabs; the tramp, any old thing.—Up to Date.

A MASTERLESS MAID.

A masterless maid, with my heart in my keeping,
I wander the world, and I'll wander again,
With gladness my portion where others know weeping
And mirth for my songbook where others read pain.

With zest speeding onward as bee to the clover,
God's world in its fairness his birthgift to me,
'Twixt me and the sunshine the eyes of no lover,
All soft tones evading, I laugh and go free.

Adown purple hills steal the mists of the coming,
But few are my thoughts what that future may be.
The lark's sky born anthem, the velvet bee's humming,
Sound sweeter than love word or love song to me.

Yet sometimes I linger and hush in my singing
And wait for the passing of unsteady feet
And sigh when I hear baby laughter soft ringing
And wonder awhile if my freedom be sweet.

Yet sometimes comes wanting, unchecked and unchidden,
When cold falls God's sunlight athwart the pale grass,
And down in the daisies I kneel me, face hidden,
And kiss the kind earth baby footsteps will pass.

—London Spectator.

THE BOY OF THE BAND

Boy Sladen of the band lay ill of fever, and the hospital orderly, who had wide experience in these things, had told the colonel that he was "mortal bad." "It's now Tuesday, sir," said the orderly. "It'll be much if he sees the week through."

"He doesn't want for anything, does he?" asked the colonel.

"Not anything in the way of luxuriés or attention, sir," said the orderly, whose limbs were sore with working for the boy. "He's mortal bad or he wouldn't be after puttin me aside for the sake of a woman."

The colonel looked curiously at the orderly. "And why for the sake of a woman?" he demanded.

"That's the strange part of it, sir," returned the orderly. "Ever since he woke this mornin he's been askin for a woman—talkin of how he's never known the love of one, an how he thinks he'd die easier if he could have a young 'un an a pretty 'un by his side to see him off. If Boy Sladen'll talk like that, sir, he's in a bad way."

"Did he really say that?" asked the colonel.

"The words I've told you are the words he used, sir," said the orderly.

"Then he shall have one," said the colonel, and he strode to the orderly room, telephoned to the Nurses' institution and in the tones that he adopted when ordering goods from the town he desired the matron to send to the barracks at once a young and pretty nurse for Boy Sladen of the band. Within an hour a gentle nurse, wearing a neat black cloak and a dainty bonnet, passed the sentry on the main guard on her way to the hospital. The sentry stared a moment at the apparition, then stood bolt upright, and feeling that so unusual spectacle called for unusual honor he shouldered arms.

Nurse Gaughan stepped softly up to the bed in which Boy Sladen lay and put her cool hand on his forehead. The heavy eyelids were raised, and Boy Sladen looked with dull astonishment at her face.

"Who are you?" he asked in a feeble voice.

"I'm Nurse Gaughan," she answered. "But go to sleep again. You mustn't talk. The more you keep quiet the sooner you'll get well."

Boy Sladen laughed a curious little laugh.

"Get well?" he echoed. "Not this journey. The doctor's given me up—I heard him tell Dennis, the orderly, that it was all up with the lad. He thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. Has the colonel sent for you?"

Nurse Gaughan nodded.

"Isn't he good?" asked the boy. "It's all because I said I wanted a woman to be near me. There aren't many colonels who would do the same, are there?"

Nurse Gaughan shook her head. Her knowledge of colonels was limited, and she would have acquiesced if the boy had said they were all fiends.

"There, now, you must go to sleep, or I'm sure the colonel will be angry," she said as she made believe to smooth a pillow.

"Then I'll try," said Boy Sladen, and he closed his eyes.

Some flowers were on the mantelpiece and on a little table near the bed, while on the wall, facing Boy Sladen, was a colored picture of a gorgeous drummer boy, upon whom a host of phantomlike eyes from a supposed crowd were gazing in stony admiration. This was the work of Private Dennis, and he thought of all as he leaned against the married quarters and gazed dreamily at the hospital.

The heart of the hospital orderly was heavy within him as he gazed. He had been dethroned, his charge had been taken from him, and the boy was to die while in the hands of strangers. Dennis' flowers were in the hospital. It was Dennis' affection which had prompted the idea of the gorgeous drummer, and Dennis' scanty funds that had bought the print.

Dennis sighed, for a friendship as strong as it was strange had grown up between him and the boy. The darling wish of the lad was to become a drum major and wield the splendid staff of office, and the great ambition of the private was to qualify for noncommissioned rank. And so they helped each other, Dennis telling all he knew of military duty and Boy Sladen instructing Dennis in subjects with which he had to be familiar if he wished to get promotion.

The orderly stepped softly back into the hospital—so softly that Nurse Gaughan, who was looking at the little patient, did not hear him, and she started when she turned and saw him.

"I've come back," began Dennis, "to see if we couldn't make some arrangement about the boy."

Nurse Gaughan was silent still and stared helplessly.

"I've watched an cared for him up to this point," continued Dennis in a low voice, "an I don't quite see that it's right for a stranger to come in an take all the work out of a man's hands, especially such a man as me, for I'm a sort of father, mother an brother to him. I was by his father's body when the Paythans left him, an it was a shot from my rifle that brought down the man who knifed him. That's the reason why Boy Sladen took to me even before the colonel, an that's why, first and foremost, I've a claim to see to the wants an wishes of the boy."

Nurse Gaughan could not understand. This speech was too great a puzzle for her to unravel, and she still kept silence.

"That bein so," continued the orderly, "I think we ought to come to some arrangement."

Nurse Gaughan murmured, "Certainly, if you wish," and Dennis went away contented.

The arrangement that had been made answered well, and Boy Sladen, watched incessantly and closely, wanted for nothing. But his stay on earth was limited, and both Nurse Gaughan and Private Dennis knew it. To Nurse Gaughan he became friendly and confidential as the week wore on, and his greatest pleasure was to draw a picture of himself as the drum major.

"You know what the drum major is, nurse?" he asked one day.

"Yes," replied Nurse Gaughan readily, forgetting for the moment Boy Sladen's ambition.

"Some day, nurse," continued Boy Sladen, "for I'm getting stronger now, and I shall soon be able to get out of bed, I shall march at the head of ours as drum major. Then when I'm a man you'll see me go past, and you'll say to your husband and children, for it'll be some time yet, 'See, that's Boy Sladen of the band, that I nursed through a fever!' And I shall know what you say, although I shan't be able to look. I'm certain that if you're about I shall know."

"But," said Nurse Gaughan, "hadn't you better go to sleep? Do try and rest a little."

"I don't want to go to sleep," said Boy Sladen. "Why, the men'll be parading soon. Even if I went to sleep I should wake up as soon as I heard the band play and the tramp of the feet. I'll go to sleep when they've left barracks. That'll be two hours yet. Won't you try and go to sleep a bit, nurse? You look so tired and worn out. Do try, or I'll feel I'm a nuisance."

"Nurses mustn't sleep on duty," said Nurse Gaughan, "but I'll sit in the chair, if that will please you."

"Well, do that, then," said Boy Sladen.

Nurse Gaughan, weary with watching, felt a drowsiness steal over her that she could not conquer. She glanced more than once at her charge, but he made no sign of wanting her help, and when she last looked his eyes were closed, and he seemed to be asleep. No sound broke the silence, and Nurse Gaughan also closed her eyes and slumbered.

Boy Sladen's sleep was short and troubled. His delirium was returning, and when he woke he started up in bed and looked wildly about. Nurse Gaughan slept on, and Boy Sladen, hearing the shuffling of feet outside, cast the bedclothes silently from him and crept noiselessly to the window. He saw the men falling in, and a mad idea seized him. He glanced at the nurse, who slumbered still; then crept softly past her, and as soon as he was outside ran swiftly toward the battalion. He was in rear of the men, and no one saw him coming.

The drum major, pompous in demeanor and rigid in the wealth of gold and scarlet that a generous people gave him, had taken up his post at the head of the band. The staff, with the great silver ornament at the head of it, was gracefully balanced against his tunic, and the drum major was pulling on his white gloves just a shade more, for the women were watching from the married quarters. Suddenly the staff was wrenched away, and looking in stupid amazement for the cause he saw Boy Sladen standing beside him, clad only in his nightdress, bareheaded and barefooted.

A wild light was shining in Boy Sladen's eyes. He planted the staff firmly on the ground at arm's length, then twirled it round his head as he had seen the drum major twirl it, and before any one had time to speak he cried, "Strike up the 'March of Gordon's Own!'" He stepped out gravely, as the drum major did, and turned the staff rhythmically and in graceful circles in the air.

He was humming the tune as he marched, when Nurse Gaughan, startled and terrified, ran across the parade toward him. She seized the staff, and heedless alike of its magnificence and the stony horror of the drum major, flung it to the ground, and putting her arms around Boy Sladen she lifted his little, wasted form and bore it into the hospital.

The colonel's quick eye had caught Boy Sladen's words. "It's the last favor he'll ever need," he muttered, and he repeated the command.

The drums were beaten bravely, the cymbals clashed melodiously, and the reed and brass made martial music as the battalion crunched the gravel of the parade to the "March of Gordon's Own."

An hour later Boy Sladen of the band was dead. But he was satisfied. He had realized his ambition.—Strand Magazine.

Guileless Loie Fuller.

Loie Fuller has never worn a corset in all her life. Her figure is round, beautiful, firm. Her gowns are fashioned in the empire style, her hats are immense and beplumed, and her manners are gracious and altogether delightful. Her modesty is possibly her greatest charm. She told the writer recently: "I see posters about the street, and I think Loie Fuller must be some one else. I can't get used to the fame part of my career. In Paris, where I became known, I was driven to the theater and home again without knowing how I was being talked about. One day I required some pocket handkerchiefs, and my mother and I walked into a shop. 'See, mamma,' I cried, 'there are Loie Fuller handkerchiefs, and there are silks named after that person too. I wonder who can have my name.' It turned out that I was the namesake of all manner of wearable articles of femininity."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

English Stubbornness.

English pigheadedness was shown in a recent block of 30 hours on the Grand Junction canal in Northamptonshire, the captains of two barges arriving at a small lock from opposite directions each insisting on going through first. Over 100 canalboats were kept waiting till one of the men gave way by order of the proprietor of his boat.

Pansies, ever since Shakespeare's time, and perhaps for ages before, have been symbolic of thoughts or remembrance. Two or three poets, 100 years earlier than Shakespeare, mention the flower as having this symbolism.

A Real Bargain.

"Dear," she said, and her sweetest and most engaging smile illumined her face, "if you had a handsome lap robe, could you use it?"

"Certainly not," he replied. "You know very well that we haven't a vehicle of any description."

"That's what I thought," she returned, "so I have packed it away. Later, when we are wealthy and keep horses, we can"—

"Packed it away!" he exclaimed, interrupting her. "Packed what away?"

"Why, the lap robe," she answered sweetly.

"But we haven't a lap robe," he protested.

"Oh, yes, we have," she returned. "I happened to stumble into that department of one of the big stores today, and they had marked them down so low that I felt I ought to get one of them before the opportunity slipped away."

"But we don't need"—

"Not now, but we may," she interrupted. "It's just as well to get these things when they can be had at a bargain, and this was a real bargain. You men are very thoughtless about such things. You would never have thought of buying this robe now. You wouldn't have the foresight, but would have waited until you had a horse, and then, very likely, you would have to pay a dollar more for it."—Mercantile Journal.

Photography Beats the Fakirs.

The Indian "mango" trick, in which a plant is seen to grow up from the seed in a few minutes, has been done in a new way by M. Michael Corday of the Ecole Polytechnique in France. M. Corday employs the well known cinematograph, or apparatus for producing "living photograph"—that is to say, photographic images endowed with movement and apparently with life. A rose plant is photographed at intervals during its growth until the flower buds and blooms. The photographs thus taken are combined by the cinematograph and projected on a screen, so as to represent the development of the plant in a short time. The number of photographs taken in six months should be equal to the number which the sensitive band of the cinematograph will continue. Obviously the same plan will be able to show the changing aspects of the country during the seasons in one progressive illusion, and we venture to suggest that it might be employed with advantage in illustrating various scientific experiments and natural processes of an evolutionary or gradual sort.—London Globe.

Two Pistols and a Bowie In One.

Chief of Police Keefe has in his possession probably the most unique weapon ever seen in the city of Jacksonville. It is a combination double barreled pistol and bowie and was used in Missouri by a "regulator" when that state was going through the throes of the pro and anti slavery discussion.

The blade of the bowie is about 12 inches long and protrudes from a hilt between two small pistol barrels, each about 6 inches long. The hilt and the hammers are one and the same. When the hilt is cocked into position, two triggers, concealed in the stock, come forth, and then the weapon is ready for business, with both barrels and 12 inches of cold steel.

A number of men, it is said, belonging to one organization in Missouri were armed with these weapons, which were secured direct from Paris. This one in particular seems to be almost new.—Florida Times-Union.

Uniform Size of Circus Rings.

The one ring circus of our grandfathers' day had a ring no larger than each of the three used by the big shows today. Circus horses are trained to perform in a standard ring 42 feet in diameter. In a larger or a smaller ring their pace becomes uneven, irregular and unreliable, and the riders in turning somersaults are liable to miscalculate the curve and miss their footing. One of the "greatest shows on earth"—there are several—gave a series of performances in Madison Square Garden, New York. By mistake the rings were made 42 feet 6 inches in diameter. On the first performance three riders fell, and one was severely hurt. Before the second performance the rings were reduced to the regular size.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ONE WOMAN'S REFORM MOVEMENT.

I jinks! Sence Mary burnt my pipe
The worl is kin o' gloomy.
I've growed so thin an peakedlike
Daylight a'mos' shines th'oo me.

Mary jes' said: "You've got to quit.
It's sech a narsty habit!"
An then she tuk an burnt my pipe.
Land, how I eetched to grab it!

Wut say? My pipe my own? By Jo!
It's plain you don't know Mary.
She burnt it nigh er month ergo,
Sence w'ich I ain't had nary—

Waal, no more 'n jes a puff er two—
Land sakes! Don't ever tell!—
An a pep'mint lawzenger arterwuds
T' kin o' kill the smell.

Some day she'll ketch me at it, sure.
Lord knows wut she'll do to me!
An so I trimble every day.
Dear suz! The outlook's gloomy.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

THE SANDERS GIRL.

"It maybe was that romances comes to pass on the range when I was thar," remarked the old cattleman meditatively, "but, if so be, I never notes 'em. They shorely gets plumb by me in the night."

The old gentleman had just thrown down a daily paper, and even as he spoke I read on the turned page the glaring headline, "Romance In Real Life." His recent literature was the evident cause of his reflections.

"Of course," continued the old cattleman, turning for comfort to his inevitable pipe and inching his chair more and more into the shade of the porch, "of course at sech epocks as some degraded sharp takes to dealin double in a poker game, or the kyards begins to come two at a clatter at faro bank, the proceedin's frequent took on what you all might call a hue of romance, an I admits they was likely to get some hectic myse'f. But, as I states, for what one would brand as clean strain romance I ain't recallin none."

"How about those love affairs of your youth?" I ventured. "They must have existed."

"Which I don't deny," replied the old gentleman between puffs—"that back when I'm a colt in Tennessee I has my flower scented days. But I don't wed nothin, you notice. An even while I'm ridin an ropin at these yere young female persons whom I has in my mind thar's never no romance to it, onless it's in the fact that they all escapes me, an I never do tie one down once.

"Thar was one lady for whom I aforetime yearns, which, if I'd done played my hand plumb through, I reckon now I might have roused out a romance or somethin thrillin. I'd been due to get up agin Jim Gale's gun shore. You sees this yere female weds Jim, an I will say he makes the most restless an s'picious married man I ever encounters.

"But of course I knows my range, an I knows my brand, an as I makes a spechulty of payin no attention to Jim's wife after the nuptials his trail an mine never does cross once.

"But, speakin of love tangles, brings to my memory a story which old San Enright onfurls on to us, the same showin that a woman's fancy is rootless an onstable as a proposition.

"'Always copper a female,' says Cherokee Hall one day when Texas Thompson is relatin how his wife maltreats him an rings in a divorce on him down at Laredo. 'Always play 'em to lose. Nell, yere, now,' goes on Cherokee as he runs his hand over the h'ar of Faro Nell, who's lookout for Cherokee, 'Nelly, yere, is the only one I ever meets who can be depended on to come winner every trip.'

"'Which females,' says old Sam Enright, who's sottin thar at the time, 'an partic'lar young females, is a heap frivolous nacheral. The sight of a rainbow will stampede most of 'em. For myse'f, I'd shorely prefer to try an hold a bunch of 500 ponies on a bad night than ride herd on the heart of one lady. Between us alls, I more'n half figger the fections of a female is migratory, same as buffaloes used to be before they was killed, an sorter goes north in the spring an south ag'in in the winter.'

"'As for me,' says Texas Thompson, who's moody touchin them divorce plays his wife is makin down at Laredo, 'you can gamble I passes all females up. No matter how strong I holds, it looks like on the show downs they outlucks me every time. Wherefore I quits 'em cold, an any gent who wants my chance with females can shorely have the same.'

"'Oh, I don't know!' remarks Doc Peets, sorter gettin in on what's a general play. 'I've been all through the herd, an I must say I deems women easy people every time. They're a heap finer folks than men an faithfuler.'

"'Which I don't deny females is fine folks,' says Texas, 'but what I'm allowin is they're fitful. They don't stay none. You can both hobble an side line 'em at night, an the first thing that strikes you when you rolls out in the mornin is they're gone.'

"'What do you all think, Nell,' says Doc Peets to Faro Nell, who's perched up on her stool by Cherokee's shoulder, 'what do you all think of Texas, yere, a-malignin of your sex? Why don't you p'int him to the example of Dave Tutt an Benson Annie? They all gets married, an thar they be, caperin along as peaceful as two six shooters on the same belt.'

"'Oh, I don't mind what Texas says none,' replies Faro Nell. 'Texas is all right an on the square. I shouldn't wonder if this yere Mrs. Thompson does saw it off on him some shabby gettin that sep'ration, an I don't marvel at his remarks. But as long as Cherokee yere thinks I'm right I don't let nobody's views about other women pester me a little bit; so thar!'

"'It's what I says awhile back,' interrupts Enright. 'Texas Thompson's wife's motives, mighty likely, ain't invidious none. It's a heap probable, if the truth is known, that she ain't aimin nothin at Texas—she only changes her mind.

"'Now, about the earliest thing I remembers,' goes on Enright, 'is concernin a woman who changes her mind. This yere incident is about the first chicken on the roost of my recollections.

"'It's years an years ago, when I'm a yearlin. Our company is makin a round up at a camp called Pine Knot, in Tennessee, organizin to embark in the Mexican war a whole lot an thin out the greasers.

"'No one ever does know why I, personal, declares myse'f in on this yere embroglio. I ain't bigger'n a charge of powder at the time, an am that limited as to statoo I has to climb on to a log to get on to my pony.

"'But, as I'm tellin, we all comes together at Pine Knot to make the start. I reckon now thar's 500 people thar, as the occasion an the interest the public took in the business jest combs the region of folks for miles around.

"'Thar's a heap of handshakin an well wishin goin on. Mothers an sisters an sweethearts is kissin us goodby, an while thar's some hilarity thar's more sobs. It's, after all, as I looks back'ard, rather a damp than a gay affair.

"'While all this yere love an tears is flowin thar's a gent—he's our captain —who's settin off alone in his saddle an ain't takin no hand. Thar's no sweetheart, no mother, no sister, for him.

"'No one about Pine Knot knows this party much, more'n his name is Bent; that he's captain, with the gov'nor's commission, an comes from way off yander some'ers. An so he sets thar, grim an solid in his saddle, lookin vaguelike off at where the trees meets the sky, while the rest of us is goin about permiscus finishin up our kissin.

"' "Ain't he got no sweetheart to wish goodby to him?" asks a girl of me. "Ain't thar no one to kiss him for good luck as he rides away?"

"'This yere maiden's name is Sanders, an it's a shore fact she's the prettiest young female whoever makes a moccasin track in west Tennessee. I'd a-killed my pony an gone a foot to bring such a look of soft concern in her eyes as shines thar oninvited for this yere lonesome gent. I looks over where he's silent an solitary on his hoss.

"' "No," I replies, "he's an orphan, I reckon. He's plumb abandoned that away, an so thar's nobody yere to kiss him or shake his hand."

"'This yere pretty Sanders girl—an I'm pausin agin to state thar's nothin of the long horn about her, pure cornfed she was—this Sanders beauty I'm sayin looks at this party by himse'f for a moment, an then the big tears begin to take p'session of her blue eyes. Next she blushes like a flower an walks over to this lone gent.

"' "Mister Captain," she says, raisin her face to him like a rose, "I'm shore sorry you ain't got no sweetheart to say goodby, an because you're lonesome that away I'll kiss you an say adios myse'f."

"' "Will you, my little lady?" says the lonesome gent as he swings from his saddle to the ground by her side, an thar's sunshine in his eyes in a moment.

" ' "I'll think of you every day for that," he whispers when he kisses her, "an if I come back when the war's done I'll look for you yere." '

" 'The little Sanders girl—she was shorely as handsome as a pinto pony—blushes a heap vivid at what she's done, but looks warm an tender. Everybody lookin on, while the play is some onusual an out of line, agrees it's all right, bein that we all was goin to a war.

" 'Now yere,' goes on Enright, at the same time callin for licker all around, 'is what you all will agree is a mighty romantic deal that away. Yere's a love affair gets launched.'

" 'Does this lone hand gent who gets kissed by the Sanders lady outlive the war?' asks Texas Thompson, who has braced up an gets mighty vivacious listenin to the story.

" 'Which he shorely outlives that conflict,' replies Enright, 'an you can gamble he was in the thick of the stampede, too, every time. I will say for this yere captain that, while I wasn't with him plumb through, he was as game a gent as ever fought up hill. He's one of these sports who fights an goes for'ard to his man. Thar's no white feathers on that sort. They're game as hornets. An bad.'

" 'Which if he don't get downed none,' says Texas Thompson, 'an hits Tennessee alive, I offers ten to one he leads this Sanders female to the altar.'

" 'An you'd lose a whole lot,' says Enright, at the same time raisin his whisky glass. 'That's what I states when I trails out on this yere reminiscence. Females is frivolous an plumb light of fancy. Now, this captain party comes back to Pine Knot, say about 2½ years later, an what do you all think? That Sanders girl's been married mighty nigh two years an has an infant child as big as a b'ar cub, which is beginnin to make a bluff at walkin. Now, on the square, an I'm as s'prised about it as you be—I was more'n s'prised; I was pained—I don't allow, lookin over results an recallin the fact of that b'ar cub infant child, that, for all her blushin an all her tears an kissin that captain party goodby that away, that the Sanders girl cares a hossha'r rope for him in a week. An it all proves what I remarks, that while females ain't malevolent malicious an don't do these yere things to pierce a gent with grief, their 'fections that away is always honin for the trail an is prone to move camp.

" 'But, bless 'em, they can't help it none if their hearts be quicksands, an I libates to 'em again.' Whereat we all drinks with Enright, feelin a heap similar.

" 'Whatever becomes of this pore captain party?' asks Faro Nell.

" 'Well, the fact about that captain,' replies Enright, settin down his glass ag'in, 'while the same is the merest incident an don't have no direct bearing on what I've been relatin; the fact in his case is he's wedded already. Nacherally after sayin "Howdy?" to the little Sanders girl an applaudin of her progeny, which it looks like he fully indorses that away, this yere captain gent hits the trail for Nashville, where his wife's been keepin camp an waitin for him all the time.' "—Dan Quinn in San Francisco Examiner.

A Story of Lord Ampthill.

The following story is told of the late Lord Ampthill. When he was a junior clerk in the foreign office, Lord Palmerston, then foreign secretary, introduced an innovation whereby instead of being solemnly summoned by a verbal message the clerks were expected to answer his bell. Some haughty spirits rebelled against being treated like footmen and tried to organize resistance, but Odo Russell, as he then was, refused to join the rebellious movement, saying that whatever method apprised him most quickly of Lord Palmerston's wishes was the method which he preferred. The aggrieved clerks regarded him as a traitor to his order, but he died an embassador.

And She Went Quickly.

"Mamma has just gone across the street, ma'am," said the demure little 6-year-old to the caller.

"Did she say when she'd be back?" asked the lady.

"Yes'm," as demurely as before, "just as soon as you had gone, ma'am."
—St. Paul Dispatch.

Twenty-six days are required for the journey between New York and Sierra Leone.

Argentina Ants.

A common way of destroying the ants in Argentina is by means of a small metal cylindrical furnace half filled with any kind of dry, inflammable rubbish, and in the top a pan suspended containing flowers of sulphur. When lighted, a lid is screwed down over this, so that the smoke can only issue from a bent metal tube, which conducts it to the ant hole. A pair of bellows, worked by a handle, is attached to the lower part of the furnace, thus making the fire burn and forcing the sulphurous smoke along the ant passages. The whole apparatus is suspended on wheels and can thereby be conveniently moved from part to part of the quinta. With this instrument such volumes of suffocating smoke can soon be produced that it will often be issuing thickly from holes 200 or 300 yards distant. So you may imagine the ants have a somewhat lively time of it—or, perhaps, rather, a deadly one.

In spite, however, of waging war against them they multiply so rapidly that it is only where the gardeners fight them very energetically that they can be kept down, and the amount of damage they do is often appalling. When up country, on the border of the Grand Chaco, where, of course, these insects work their own sweet will, the writer once discovered a deserted wooden hut. Incautiously leaning against the structure, he was surprised to see the whole of it collapse. But on examination he found the reason to be that every portion of the woodwork had been perforated and undermined by the ants, and only required a very slight touch to crumble into ruins. The inroads of the ants had probably been the cause of abandoning the hut.—Temple Bar.

Carlyle Reproved.

An amusing and characteristic anecdote of Thomas Carlyle is given in Mrs. Ross' "Early Days Recalled." Mrs. Ross, the daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, enjoyed from her earliest years the privilege of meeting many distinguished persons under delightful conditions. Her mother's beauty and wit, as well as her father's social and official rank, attracted men and women eminent in art, letters and politics to their home. The only visitor whom little Janet cordially disliked was Mr. Thomas Carlyle. She says:

One afternoon my mother had a discussion with him on German literature. Her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, "You're just a windbag, Lucie; you're just a windbag!"

I had been listening with all my ears, and, conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him by saying, "My papa always says men should be civil to women," for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother, but Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and, turning to her observed, "Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

Bogus Diamonds.

Some curious stories can be told about the thousands of false diamonds sold yearly in London. As a working goldsmith I have seen a good deal of the trade in imitation stones. People of all ranks buy them. A nobleman is in immediate want of cash and must find it somewhere. He will perhaps turn to his family diamonds. Possibly £10,000 could be raised upon them. He takes the jewelry off to the false diamond provider, has the real stones removed and the false ones put in and deposits the actual gems with some one as a security for a loan. No one is a bit the wiser. His wife appears in her jewels just the same as usual. If she didn't, her husband would be made bankrupt by his creditors the next week. A large amount of business is done in this way, and you may depend upon it that the false diamond merchant has many a chuckle when he reads in his paper about Lady So-and-so's "magnificent diamond bracelet" and the Countess Bareacre's "superb tiara."—Ashton Reporter.

Builded Better Than He Knew.

Mrs. Jackson—I thought you told me you trimmed that hat yourself. I'm sure it is just as stylish as if it had been done by a high priced milliner.

Mrs. Johnson (complacently)—Yes, I think it has a stylish look myself. You see, my husband sat down on it accidentally after I had got done and gave it exactly the right twist.—Boston Courier.

A Student's Joke.

J. E. Dodson is an Englishman. "When I was at school at Harrow," he said to a reporter, "Campanini, then in the height of his fame as a tenor, sang for the first time in the city in Italian opera. If I mistake not, it was 'Trovatore.' At the end of Campanini's great aria in the third act there was a storm of applause. All the front seats in the balcony were occupied by students, and it was noticed that an almost invisible wire was strung from the middle point in the gallery horseshoe to the top of the prompter's box at the middle of the stage. What caused most people to notice the wire was the sudden appearance on it of a floral car of huge dimensions, over which hovered on spirals several stuffed doves. This car rode gradually down along the wire until it was in full view of everybody. Campanini's face was wreathed in smiles. He bowed now with his right and again with his left hand on his chest. As the car approached the prompter's box the singer moved forward to remove it from its trolley. Then was the keen zest of the occasion. Not only was there one wire—there were two. The second was attached to the car, and also to the hand of a particularly stalwart undergraduate. With marvelous rapidity the car shot back to the balcony. The smiles, I may add, did not tarry on Campanini's face."—Boston Transcript.

A Fatal Omelet.

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a man's death, but such an instance is related by Miss Edith Liohel in a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Two Salons." In the time of the French revolution one M. Condorcet, upon whose head as an aristocrat a price was set, sought refuge with a friend, M. Suard, who bade him return at nightfall, when means of escape would be provided.

Unhappily Condorcet, being unable to exist without tobacco, went into a tavern to buy some. Still prostrate from fatigue, he thought he would take advantage of this opportunity to get some dinner and ordered an omelet.

"How many eggs do you wish to be used?" inquired the landlord, who had been eying him suspiciously. The innocent Condorcet was at his wits' end. He reflected on the size of the ordinary omelet.

"Twelve," he boldly replied.

His fate was sealed. None but an aristocrat could be so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never emerged.

Dining Ahead of Time.

The Marquise de Fontenoy tells this story of Sir William Harcourt: It seems that on a Monday night during a very busy London season, after consulting his list of engagements, he went out to dinner. He fancied he observed on making his entrance to the drawing room that his host and hostess looked at him with surprise, and even embarrassment. But he did not think anything more about the matter and enjoyed himself very much. Tuesday he kept another dinner engagement, which was entered in his book. Again he noticed an almost frightened look passing between his host and hostess when his name was announced. Again the embarrassment proved transitory, and Sir William had another thoroughly enjoyable evening. The same thing took place on Wednesday and Thursday nights. But on Friday, while keeping the last of the engagements of the week, which were marked down in his book, he found that the butler who was to announce him was an old acquaintance and had formerly been in his service. The man started back and gazed at him open mouthed. "What's the matter, John?" asked the statesman. "Didn't you expect me to dinner?" "Yes, Sir William," explained the butler, "but it wasn't tonight. It was for Friday of next week." Investigation of the engagement book explained the mystery. Each page noted a week's engagements. Sir William, in his haste, had turned over two pages and had thus been keeping engagements which fell due a week later.

Wouldn't Let Them Be United.

When McKissick's cavalry were in winter quarters in front of Richmond in 1864, the following amusing incident took place: Lieutenant Jack Palmer was lecturing Tom Rodgers for hurting his horse's back. As was his custom on such occasions, he used language that was more forcible than elegant. While the lieutenant was pouring the vials of wrath on poor Tom, Frank Millwood interrupted him by saying, "Lieutenant, what do you think of Dr. Dogan?" "I think he is a first rate fellow—a perfect gentleman," answered the lieutenant. "I don't know so well about that," replied Frank. "Why so?" inquired the lieutenant. "Well," says Frank, "I got a letter from home, and it is a certain fact that they took two soldiers to Union the other day on the train, and Dr. Dogan wouldn't let them be buried in the village churchyard."

At this the lieutenant redoubled his anathemas and swore he had a notion to send a detail of men home to kill the doctor. "What object did he have?" continued the lieutenant. "Why," says Frank, "because they weren't dead." Just then Frank beat a hasty retreat under a shower of epithets that were more noted for their force than elegance, and poor Tom caught it worse.—Gaffney (S. C.) Ledger.

Conan Doyle's Rapid Work.

Dr. Conan Doyle is a remarkable worker. Most of his time really seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket in the early afternoon, and the cricket may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk, Dr. Doyle will say to the friend: "We dine at 8 o'clock. Perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing while I go up stairs." And he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend, "By the way, rather a happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very fine plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims the friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, will you do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes Dr. Doyle's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

A Matter of Courtesy.

An irascible man entered the substation exactly at 4 o'clock, and, approaching the money order desk, politely requested the presiding genius to issue him an order for $50. "Too late," said the damsel curtly, pointing with an ink stained finger to the clock. The indignant man stormed, raved and finally challenged the correctness of the timepiece. The imperturbable lady smiled. The following afternoon, two minutes before the closing hour, he again presented himself and calmly asked, "Am I too late?" "Only just in time," replied the damsel crossly. "Thank you. Now, miss, I must trouble you to issue me 50 orders for $1 each." "F-i-f-t-y!" gasped the horror stricken woman. Her tea had just arrived and was standing on a table behind the screen. "Surely you are joking?" "Madam," said the man, raising his hat politely, "courtesy begets courtesy."—New York Advertiser.

An Amusing Toast.

A well known young lawyer is credited with making a harmless bull at a banquet given by a local organization not many nights ago. Toasts were called for, and to the young lawyer fell the honor of suitably remembering the absent friends. This is the way he announced it:

"Our absent friends—how soon we would show them the depth of our regret at their absence if they were only here with us tonight."

And the funniest thing about it was that nobody caught on to the bull until some time afterward.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What the Sun Could Do.

The astronomers have been figuring on the amount of heat and light that our sun is constantly emitting. It is shown by this wonderful table of figures that our earth constantly receives as much sunshine as would illuminate 50,000,000 square miles of flat surface. Even this vast quantity is as nothing, for, of course, our earth only receives that which happens to fall on the side next to the sun. If there were 2,380,000,000 worlds strung around the sun, they would form a shell of a sphere, with the sun in the center, and each would receive daily and hourly the same amount of sunshine that we enjoy.—St. Louis Republic.

Entirely Different.

"Is not my performance different from that of any other actor?" asked the inflated Thespian at the stage door of the Detroit Opera House.

"It is indeed."

"Is not my conception entirely original and different from all others?"

"No doubt about it."

"Is not the reading of the lines different from the reading of alleged actors?"

"Unquestionably."

"Are not my stage postures different from those of many who masquerade as actors?"

"Of course."

"And my make up—it is different from the inartistic make up of most Thespians?"

"Very different."

"I have been told I resemble Edwin Booth"—

"Yes."

"You have noticed? In what way do I resemble him, sir?"

"You are so different."—Detroit Free Press.

Italians In This Country.

There are about 1,000,000 Italians in the United States. One-third of them are settled in the principal cities. Half of these are laborers. Fifty per cent are illiterate. They are hard and steady workers, very saving and anxious to improve themselves. When they have no chance to work at their own trade, they will accept any other kind of work and any wages. The Italians hate begging. Has any reader of this ever been stopped by an Italian asking for a "nickel?" In the records of charitable institutions are very few Italian names.—Newark (N. J.) Luce Evangelica.

Three Crowns.

During the middle ages the elective emperors of Germany, at their coronation, wore three crowns—the silver crown as king of Germany, the iron crown of Lombardy as king of Italy and the imperial crown as kaiser of the Holy Roman empire. The first was received at Aix-la-Chapelle, the second at Monza and the third at Rome, but Karl V was the last kaiser-king who received the imperial crown at the pope's hands.

Source of Her Confidence.

Uncle George—I really can't understand you, Hattie. All the married women you know you say have made bad matches, and yet you are quite ready to try matrimony yourself.

Hattie — Don't you know, Uncle George, that there's an excellent chance of getting a prize in a lottery where so many of the blanks have been drawn?—Boston Transcript.

A Story of Crisp.

Here is a little story of the late Charles Frederick Crisp: In one of the counties of his district there was a little weekly newspaper to which he faithfully subscribed. When he would come home from Washington, he always sought the editor and demanded to know if his subscription had not expired. On one of these occasions, meeting with the editor, he handed him a $5 bill, saying:

"I have missed three issues of my paper, and I am sure I must be in arrears. Take that and call it square."

"But," said the editor, "the paper is only $1 a year, and your subscription won't be out until January."

"That's all right," replied Crisp, "but you keep the money." And then in a whisper, "I never saw an editor yet that didn't need it."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Four Leaf Clover.

The four leaf clover has been considered both in England, Ireland and America as a lucky "find," the accidental lighting upon one being regarded as foretelling some good fortune to the finder. In some parts of Ireland the presentation of a four leaf clover by a young man to a young woman is considered equivalent to "popping the question."

Rome's Triumphal Crown.

The triumphal crown of Rome was made of laurel leaves and was given to the general who achieved a great victory over an enemy. He entered the city, not by a gate, but over a portion of the wall which was thrown down to afford a passage. At his funeral his laurel crown was placed in his bier and buried with the body.

Is It?

Ethel—Mamma, what makes the lady dress all in black?

Mamma—Because she is a sister of charity, dear.

Ethel—Is charity dead, then?

Kublai Khan, the first mogul emperor of China, was called the Murderer, from the tragedies in his own family.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is a positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up so many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention AMERICAN BEE KEEPER and send your full post office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Jan. 20, 1897.—The demand for honey is fair. Light supply. Price of comb 11 to 13c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 6½c. per lb. No beeswax on the market.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS 514 Walnut St.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1897.—The demand for honey is moderate. Supply ample; price 6 to 10c per pound. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. Moderate demand for beeswax. Lighi supply. Honey market weak and low. Weather cold and unfavorable.

H. R. WRIGHT.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 20, 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 10 to 14c. per pound. Extracted 3½ to 7c per pound. Good demand for beeswax; fair supply; prices 22 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow. Demond is slow in all lines of business and prices low for all kinds of produce. No boon can be expected in the line of honey.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., Jan. 21, 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 9 to 12½c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply; prices 25 to 26c. per pound.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch. Mich.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 21, 1897.—Honey; Fancy white 13c. No. 1 white 12c; fancy amber 11c; fancy dark 10c; No. 1 dark 9c; extracted white 6 to 7; amber 5 to 5½c; dark 4 to 4¼c. Quote beeswax at 26c to 27c. Demand not very active; stocks light.

S. T. FISH & Co., 189 South Water St.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 19, 1897,—Fair demand. Good supply of No. 1 but light of fancy. Price of No. 1 comb 11 to 12c; fancy 13c. Extracted, amber 5 to 6c; white 7 to 8c. Good demand for beeswax at 26c per pound. Light stock of best. Fancy No. 1 comb in cartons wanted.

E. E. BLAKE & Co., 57 Chatham St.

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Removing Bees from the Cellar in the Spring.

BY W. Z HUTCHINSON.

The first thing to be decided upon is the time for taking them out. Of course no definite date can be given ; it depends upon the condition of the bees and the state of the weather. If the bees are clustered closely and are quiet there is no hurry whatever in taking them out. If they are restless and daubing their hives some with excrement, it shows that they have nearly reached the limit of their endurance, and each day only aggravates the trouble. If this is in mid-winter there is no use in taking them out for a flight—they are doomed, and all fussing with them is time wasted. If it is near spring, and warm, settled weather may soon be expected, the first warm day should be improved by putting the uneasy colonies on their summer stands. This may save them and it may not. It depends upon how badly the bees are affected and how soon warm weather comes.

But, supposing the bees have wintered usually well, and are quiet, as I have already mentioned, there is no special need of hurry in rushing them out the first day that is warm enough for bees to fly. The bee keeper will do well to remember that such days may be very scarce for some time to come. How frequently we hear of some colony being overlooked and left in the cellar until some time in May, and that such colony proves as prosperous and profitable as any in the yard. If there are any bees out of doors, wait until these are seen bringing in pollen, and it will then be ample time in which to carry out those in the cellar. If there are none in the open air, carry out a few, and when these begin to bring in pollen it will be time enough to carry out some more.

By the way, there is no necessity, in fact there is an objection to rushing out all of the bees of a large apiary in the same day. It is hard and exhaustive work, and the putting out of so many colonies all at the same, or about the same time, and in close proximity to one another, often leads to the mixing up of the bees. This might not be such a serious matter, but some colonies are often terribly weakened thereby. For instance, a colony is in full flight when another is set down by its side. The bees from the second hive will just about be in full flight when those from the first hive are beginning to return. The result is that the bees join forces and "follow my leader" into the first hive. First carry out one colony and place it at the further end of the yard; put the next in the opposite corner, the next in another corner, the fourth in the last corner, then put one in the center. Continue to thus scatter them about the yard as much as possible untill a dozen or such a matter are carried out. Now take a rest of perhaps an hour and allow these colonies to get over their "rush" and quiet down, when another dozen may be carried out, care being exercised to scatter them as before. If the work is then postponed until another suitable day, when another two dozen may be carried out, it will be all right. Many put great stress upon putting each colony back upon the same stand that it occupied the previous season, but I have never seen any necessity for so doing. It is possible that a few of the bees do remember the old locations, but not enough so but what they will sometimes mix up terribly, even if placed upon their old stands, while if the above precautions be observed there will be very little missing, even if the matter of where they set last year is wholly disregarded.

If it is far to carry the bees the labor may be yearly lessened by two persons engaging in the work, carrying three or four hives between them on a hand barrow. If each stock of four or five hives is piled up in the cellar independent of the others, only the bees in the few hives will be disturbed at the same time, and if the cellar door is kept closed as much as possible a part of the bees can be carried out at one time without disturbing the others very much. I prefer to shut the bees in the hive before carrying them from the cellar as those that fly from the hive are usually lost; not only this but they are often a great annoyance by flying about and sometimes stinging if possible. In carrying the hives out it is will to so plan that there will be as little as possible of walking past a colony that is in the beginning of its full flight.

After a colony has had a good flight contract the entrance to such a capacity as to allow only one or two bees to pass at the same time. This will help to retain the heat and more important still will prevent trouble from robbers.

Don't open any hives for several days after taking them out. Wait until the bees have recovered from their excitement and settled down and the queens commenced laying. An earlier disturbance often causes the bees to "ball" and kill their queens. As soon as it is safe look them over, equalize stores and unite any queenless colony with some weak colony having a queen.

Flint, Mich., Feb. 14, 1897.

Marking Location, Etc.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes thus: "I winter my bees in the cellar and have always supposed that in putting them out it was best to set each colony on the stand they occupied before, or at least I used to read that this must be so or else the bees would return to their old location, and a general mix up and loss would occur. Having so many now it is quite a job to keep track of them so as to put each where it was before putting in the cellar, hence I wish to know if it will do, under any circumstances, to pay no attention to their old location in setting out?"

It is supposed by some that when the bees are set from the cellar each colony must occupy the exact position or stand it did the summer and fall previous, or else many bees will be lost by going back to their former location. All who are at all familiar with the bees know that the young bee when it comes out of the hive for the first time, marks its location by turning its head toward the hive upon taking wing, when it commences to fly in front of the hive in circles, each circle growing larger as it goes farther from the hive, until it is lost from sight. In this way the exact spot of "home" is located, after which no more precautions need be taken by our bee for it seems to remember ever afterward where home is. For this reason it leaves the hive at all subsequent times in a direct line of flight, never looking at the hive at all, so that if the hive is afterward carried to a new location the bees do not seem to know it (unless carried two or more miles away) but sally forth only to return to the exact spot where they first marked their home, there to die homeless wanderers.

Now, while, as a rule, this is perfectly true, no matter whether the hive is moved in the day time or at night, yet I find that there are two exceptions, one of which is in case of a swarm, and the other is the first flight in spring. While the bees seem to know where their old location was, so that the swarm, or bees in spring, can return if they desire to, still a swarm does not so desire except from loss of queen, nor do bees in the spring if set out in the manner about to be described; hence in setting out I always place the hive where I wish it to stand, thus avoiding much inconvenience and extra work.

When I get ready to set the bees from the cellar I first light my smoker and proceed with it and a spring wheelborrow to the cellar door, at which place both are left, when I go in and bring out one of the colonies and place it on the borrow. As soon as this is done I puff a little smoke in at the entrance of the hive so as to keep the bees from running out and stinging me, which they are sure to do if no precaution is taken, and of all the bees to sting bees which are suddenly awakened from a long winter nap are the worst. Again, all such bees as get out before the hive is upon its stand are lost unless the hive is set where it stood in the fall, as they mark their location where they leave the hive and so never find it again, if they have not access to it on their old location. Also, the smoking causes them to be slower in coming out so that swarming out and confusion are avoided. As soon as the smoke is puffed into the hive the cellar door is shut, so as not to raise the temperature and thus arouse the bees which are still inside, when the hive is wheeled to where it is to stand during the summer, the entrance adjusted and the cap or cover adjusted also, if the same was left out door during winter. In setting out they are not all taken out at once, but I set out from ten to twenty in the morning, scattering them well about on the different stands, and then as many more along about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, placing these last set out, around among those set out in the morning, and thus all mixing is avoided. On warm days those to be set out in the afternoon may be allowed to remain till near four o'clock but not much later, else they will not have the proper flight before sunset. Of course it is understood that the bees are only set out on pleasant days, with the mercury at 50° or above in the shade. In this way I continue on pleasant days till all are set out. If it is desirable to set all out at once, as is the case with out apiaries, then scatter about as set out as much as possible, and you will experience no trouble. It is where two colonies sitting side by side are at full flight at the same time that mixing of bees come about. After setting out it sometimes happens, especially if the weather is very warm, that the first set out will commence to rob or carry off the stores of those set out last, which are so busy with their cleansing flight that they do not seem to notice the robbers. Robbing is not always confined to such colonies, but all weak colonies, whether wintered in the cellar or otherwise, are subject to be attacked in the spring and I know of no one thing in bee keeping that is more vexatious to the apiarist than robbing. While to the experienced eye robber bees are easily distinguished, yet those just starting out in bee keeping are often perplexed to know whether their bees are being robbed or not, as young bees at play often resemble robbers. I know of but one sure way for inexperienced persons to tell when a colony is being robbed and that is by killing two or three of the suspected bees and dissecting them, so as to expose the honey sack. If this sack is empty there is nothing wrong, but if you find a bee leaving the hive with its sack filled with honey rest assured that robbing is going on, for bees in a normal condition should be always conveying honey to a hive, not from it. To prevent robbing as far as possible, close the entrance to the weakest colonies so that but one bee can pass at a time, and allow not over two inches in length of entrance to the strongest. If robbing has actually started close the entrance so that only one bee can pass at a time, leaving it thus till evening, so as little of the honey will be carried off as possible, and after all is quiet at night carry the robber colony to the cellar, leaving it there for a few days until the bees forget the place or are engaged in getting pollen or nectar from the opening flowers, when the colony is to be returned to its former location. After trying all plans for stopping of robbing I much prefer this to any other.

Borodino, N. Y.

The Best All Seasons Hive.

BY F. D. BOWERS.

There seems to be a good many who are wintering their bees on their summer stands in the single walled hives, by using old dry goods boxes for packing cases, thinking they are saving money by so doing. I did the same thing for years, and for the same reason.

I never liked the dry goods boxes, and feel after using the chaff hive for several years, that I would rather pay the price asked than to take the single walled hive as a gift, and be obliged to go back to the dry goods boxes again.

I can pack the bees in the chaff hive in less than one-half the time it takes to get them into the boxes and fuss around trying to fix up corners that I know will not leak, and the bees are always more or less confused by the sudden change in the outside appearance of the hive.

The greatest objection I have to the use of boxes is the looks. They make a very untidy looking apiary, and I believe that a neat, tidy apiary helps in making sales of both bees and honey.

If one intends to keep bees for profit I am sure that the best hive there is made is none too good, and will prove to be the cheapest in the end, just as surely as a good cow or horse is the most profitable to keep.

I have used several kinds of hives, and after close comparison and a great deal of study in trying to secure a hive a cheap as possible, yet having all the necessary requirements, I believe the Falcon Chaff Hive combines more desirable features than any I have ever seen. It is a very neat and well proportioned hive.

If we use the Falcon hive exclusively the outside appearance and size will be uniformly the same, which I think makes a neater looking apiary than where there is a medley of one, one and a-half, and two story hives, as is the way we usually see the single walled hive apiaries. It is a splendid hive for out door wintering. With the chaff coshion at each side to place close up to the cluster the brood chamber may be made large or small at any time; and if I want to examine the brood combs I remove the chaff cushion and division board on one side of the hive; this leaves about $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches of space, making abundant room to remove the first comb without the bees being angered by getting "pinched," as is often the case with hives that do not have the chaff cushions at side of the brood combs. When the first comb has been examined place it in the space the chaff cushion occupied; then the next one may be removed and placed beside the first and so on until all have been examined. They may then be replaced.

Thus the brood combs may be handled without being exposed to the danger of robber bees, the rays of the hot sun, or of being blown down by the wind, as is the case when the first one or two combs must be placed on end again at the outside of the hive, which is necessary with any other hive I am acquainted with. Then there is the advantage of having the bees protected during frosty nights in the spring after the packing cases would have to be removed. This I think is acknowledged by all to be very desirable for the purpose of assisting the bees in retaining the warmth necessary for brood rearing and comb building; and again after the hot season comes there will be no need of a shade board, the chaff affording ample protection from the sun.

The Falcon chaff hive possesses other very desirable features that I will not mention here for the reason that I wish to notice the objections to this hive which some would make us believe to be intolerable.

There are only two objections that I know of: The first being the high price, and second their bulk and weight compared with the single walled hive. The first objection, I believe, is trifling when we compare the actual difference in cost.

With the inside fixtures as I use the chaff hive the cost in flat is only a few cents above the cost of a two story Simplicity hive with the same inside fixtures. I think the advantages the former hive has over the latter would much more than balance the few cents difference in price. The last objection may be considerable to those who have out apiaries and are moving their bees, or a part of them, from one location to another frequently, but even then I think the chaff hive will afford enough better protection to the bees that are where they do not receive the close attention that those in the home yard usually do, to recompense the extra cost of moving.

Falconer, N. Y.

Among the Bee Papers.

BY ED. JOLLEY.

"The mating of queens may be controlled by clipping the wings of the queen ; thereby limiting the queen's power of flight, lessening the speed of her flight as well as power of endurance to make a long flight ; thus more than doubling the chances of mating with select drones from the home apiary. Very satisfactory results attended the clipping 1-16 to 1-8 of an inch from the queen's wings, care being taken to clip the same amount from each wing, so that the queen's balancing power may not be lost."—L. A. Aspinwall, in the Review. This looks like a long step in the right direction.

R. C. Aikin says in the Progressive: "We may get along without separators, and get good work done if we have a bountiful honey flow and good strong colonies of bees." He tried a partial use of a separator with very good success when he had good honey flows, but when the poor years came the sections were bulged and irregular. Emphatically so if the colonies were not strong enough to begin work in all the sections at once. From my own experience I have noticed that it is harder to get satisfactory work without separators during the early, or white clover honey flow, than it was during the buckwheat flow. Presumable for the very reason that Mr. Aikin sets forth, the white clover honey does not come in so rapidly nor are the colonies as strong as they are at the time of the buckwheat honey flow.

Wm. G. Hewes, in Gleanings, makes this valuable, and I think perfectly practical, suggestion: "I would suggest as one means of protecting ourselves from the adulterations of honey, that we make an effort to have Congress place an internal revenue duty on glucose of two or three cents a pound. The coming Congress will have to take steps for increasing the revenue and it is not likely that, if the matter is brought to their attention, they will acquiesce in our wishes—especially if we are backed up by the producers of cane, beet and maple sugar, all of whom suffer by having their syrups adulterated. As to the extent to which sweets are adulterated with glucose we have but to refer Congress to the government chemist. Glucose, I believe, is valueless as food; is of no value in the arts, and is manufactured for swindling purposes only." Editor Root comments very vavorably on the suggestion. I think the scheme is indeed worthy of our earnest consideration. We will have until next winter, or until the next regular session of Congress, which ought to be ample time to get things in shape to strike a telling blow at our most dangerous enemy. All that is needed is for the right man to take hold of it and the co-operation of the producers of honey, sugar syrups, etc.

C. P. Dadant tells in the American Bee Journal how to make honey vinegar. He uses from 1½ to 2 pounds of honey to a gallon of water, using an egg to test the strength of the sweetened water, adding honey until a portion of the egg the size of a dime appears above the surface of the water. He then puts it in a cask and keeps it at a temperature ranging from 70 to 90 and 100 degrees, leaving the bung out of the cask so that it can get plenty of air to cause the fermentation.

"Honey and Tar Cough Cure :—Put into boiling water a shallow, tin dish containing a tablespoonful of tar. When the tar is hot add a pint of extracted honey, and stir well for half an hour, adding to it a level teaspoonful of pulverized borax. Keep in a bottle well corked. Dose, a teaspoonful every 1, 2 or 3 hours, according to the severity of cough."—Dr. Perio in A. B. J. We have just tried this in our own family and find it excellent.

Some one, I don't remember who or where, made the assertion that buckwheat honey was a cure and preventative of foul brood. And some one else, I think it was Dr. Miller, said by way of comment, that there might be something in it and if there was it was valuable to know. In reply to the above I would say that western Pennsylvania is noted for its great crops of buckwheat and fine buckwheat honey. And no part of it more so than northern Butler and southern Venango counties. In fact the inhabitants of this section are dubed "buckwheats," and right in this very section there has been foul brood for a number of years. I personally know of two whole apiaries that were completely wiped out by it.

Franklin, Pa.

Bee keepers, and especially those just beginning the pursuit, should be careful to purchase their supplies of an old and reliable firm and preferably of manufacturers. They will then be sure of getting goods whose merits can be depended upon and are not liable to be fooled into buying something, patented or otherwise, that is of little use for any purpose unless it be to burn. Almost the oldest and largest manufacturers of bee keepers supplies in this country and equally reliable as any is the W. T. Falconer Man'fg Co. They have been making supplies for fully fifteen years, and their goods have a reputation everywhere that bees are kept, for their superior quality and merits.

They do not, like some of their competitors, pick up every "new idea" that comes along with hopes of inveigling a few more dollars with it from the pockets of the unsuspicious and unsophisticated "brethren" only to drop it when sales begin to decline, but they adopt only tried and proven inventions, and for that reason have gained the name "reliable." Their prices are always as low, or even lower than others, and those who purchase once usually continue their customers. They make almost everything used in the apiary, including hives, extractors, smokers, etc. If you have never bought anything of them, give them a trial this season, and see how well you will be treated. You will come again.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal).

PREPARING AND MOVING BEES IN MARCH.

BY C. P. DADANT.

Ques.—"I must move on the first of March. Will my bees suffer by being packed and transported at that time? and would I better cover them up again?—W. S."

Ans.—It is difficult to answer such a question by yes or no. The safety of transporting bees at that time depends considerably upon their condition. After a winter like the present, when they have had a chance to take a flight every few days, there is much less danger of any loss in transporting them as early as March, for they are usually very strong in numbers, and have been breeding quite freely, often as early as January. The hatching of young bees early in the year is the best security against spring dwindling.

On the other hand when the colony has been weakened by repeated losses due to extreme cold, or to the death of a part of the cluster from its being on the outside combs away from the main body, during a protracted cold spell, there is but little tendency to brood rearing and the colony is unable to recuperate its losses be they ever so small, until the warm days enable them to create a sufficient heat to encourage the queen to lay. Thus after a long cold winter, if the bees have barely commenced to breed, there is a great deal of danger in the transporting of them early, as the loss of a few bees that may occur will weaken the colony that much more. If the breeding is not sufficient to keep up the force there are continuous losses of bees in cool windy days, especially when they feel the necessity of going out after pollen or water.

Some of the most noted naturalists tell us that bees do not need water for their brood, that they can rear plenty of young bees without a drop of water, but the practical apiarist who learns bee culture by the experience of daily observation knows that the bees do use a great deal of water. He has observed them in early springs around streams pumping up the moisture from between the grains of sand on the river's edge, or the dew from the moist leaves; he has seen them venture out in cool days, evidently with no other purpose than that of getting water, and he knows that although they may be able to breed some without water when honey is fresh and thin, they surely need a great deal of it to prepare the food for the larvæ when the honey is thick and the pollen dry as it must be after winter.

We would therefore say: After an open winter—one in which the bees have had a flight once every two or three weeks or oftener—if they have sustained but little loss and have plenty of brood, we would not hesitate to transport them in the beginning of March, and would think it hardly necessary to pack them up again, except perhaps the weak colonies of which there are always a few in a good sized apiary; but if the winter has been hard, if the breeding has barely begun or if there have been heavy losses, we would use a great deal of care, and would surely give them a new packing when placed on their new stands.

There is one case in which we would entirely abstain from transporting them on March first, and that is, if the weather has been so that they have not had a flight for a month or more previous to moving them, and if the weather is still so rude as to prevent their flight shortly after they have been removed. The moving would disturb them and would cause them to scatter about the hive. Probably a number of bees in each hive would be chilled. Perhaps, also, the extra exertion would induce them to consume more than usual, and their intestines, already loaded with feces, would become so much more embarrassed, and the result, unless a warm day come quickly, would very probably be disastrous.

In any case it is well to move them shortly after they have had one good flight. Rather move them a little earlier after a good flight than wait and disturb them during a two weeks' or three weeks' confinement such as we sometimes see in March, especially in late winters.

One thing above all is very important: Be sure that they are compelled on their first flight after the change to notice their change of residence. If they can not fly out the very day on which they are moved they will be quite likely, when the excitement is over, to issue out of the hive, as if hothing had happened—that is, without looking behind. A bee in its first two or three flights out of its hive, takes a close observation of the surroundings and notices the exact spot of its house so closely that if you move the hive afterwards, if it were but one foot in any direction, it would have some difficulty in recognizing the entrance.

After the first two or three flights the bee never looks back but darts out straight. So if we move them and they do not have a chance to fly for two or three days or even till the next day, the excitement being over, they will have probably forgotten all about it and will not even suspect that the location has been changed. The bees will issue as usual in a straight line and will not notice the change until they are a few feet away; perhaps they will not think of looking back before they have gone a hundred feet or more. Then if there a number of hives together there will be some confusion and many bees will be lost. There is a very simple way to prevent this. Place something in front of the hives so they may know before they take wing that there is a change in the outside conditions. We use a slanting board in front of the entrance around which they have to fly. This calls their attention to the change at once. Another way is to keep the hives closed till the middle of a warm day; but this method will irritate them more than the first.

(From Bee Keepers Review).

THE MATING OF QUEENS--HOW IT MAY BE CONTROLLED.

BY L. A. ASPINWALL.

In most lines of progress we find with the advantage gained a corresponding evil presents itself. This becomes apparent upon the introduction of improved bees, notably ihe Italians. Notwithstanding their recognized superiority over the black or brown bees, the difficulty in maintaining them in their purity has been and is still a great impediment to profitable bee keeping, so much so that many have abandoned them, accepting as a natural result, the hybrids, or more properly speaking, a mongrel or cross with the blacks.

To maintain an Italian apiary, unless all other varieties are removed for several miles, requires constant vigilance as well as the exercise of scrutinizing judgment. Not infrequently a few colonies of black bees in the neighborhood of an Italian apiary, will, after two or three years, become dominant in Italian blood. The owners of such, being unlettered in bee culture, often express themselves as possessing Italian stock.

At this juncture the difficulty of maintaining absolute purity is much increased. As an illustration, we have a queen which becomes mated with a drone from this mongrel stock, which is possibly three-quarters or seven-eighths Italian, or one which shows but a trace of dark blood. As a result her progeny is well marked, and to the casual observer would be accepted as pure. But upon close observation possibly one bee in fifty or a hundred will show but a slight proportion of yellow upon the third abdominal ring. Should the bee keeper fail to recognize this taint of dark blood in the young queen's progeny, a succeeding generation would bring drones into requisition which would contaminate the Italian stock to a great extent, yet almost imperceptibly, especially if the law of atavism, (a recurrence of the original type) is displayed on the Italian side. According to my judgment there is much impurity of this kind throughout the land.

I had an illustration quite similar the past season. A young queen proved to be mismated. After destroying her I gave the nucleus colony a cell which, after a time, I found was destroyed. In the meantime business matters caused me to neglect the colony, during which time they reared a queen from the larvæ of the mismated queen, which in due time mated with an Italian drone. When her progeny began to appear, to my surprise it was most perfect and beautiful in its markings. Among my mismated queens the past season several from the yellow stock show but a few dark bees—possibly one in thirty or forty.

This recurrence to an original type is greater in its tendency with golden Italians crossed with Carniolans than Italians and blacks. The logical conclusion would be that either the golded Italians or Carniolans, or both, were not sufficiently thoroughbred to belong to a fixed type. A thorough knowledge as to the stock these varieties were bred from would tend to explain this tendency. However we have the evil of intermixing to contend with, and though we may be able among the possibilities of the future to control the mating of queens sufficient to secure mostly pure stock.

Its desirability is evinced by the numerous efforts which have been made to accomplish it. The principle upon which most experimenters have worked has been to limit the flight of the queen and drones to small areas by enclosures made of wire cloth. Such varying in size from two or three feet square to ten or fifteen feet. It is evident that any or all enclosures will intercept the flight of both queen and drones to an extent which would thwart the intended purpose. Even if success could be attained the expense of such enclosures in sufficient numbers for a large apiary would more than counterbalance the advantage gained. So thoroughly have I been impressed with the impossibility of success by such methods that I never attempt it. However I believe in a method which shall limit the flight of the queen, but not to the prescribed lines of enclosures, and which shall be quite inexpensive. I have experimented with a considerable degree of success the past four or five years upon a method which has partly limited the flight of the queen. Whether mating at a distance of several miles is due to flight of the queen or drones or both is as yet unsettled in my mind ; however I am inclined to believe that the queen is prominent in making long distances. In proof I have marked quite a few drones when leaving the hive and found their return to be much within the average time occupied by queens. Still the drones have wonderful wing power and possibly make equal distances with queens in less time.

The method I have practiced is no less than clipping about 1-16 of an inch from the virgin queen's wings a day or two after emerging from the cell. As a result less than half as many proved to be mismated compared with an equal number of those not clipped. Clipping certainly lessens the wing power of the queen and in consequence places a limit upon the time and distance of her flight. It will be observed that such a limit naturally confines the queen more within a home radius or circle of the home drones.

My first experiments were attended with considerable doubt as to whether the queens would still retain sufficient wing power to successfully mate with the drones, but the uniform success attending the experiments led me to clip as much as $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from two or three with equally good results the past season. Just how much can be clipped from the wings, and still retain sufficient wing power to accomplish successful mating, is yet to be determined. Whether clipping a hundred or more select drones will be profitable is questionable. In lines of progress the unexpected usually occurs on the successful side. As yet so little is known about the flight of queens and drones that it is impossible to determine without experiments in clipping of both. Possibly the clipping of both queens and drones would result in their occupying a lower altitude in flight, insuring a still less number of mismated queens. On the contrary the drones might be so weakened in their power of chasing flight as to be useless. Certainly if the object can be accomplished by clipping the queens only it will involve but little trouble and expense.

It should be understood that success attendant upon clipping is contingent upon having none but pure drones in the apiary containing the young queens, also that the amount clipped from each wing be uniform, otherwise with a lack of balancing power the queens are sure to be lost.

I am so well satisfied with past results that I expect to clip all my young queens the coming season.

Jackson, Mich.

Subscribe for the American Bee Keeper.

(From Gleanings).

FOREIGN BEES.

Literature Relating to Bees in Brazil, East Indies, and Africa; Government Aid to Bee Keepers.

BY W. K. MORRISON.

It seems that many of your readers want to know more about the foreign bees mentioned by me previously, so I shall add a little to what has already been said, to reinforce some of my former statements and show what has so far been discovered. We will start first with South America.

Capt. Hall, in the account of his travels in the southern continent, gives a most minute account of the keeping of stingless bees by the natives, but as this book is easily accessible I will pass it by now. The same may be said of Capt. Beechey. The works of Azara and Geoffrey St. Hilaire are not common, and I have not seen them for some time, but Azara had a good deal to say about the bees of southern South America and first mentioned the now celebrated honey gathering wasp. The Europeans said that Azara was either fooling or had been imposed upon, but Azara held his ground, saying he was not mistaken. Geoffrey St. Hilaire was able, however, to corroborate all that Azara had said and there the matter rests. Spix and Martins the great explorers of Brazil, seem to have come across honey bees of different sorts. Their book costs so much ($170) that I have been unable to get to see it. Bates, the author of that fine book, "A Naturalist on the Amazon," mentions the fact that he saw a native take two quarts of honey from a nest of Melipona fasciculata. He says that the hive consisted of an immense number of individuals. He further says that they work pretty much as ours do, only they seem to use mud instead of propolis. They have no sting, but their bite is nearly as effective in keeping off intruders. The largest size he saw was a little less than our bee. I have tried to get these bees from British Guiana but without success.

Mr. Paul Marcoy, who has written one of the finest books of travel ever penned, mentions bees. He is an artist, a naturalist, traveler, and ethnologist all in one, and as might be expected, his book is a model (Blackie & Sons, Edinburg). Here is what he says:

"Two kinds of wax are collected by these Sensis—a white and a yellow. They have a third kind, black, but as they obtain it by mixing lampblack with the natural varieties, we may pass it by. The white wax is produced by a bee called the mitzqui, the yellow by the yacu. The first of these hymenoptera is not larger than a small fly; the second is about the size of a common bee. The habits of the two insects are similar. They establish themselves in the hollow interior of cecropias (a tree), which are almost always pierced where the branches spring from the trunk, selecting by preference such of these trees as grow around the lakes of the Ucayali (between Sierra Blanca and Nauta), rather than those on the banks of the great river. This preference is accounted for by the tranquility which they enjoy in the interior of the country, where the waters are rarely furrowed by the canoes of the natives. To possess themselves of the wax and honey of these bees the Sensis set a light to a pile of green wood around the cecropia to which they have tracked them, and after having dispersed, suffocated or burned the laborers, they fell the tree and appropriate the fruits of their industry."

My own opinion is that the Melipona would succeed where moths and ants are troublesome, and it is generally considered that the difference between them and Apis, structurally speaking, is very slight. They would seem by all accounts to be good wax makers. I have seen several species but never a nest of the large kinds. The honey of the small kinds is very good and most of the bee hunters of Venezuela prefer it to our own kind.

In regard to the east Indies we are well off for information. Many travelers have touched the theme. Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, the friend and colaborer of Darwin, has given us a most graphic account of Apis dorsata that leaves little to be desired. You will find it in his well known book on the Malay Archipelago.

Here is what Forbes says in his "Naturalist's Wanderings" about Apis dorsata:

"During the brief twilight after the sun had disappeared, the air for some twenty minutes was suddenly filled with the hum of bees (Apis dorsata) as if a swarm had alighted among the flowers of the gum trees. Just before daybreak, while it is still dusk, the morning air is in a similar manner inundated with their noisy hum. This singular habit of these bees in feeding in the sunless hour of the morning and evening I was totally unaware of till I came to live at Fatunaba where, close to our door a grove of these trees grew. In the evening the melaleuca (fine honey tree) certainly becomes more fragrant than it is at mid-day; but I could not ascertain what would be very interesting to know, if its flowers exude their nectar or shed their pollen more freely late in the evening and early in the morning."

This query is easy enough to answer. The rays of the tropical sun bear down so directly as to dry the dectar out of the flowers by 10 o'clock A. M. Moreover there is hardly such a thing as twilight in the tropics, and bees soon get to know that when the sun goes down there are only a few minutes left to get their fill and fly home, otherwise they will have to stay out all hight, so they troop home just as they do when a shower is coming. Again, during the night the flowers collect more nectar, and as the sun rises all at once the bees simply "swarm" to their work and "make honey while the sun is obscured by morning mists." That keen observer, Dr. F. W. Burbidge, in his "Gardens of the Sun," gives us a short but excellent account of the apiaries he saw in the East Indies. He says:

"Here at Kian, as at all the Dusan villages along our way, we noticed large quantities of tame or domesticated bees. These are kept in cylindrical hives formed of a hollow tree-trunk and are placed on a shelf fixed under the overhanging eaves of the houses. In several instances the hives were on shelves inside the houses, a hole being made through the "ataps" corresponding with the hole in the hive, so as to allow egress and ingress —a plan similar to that adopted by the bee keepers of Kashmir."

Who says the house apiary is something new? It is certain the bees seen by Mr. Burbidge were not Apis dorsata. What were they? And yet there is no more wide awake man in the world than the gentleman just mentioned.

Next on our list is Africa and one quotation will do for this continent. In "Through the Kalahari Desert," by Farini, he has this little narative:

"'Are you sure, Klas,' said I, 'that it is a bees' nest and not a wasps'?'

"'Yes, Sieur, it is a bees' nest and there is plenty of honey. I'll show Sieur where it is, and then he can see for himself. We find them in aardvark holes and clefts of rock in the mountains, the comb quite open, and the bees clustering outside.'"

"This was something so entirely new to me that I made Klas take me next morning to the spot, while the Bushmen organized a bee hunt. Taking a little water in a broken ostrich eggshell they placed it near a bunch of flowers and watched for the bees coming to drink. The thirsty insects are always on the lookout for water, and as soon as one finds it he quenches his thirst and goes off to call his friends and neighbors to the spot.

"It was not long before first singly and then in twos and threes and lastly in dozens, the bees came and settled on the top of the egg shell, which one of the Bushmen then took up and held aloft as he slowly followed the direction in which the insects took their flights, the thickest of which the water bearer followed, while others were told off to track out the others. This was now no very difficult task for the bees were so thick that their flight could be traced by the sound of their humming.

"At last we came to a wait-a-bit bush round which clustered myriads of bees just as if they were 'swarming' there, but the Bushmen said there was a comb inside. They did not take any notice of us, so after watching them for a bit I took a bunch of grass and set fire to it, causing a dense smoke to arise under them. This had the desired effect. Those outside became stupefied and fell down, while the others, filling themselves with honey offered no resistance as I reached carefully into the bush so as to avoid disturbing them, and at the same time to prevent the terrible thorns from tearing my hands. The combs, seven in number, hung crosswise from the branches—the middle ones the longest and the others growing shorter the nearer they came to the outside. Both comb and honey were as white as snow. It must have been a young swarm as there were no young bees and the comb was new, never having had brood in it to discolor it. I gathered up some of the bees and put them in a reed, but unfortunately was not able to secure the queen."

Schweinfurth noted that the bees in Central Africa were closely related to the Egyptian race. Slatin Pasha, who has recently escaped from Khartom after ten years' imprisonment, says in his book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," that one of his carriers was killed by bees he attempted to rob. He says the poor fellow died in great agony. I suspect that Africa is the original home of our bees, and, in fact, it is extremely likely, since the modern anthropologists are pretty well agreed, that Africa was the home of our race, though we used to be told that we were Asiatics. Has the bee followed us in our wanderings?

Now as to government aid to bee keepers. I for one am not opposed to it, but we must be careful. The hunt for new species alone would furnish a great chance for a number of junketings and also a lot of nonsense. We shall have to get a very much better administration of the Agricultural Department than we have had heretofore, in fact, I distrust their ability altogether. Why is the apicultural division put in with the entomological department? Scientific men generally class bee keeping as belonging to botany, that is, the fertilization of flowers. The botanist can tell us more news than the entomologist. Herman Miller and Darwin have placed this beyond the shadow of a doubt. Pasturage is the great problem of the future. But this is another story.

I think if the government were to give the Smithsonian Institute a grant of money for this object for a term of years it would satisfy everybody, the money to be granted for the express purpose of making experiments on the difierent species of bees and their influence on flowers. The Smithsonian could attack this job better than any one else, and, moreover, get the assistance of the whole scientific world. They would be able to see the job from all sides. Still, there would be plenty left for the Agricultural Department to do, such as gathering statistics, getting uniformity among hives, promoting the sale of honey, and so on.

As to getting new bees the Smithsonian can do it better than any one else and at less expense. We can keep our weather eye open.

There are many other references on bees in modern books of travel; in fact, some just published mention them, like Lawrence Kashmir, where the bee men know enough to feed millet meal for pollen, and keep the hives inside; but enough has been noted to show how matters stand.

Devonshire, Bermuda.

PLENTY TO EAT.

When at its zenith the Roman Empire laid all the barbaric countries of the world under contribution to supply the tables of its nobles and wealthy citizens with the fine luxuries of life. Asia and Africa poured in the rich spices and fruits of the tropics; Germany and the great north countries raised the grains and wild berries; Italy and the fertile land of the Franks cultivated the vineyards to make or express the wines; every strip of sea-coast from the Mediterranean to the Baltic contributed its quota of fish; and the forests of Brittany yielded the wild game of the woods,—birds, beasts and fowls,—for the banquets of the proud, dissolute rulers of the vast Empire. With the choice products of a great world so easily obtained, there were wanton waste, foolish extravagance, and a strange disregard of the value of expensive luxuries, and the historian dwelling upon these times delights in recapitulating the various articles of diet arranged in tempting manner upon the groaning tables at the great feasts and banquets.

But, excepting Nero's dish of peacock tongues and Cleopatara's cup of wine with the dissolved pearls in it, the menu of our modern banquets would compare favorably with those spread in the times when gluttony, licentiousness, and greed for luxury were insiduously sapping the strength of Rome.—George E. Walsh, in March Lippincott's.

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EDITORIAL.

We send this month a number of sample copies to bee keepers who are not subscribers. Every one should take a bee paper and keep up with the times. We hope every one receiving a free copy of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER this month will regard it as a special invitation to subscribe. Remittances can be made in postage stamps.

Our friend Doolittle, who writes regularly for this magazine, is now associate editor of the Progressive Bee Keeper. We congratulate that paper on securing the services of so widely known and sensible a writer.

In California everything indicates that there will be a good honey harvest the coming season, and California bee keepers are rejoicing accordingly.

The prices of sections have changed some from those of last season, as will be noticed in the price list of sections elsewhere. Our sections are superior to any on the market, and only those of two other makers approach anywhere near them in quality, yet our goods are sold as low as others.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

The Roots have launched another "great thing" on the supply market in the way of a deep cell foundation This idea has been worked upon for several years, but without success. Now, however, according to the claims of the makers, their inventor-in-chief, Mr. Weed, has succeeded in accomplishing a successful result, but that veteran bee keeper and writer, Mr. W. Z. Hutchinson, differs seriously with them as to its value and the advantage of using it. This is what he says:

> We all know that the eating quality of comb honey has not been *improved* by the use of comb foundation—much has been the complaint about the "fishbone" in comb honey. Comb, natural comb, is of a light friable nature—like feathery, new-fallen snow. Once this snow has been *melted* it can never be restored to its former state. It may be frozen again, but it will be hard and solid ; it will be ice. Of course, Nature can evaporate the water, and form it into snow again, but man can not restore it to snow. In a like manner, once comb has been melted into wax its character is changed. It is no longer comb, but *wax*. Another simile has been used by Mr. Bingham, viz : that "butter is butter, but melted butter is greese ; so comb is comb, but melted comb is *wax*." Comb foundation of the lightest, most fragile type is bad enough ; foundation

walls one-half inch deep will be an *abomination.* Unless I am greatly mistaken it will be as great a blow to the sale of comb honey as as has adulteration to the extracted honey market. At least, let us try this thing most *cautiously.* I fear, too, that unscrupulous men would use this product even if it did injure comb honey. Let us be careful what we do in this line.

I would not assert that artificial comb could not be made having walls as thin as those of natural comb, but they would still be of *wax:* and comb honey having such a product as its base would be little else than honey "done up" in tough, leathery, "gobby" wax—not comb honey with its delicious, fragile, toothsome, flaky comb.

Mr. Root claims, however, that Mr. Hutchinson's fears are groundless, as the base of the cells is very thin, and that the side walls are drawn out so thin by the bees that the wax can not be detected when eating the honey.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

One of the meanest things that any one can do is to buy goods of a firm on credit, and when they have reached that point where they will be trusted no longer, to put off paying their account, and buy their goods for cash elsewhere. This sort of thing is done to a considerable extent even among bee keepers, and we have in preparation a list of some who have served us in this way.

"Successful Bee Keeping," just written by W. Z. Hutchinson, will be sent to anyone who requests it and will enclose 5 cents in stamps. It is intended especially for beginners and contains much valuable information to the novice.

The scheme to amalgamate the United States Bee Keepers' Association and the Bee Keepers' Union, which was recently put to vote, was defeated by a very large majority. We are pleased to note that General Manager Newman was re-elected.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

If you have not received one of our large illustrated catalogues and price lists send us your name on a postal card and we will mail you one.

The editor of the American Bee Journal has adopted a short method of spelling; for instance, "stopt" instead of stopped, "stix" instead of sticks, etc. This is a "fad" that is resurrected once every generation, and the sooner friend York recovers from the present attack the more thankful will be his subscribers.

Read our offers to subscribers,—and send in your remittances.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as will be charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

Notes and Comments.

BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

END SPACES FOR TOP BARS AND REGULATORS FOR SAME.

A feature which has long been in evidence in apiaries conducted upon a "bread and butter basis," but seldom seen in the product of our large hive factories, is a bee space at the ends of the top bars. This desirable point is, of late, being commented upon by manufacturers as its importance becomes more generally realized.

Every man whose livlihood depends upon the production of honey must have realized the importance of this feature in the construction of a practical hive, especially in localities where "bee glue" is gathered in excess. In such cases we have seen the rabbet entirely filled with propolis, so as to prevent the frame from resting upon the metal bearing. Each time the frames are disturbed or interchanged the bees add to the accumulation, while in the hives having $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ space at the ends of the top bars, the rabbet would remain almost unsoiled for years.

End play of the frames may be easily and cheaply regulated by driving a window blind staple, (which may be had at almost any hardware store) into the end of the bottom bar, far enough to gauge the space equally at either end, and allow of easy manipulation.

We have used these staples in all our frames for nearly fifteen years. Even in hives having no end space they are invaluable as a safeguard against killing bees in handling. They are especially servicable when shaking bees from the combs, and one soon learns to effectually dislodge the bees in shaking by allowing the staple at the right hand end to play directly against the end of the hive, doing it more easily and with less jar than could otherwise be done, and that without killing a bee or endangering the queen. The bottom bar should be at least $\frac{3}{8}$ thick to allow wood enough to drive the staple in a verticle position, thus giving the necessary strength when shaking bees. If the staple is driven at the top of the end bar, as advocated by Editor Root, their greatest utility is lost, besides interfering with the firm grasp which is necessary to effiectually dislodge bees from a heavy comb by shaking, and if frames are squarely nailed there is no advantage in placing them at the top. We learned to handle bees with these bottom staples and would not think of doing without them.

Bee keepers everywhere are now looking hopefully forward as the season draws near. Now is the time to prepare for the harvest. Hives, sections and all necessary appliancies should be put in readiness before the busy season is upon us. It is false economy to wait until the swarming is here, as we are sometimes prone to do, in order to see just what supplies are absolutely essential for the season's use. Under this mistaken policy the full benefit of a heavy flow is never derived, and the bee keeper is subject to endless annoyance as a result of his negligence. If we make ample provision beforehand we are in a position to care for our stock easily and secure the best possible results in honey, whether the flow is meagre or abundant

According to a German bee paper the black bee holds a degree of favor in that country equal to that with which the Italian is regarded in America.

The new Republican tariff bill imposes an additional 10 cents per gallon upon honey imported from foreign countries. Under the new schedule the duty is 20 cents per gallon.

The house fly makes 310 strokes a second with its wings; the bee 190, says an exchange.

Some of our readers may profit by the following anonymous advice from an unknown source: "If hives of bees are in close quarters, where the air does not circulate freely, and the direct rays of the sun are upon them during the hot summer months, there is danger of the combs all melting down in a mass and the colony being entirely destroyed. They should have shade of some kind during the hottest part of the day."

"The secrets of large honey crops are strong colonies and abundance of storage room, together with a good honey flow. Don't be so foolish as to neglect to give your bees a place to store honey. This is done very frequently by placing on a small surplus capacity, and then complain at the end of the season that the bees did not store you 200 pounds of honey in a ten pound box." The author of this bit of information and advice is also unknown to us. He has, however, evidently had something to do with bees, and the suggestion is a good one.

Garden Seeds as Premium.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER one year and a box of choice garden seeds, retail value $1.60, for only 60 cents.

DELICACY OF THE SENSE OF SMELL.

The delicacy of the sense of smell almost surpasses belief. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for twenty years. At the lowest computation that grain of musk must have been divided into three hundred and twenty million million particles, each individually capable of affecting the organs of smell.—March Ladies' Home Journal.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

How to Treat a Wound.

Three useful things to have in a farmer's house as a provision in case of wounds not sufficiently serious to necessitate the calling in of the medical attendant are a spool of adhesive plaster, some iodoform gauze and a package of carbonated absorbent cotton. Cleanse and dry as nearly as may be the cut surface with a wad of the cotton, using moderate pressure and elevating the part if necessary to check the flow of blood. Do not apply any water. Bring the cut surface together as accurate as possible and retain them there with as few and as narrow strips of the plaster as will suffice, cutting them of a good length. Then cover the wound with a dozen or so thicknesses of the iodoform gauze, which should extend an inch beyond the wound. Over the gauze apply a liberal layer of the absorbent cotton, allowing it to extend beyond the gauze. The cotton may be kept in place by a bandage of cheesecloth, or a part of a leg of a stocking may be drawn over it. Moderate pressure, if evenly distributed, is helpful. The pressure of a string is hurtful. Keep the part moderately elevated and take care that there is no constriction of the limb above the wound by a garter.—Exchange.

THOUGHTS IN SEPARATION.

We never meet, yet we meet day by day
Upon those hills of life, dim and immense;
The good we love, and sleep—our innocence.
Oh, hills of life, high hills! And higher than they

Our guardian spirits meet at prayer and play.
Beyond pain, joy and hope and long suspense,
Above the summits of our souls, far hence
An angel mets an angel on the way.

Beyond all good I ever believed of thee,
Or thou of me, these always love and live.
And though I fail of thy ideal of me

My angel falls not short. They greet each other.
Who knows? They may exchange the kiss we give,
Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother.
—Alice Meynell in New York Tribune.

THE VILLAGE PRIDE.

Mrs. Silvester Dean Leveen was polishing her brass knocker. Her long, thin hands rubbed and rubbed till the little white curls on her forehead danced like street children. Yet the labor had no perceptible effect. The metal shone like light, but so it did when she began to clean it. It had shone like that yesterday and the day before, and indeed every day for 60 years. There was a smooth circle all around the knocker where her delicate hands had worn into the hard, black wood of the door. Nevertheless the old lady rubbed away just as she had done every morning since the spring of 1833, when she was brought, a bride, into that house. She was the pride of Greenwich village then, and she meant to be still.

On this particular frosty morning Mrs. Leveen tarried longer than usual at her task. After the lion's head was satisfactory even to her sharp eyes she worked on. But it was evident in the glances she shot across Bank street that her attention was not given wholly to the work of her hands. Neither was it diverted to her customary inspection of the neighbors' knockers. Theirs glistened like hers, and, besides, every time she looked up her eyes turned to but one door, that of the house in front of which stood two sturdy horses and a truck.

Pretty soon the door opened and a young man in a carter's blouse came out. He saw the old lady across the street, though he pretended not to. He busied himself ostentatiously about the horses' heads for a moment and then turned back to the truck. Mrs. Leveen had seen him. She bent herself earnestly to the knocker and in a few strokes finished it off. The she faced toward the street and fixed the truckman with her eyes till he had to look up.

"Good morning, Aunt Martha," he said as he doffed his cap.

She beckoned to him to come to her.

"Good morning, Percy," she answered pleasantly as he approached her, cap in hand. "Come in a moment. I wish to speak with you."

The interview he had dreaded for weeks was upon him now. He knew from the first it was inevitable, but day after day he had put it off, omitting his usual calls on his aunt and avoiding her sight and summons. Now that she had caught him he was glad. As he followed the old lady into her prim, comfortable sitting room he made a pitiful figure of humility, but in the meekness of his soul there was the cheerfulness of finality.

"Sit down, Percy," she said in the sweet toned voice he loved.

He took the chair she indicated and she seated herself in her old rocker.

"Percy, dear," she began, "is this true that I hear—you mean to marry this girl?"

"Yes, Aunt Martha. I was going to tell you, but knowing as you were ag'in it—knowing that you would not like to have me do so—I was afraid to come to you about it."

"Don't twirl your cap, my dear. Gentlemen don't do that, you know."

He stuck his cap between his knees.

"I am sorry, Percy, you felt that way. It is my intention always to be kind and sympathetic. You should have been quite sure I would have heard your story through with understanding. Now tell me everything. She is the daughter, I am told, of a German in Hudson street."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and he has made his pile—I mean h made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?"

"Going on 25 year. Oh, he's almost

an old Ninth warder now. He's some in politics, and his family is right in it."

"Percy, I never knew them."

"I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be introduced to them."

The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but did not. She was silent a moment before she proceeded:

"So her father is a grocer?"

"Yes, like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough."

"Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear. The misfortunes of his family can never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by choice."

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better."

Mrs. Leveen winced.

"You might have been a judge like your father or a senator like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter political life."

"Politics is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any office where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so."

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leveen looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed.

"I do wish, Percy," she said gently, "that you could have found some one in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, out where the hog fields were till the immigrants began to settle around us."

"But what's the difference, Aunt Martha? It's all one now. There ain't no Greenwich any more; it's all just New York city. So what is the use of pretending?"

The impatience in the young man's tone amazed his aunt almost as much as the sentiment he uttered. Never before had he failed to show her respect. On the contrary, the humbleness of his demeanor had been a grievance to her; it did not become one of her own blood to manifest the same awe before her that an ordinary Ninth warder did.

The old lady straightened in her chair, the lines about her mouth stiffened, and her eyes glistened like her knocker, as she answered:

"Percy Dean! You forget to whom you are speaking. You forget yourself, sir, and your good breeding is evidently suffering from the associations you permit yourself."

Percy was frightened. The last time he had been rebuked in this temper by his aunt was when he was a boy. He meant no offense.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha," he murmured.

Mrs. Leveen took her knitting from the table and worked busily at it till she was quite calm. She looked up after every few thrusts of her needle, indignantly at first, then coldly, and finally the habitual expression of kindness returned to her face.

"I dare say you are in a hurry to go to town, Percy, and I shall not detain you much longer. You may tell me something about this young—this girl. How old is she?"

"She is going on 19, Aunt Martha."

"Is she cultivated, educated? Come, Percy, tell me all about her."

"She went through the grammar school, I think, but she had to work after that. So she can't play the piano or sing, but she is a nice girl and can tend the house and cook, now that her mother's dead."

"That's right. She ought to be able to manage her husband's household. But tell me more about her. Is her voice soft, are her manners gentle, is she modest? Describe her to me, my dear. Is she pretty?"

Percy was encouraged by the few words of approval he had won.

"Aunt, she's a beaut, that's"—

"What do you say—a what?"

"I mean she's a beauty. She's got blue eyes and blond hair and the nicest, biggest, reddest cheeks. She ain't what you would call quiet; she's more lively like. You ought to hear her laugh when we're down on the docks nights with the rest of the crowd. I'll bet you could hear her across the river in Hoboken. And jolly? If she gets a mug as is too fresh, she can jolly him along to beat the band. But she's on the level too. She does the square thing by her old man every clip. The housework has to be done before she's in for the game. And she slaves for her little sisters and brothers, just slaves for them, and yet she does it as willing. But then she's good to everybody; always ready to help out with work when neighbors are behind or sick or have company, and she sticks up for horses and cats and all like that. You wouldn't believe she was that way, though, to see her at a ball or dancing on excursion boats up the river. She's a good looker and a good dresser, and when she's out in full rig —well, say, she's a sight. The other fellows don't do nothing when we're out''—

Percy stopped short. Mrs Leveen had risen suddenly, and she stood erect before him, tall and white and proud.

"Why, Aunt Martha!" he exclaimed.

"That is enough, Percy. Thank you. I see I have been wrong, all wrong in this matter from the first. You shall have your way, for it is right. I consent."

"Oh, Aunt Martie," he cried, springing up and seizing her hand to kiss, "I am so glad! But I knew you would after hearing about her. And, say, aunt, you ought to see her once. You couldn't help but like her and admire her. Everybody in the ward does. Why, do you know what they call her, the men down at the Grapevine? The way you looked then made me think of it. They call her the pride of Greenwich village."—J. Lincoln Steffens in New York Post.

The Telling of It.

The other day at a social function I came upon two friends, one of whom had just returned from a luxurious voyage round the world in a millionaire's steam yacht. "Have you found anybody willing to sit down and hear you tell about it?" mischievously asked the other. "No," was the laughing answer, "I have not even ventured to make the attempt." And I applauded this discretion, for "telling about it" is the most dangerous indulgence possible to one who would be loved as a companion. It is the way that bores begin, and a first yielding to the enticement has often led to one of those fatal cases of self consideration which stamp the afflicted speaker forever with a brand.

He may have seen a ghost or a murder—nay, even may have chanced to meet an emperor in his shirt sleeves. No matter; let him be silent upon these subjects in which his own personality must claim the lion's share. The time will come, perhaps, in some autumn twilight, at the end of a long house party, when the whole company may gather about him and clamor eagerly for his adventures. But until then he should cling to the first precept of conversation, which commands him to leave ample room for the display of wit in others.—Scribner's.

The Rhine Fortifications.

The early Romans found the swift current of the Rhine sufficient defense against the gigantic Germans, but to protect the peaceful settlers against all possible danger every ford on the upper Rhine and every convenient crossing place on the lower stream was fortified, and thus a chain of posts was extended from the sea to Strasburg.

Rossini's Laziness.

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and, rather than get up, he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in 13 days. When Donizetti was told of this, he remarked, "It is very possible—he is so lazy!" The overture to the "Gazza Ladra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the windows to copyists beneath.

Why They Object.

"Why do your parents object so to Mr. Longstop?"

Edith—Mamma objects to his shortcomings and papa to his long stayings. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Clever Rascal.

While a well to do Parisian was returning recently by train from Havre, during the first hour his only fellow passenger in the compartment was a young man who made himself very agreeable. Then others got in, and talk was general. Finally the Parisian dropped asleep. Presently the young man, turning to the other passengers, with a wink toward the sleeping man, said in an undertone, "I'll play a good joke on my uncle." And he unfastened the strap by which a small traveling bag was slung over the shoulder of the sleeper. "I'll change into the next compartment at the first stop, and my uncle will wake up and think he has been robbed. It will be fun to see his face, and I can watch through the little glass in the partition. Don't give it away." The others grinned appreciatively, and the young man presently slipped out with the bag.

Soon after the owner of the bag woke up. He missed his pouch from the strap and jumped up in great excitement, exclaiming, "I've been robbed!" The response of his fellow passengers was a roar of laughter. This added anger to the victim's excitement, and he stormed furiously. Finally one of the passengers assured the angry man that his bag was all right; his nephew had it in the next compartment. "My nephew!" shouted the bewildered man. "I haven't any nephew. I never had a nephew. I don't know anything about any nephew." Then it was the turn of the other passengers to be dumfounded. But the thief got away, and there were several thousand francs in the bag.—Paris Letter.

Nourishing Gruels.

Nourishing gruels are always in demand for delicate persons as well as invalids. Those most called for are of Indian meal or oatmeal. For oatmeal gruel put into a pan over the fire a quart of boiling water, add to it 2 tablespoonfuls of oatmeal by sifting it in slowly between the fingers, stirring all the while. When well mixed cover the saucepan and place it at the back of the fire, where it will simmer for two hours. Season with salt enough to make it palatable and sweeten it if desired. Strain it through a medium fine sieve. To a small teacup two-thirds full of this hot gruel add a teaspoonful of cream when serving it to an invalid. Indian meal gruel is made by mixing 2 level tablespoonfuls of meal with half a spoonful of flour, stirring into the dry ingredients half a cup of cold water before mixing them with a quart of boiling water. Let this mixture cook slowly at the back of the fire two hours, stirring it occasionally to prevent its sticking to the bottom of the pan, season generously with salt, a very little sugar and a suspicion of nutmeg. This gruel should also be served with cream, like the oatmeal gruel.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Two of Tait's Stories.

The late archbishop of Canterbury had many good stories to tell. Two are recalled by his private secretary, Mandeville B. Phillips, in some personal reminiscences, which he contributes to the London Sunday Magazine. One concerned Archbishop Tait's coachman, who was a very original character. One day a clergyman who called at the palace asked him whether he had still as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime. "There's always a goodish bit doing, sir, but it's been a trifle easier since we took young Mr. Parry into the business." The Right Rev. Edward Parry had recently been appointed bishop suffragen of Dover.

Another of the archbishop's stories, also of a coachman, will be new to many. A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington, finding that the stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, spoke to his coachman about it. "They ought to go," he said. "That's just what I say myself," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me. I go. And what harm does it do me?' "

A Living Record.

A white man sued a black man in Natal the other day, and while the trial was proceeding the litigants came to an amicable settlement.

The counsel for the plaintiff announced this circumstance to the court.

"The agreement must be in writing," said the judge.

"We have it here in black and white," replied the counsel, pointing to the parties. "What more is necessary?"

Life In Olden England.

In his youth Augustus J. C. Hare lived with his adopted parents at a rectory in Shropshire, and of the life there he gives some picturesque details in the story of his life:

When there was "a wash" at Stoke, which was about every three weeks, it was a rule with granny that, summer or winter, it must always begin at 1 a. m. At that hour old Hannah Berry used to arrive from the village, the coppers were heated and the maids at work. The ladies' maids, who were expected to do all the fine muslins, etc., themselves, had also always to be at the washtubs at 3 a. m.—by candlelight. If any one was late, the housekeeper reported to Mrs. Leycester, who was soon down upon them pretty sharply. Generally, however, her real practical kindness and generosity prevented any one minding Mrs. Leycester's severity. It was looked upon as only "her way," for people were not so tender in those days as they are now, and certainly no servants would have thought of giving up a place which was essentially a good one because they were a little roughly handled by their mistress. In those days servants were as liable to personal chastisement as the children of the house and would as little thought of resenting it. "You don't suppose I'm going to hurt my hand boxing your ears," said granny when about to chastise the school children she was teaching, and she would take up a book from the table and use it soundly, and then say. "Now we mustn't let the other ear be jealous," and turn the child round and lay on again on the other side. Granny constantly boxed her housemaids' ears, and, alas, when he grew very old, she used to box dear grandpapa's, though she loved him dearly, the great source of offense being that he would sometimes slyly give the servant's elbow a tip when his daily tablespoonful of brandy was being poured out.

Where Golf Resembles War.

"A grand joke developed itself not long ago," says a Monte Video correspondent. "A native paper published alarming paragraphs to the effect that the British war vessels were making soundings and taking surveys and effecting other highly suspicious operations near Maldonado and that they had landed an armed force with instruments and terrible unknown engines.

"The government was warned to prepare for an invasion or at the very least a second Trinidad affair. These revelations were apparently confirmed by a telegram from a newspaper correspondent in Maldonado, who said that he himself had seen 'those dreadful English' at their tricks.

"Before such a denunciation the authorities could not remain silent, and accordingly an official telegram was sent to the captain of the port at Maldonado for information. His reply was to the following effect:

" 'It is not true that the English have been making plans of the port or measuring lands at Punta del Este. What they have done is to mark out a course for an English game that they played here before and which is called 'golf.' "
—Pearson's Weekly.

Japanese Alloys.

It is said that a number of Japanese recipes for the making of alloys which have hitherto been kept a close secret have been revealed by workmen engaged in making them. Among these is the shadko, an alloy of copper and from 1 to 10 per cent of gold. This. when placed in a mordant of sulphate of copper, alum and verdigris assumes the coppered or blue black hue of sword sheaths and decorative articles. Gnishi-buichi is a copper alloy with 30 or 50 per cent of silver, of the well known gray color. Mokume is a compound of several alloys. About 30 plates or foils of gold, shadko copper, silver and the last mentioned alloy are soldered together. In this holes are made, the plate is hammered out and put into the mordant. The finest Japanese brass, sinchu, is given as consisting of ten parts copper and five of zinc. The bell metal karakame is made out of 10 parts of copper, 4 of tin, one-half of iron and 1½ of zinc.

De Piles mentions a blind sculptor who, guided by the sense of touch alone, made a marble statue of Charles I of England. It is singular, however, that this sculptor is not mentioned, so far as is known, by any other writer, and the story may be apocryphal.

UNSPOKEN.

When you owe a fellow money,
It is always kind of funny
How you'd just a little rather that you didn't chance to meet.
Of course you mean to pay it,
And you know he wouldn't say it
If he even got to thinking you a trifle indiscreet.

You know he wouldn't bone you
For the temporary loan you
Unthinkingly asserted you would very promptly pay;
But, though cordially you greet him,
It is true you never meet him,
But you wonder if he's thinking of the things he doesn't say.

Though you grasp his hand with ardor,
Though you grip it hard and harder,
You'll still be sadly conscious of a something in between,
Of a something intervening,
Of the which you guess the meaning,
For you know it's but the spirit of the cash he hasn't seen.

--Chicago Journal.

MY LUCKY FIND.

I was almost in despair.

What a lot of trouble I have brought on myself for my good nature! Police investigations and reports, annoyance, chagrin, perhaps, at the outcome. Yes, it was enough to make a man swear!

And the cause of it all was Baby Mouse, hapless Baby Mouse! But, before you, dear reader, will understand why Baby Mouse should be to blame you will want to know who he is. It's a strange story, and yet sweet and tender withal. And it ends well—that's its best part.

Three months ago I was coming home with the evening shades. It was bitter cold, and I rejoiced in anticipation of my cozy, warm home and the simple, dainty meal which my old housekeeper, Johanna, knew how to prepare so well. I was lost in just such comfortable bachelor reverie, when I descended from the L road to wend my way toward my little Washington Heights home. I walked rapidly and soon reached there. Opening the iron gate that led into the tiny garden patch in front of the house, I saw a small package lying on the frozen snow.

"A present from somebody," I said half aloud, stooped and picked up my find. My hands, a bit numb with cold, despite my fleece lined gloves, had scarcely grasped the bundle when it began to kick and squirm. Nor was that all. It raised such lusty howls that my neighbors' windows flew up, and they stuck out their heads to see what it meant.

It would have done me good to see my face just then in a convenient mirror.

All the nursery tales of cry babies and bewitched castaways came to my mind with a rush. I felt like depositing the lively packet in the place where I had found it, but that would have been cruel.

Aye, it would have been worse than murder to leave such a little mite out in the open with the thermometer at 10 above zero. I had no desire to make the acquaintance of the state attorney.

But, better than all, great pity swelled my heart for the unfortunate creature whom loveliness had cast away, and as fast as I could run with my burden I ran into the house. Johanna met me in the door.

"See what I have brought you," I said, with a laugh.

The good woman gazed with horror on the squirming, shaking babe and held out her hands.

"Doctor, what does it mean?" she gasped.

"It means, Johanna, that for the next few days you are going to bathe and feed and fondle this little waif, just as you did me once upon a time."

And then I told her the story of how I had found Baby Mouse.

In the lamplight I examined the little foundling, and Johanna, too, looked him over with critical eyes. He was a jolly little youngster, 8 months old perhaps, with chubby face, eyes as blue as a summer sky and lips that soon took on cherry hue, as their blue, pinched look died away in the genial warmth of the room and Johanna's embraces that alternated with mine.

Johanna brought out fresh linen, arranged a bed and bathed and washed the foundling. Tucking him comfortably away in an improvised crib, she gave him a bottle filled with milk, and, when he had appeased his hunger, he fell into a peaceful slumber. I kissed the baby's brow and said to Johanna:

"I am going to report that case to the police in the morning, and I'll ask them to let me keep the little one until his relations are heard from."

Johanna gave me an amazed look.

"My life is so lonely," I continued, "he may bring some color into it!" I may have sighed as I walked away.

"You haven't forgotten, doctor," answered the good woman, "no matter how hard you've tried!"

Next day I went to the chief of police. He recorded the case and had no objection to my keeping the baby. This is the way I came into possession of a lovely and beautiful child. Johanna and I decided to call him Robert, but his pet name — Baby Mouse — was older than that, and it clung to him.

And now you know who Mouse is.

Nobody ever came to claim him, and my heart opened to the tender waif as it had never opened before.

Mouse, of course, was treated like a king. Now and then Johanna would say, "You are spoiling the child, doctor!" But she was as weak as I with regard to Mouse.

He grew and prospered like a flower in the sunshine of our love and was the lustiest youngster on the block.

But there must be rainy days as well. One day Mouse was taken ill, and before night we knew that he had been attacked with diphtheria. With flaming cheeks and trembling hands he lay in his crib, and I bent over him with breaking heart. Long nights of anxious watching followed. At last care and tender nursing drove death from the door, and the doctor told me that the danger was passed. But another blow came severer even than Mouse's illness. My old faithful servant had caught the infection and had to take to her bed.

There I was, a helpless man, with an ill woman and a convalescent babe on my hands.

Surely it was a desperate situation.

I engaged a trained nurse to wait on the sick, but I could not expect her to look after me too. The little comforts to which I had been accustomed dropped away one by one.

"If only my wife was here!"

My wife!

Yes, I had been married—in fact, I was still married. And this, too, is a strange story.

My wife was an only child, spoiled by rich and indulgent parents. When I took her to my modest home, I discovered that she had many little faults—all women have—and I thought I could wean her away from them. The big faults, of course, I was willing to condone, for they were part of the bargain.

My wife was a bit gay, a bit frivolous, a bit stubborn and a bit too fond of dress. But I loved her with all my heart, and she loved me. And because I loved her I endeavored to cure her of these little imperfections.

It was a difficult piece of work. Sharp words were spoken on one side, tears shed on the other, and the upshot of the matter was that one day my wife left me and returned to her parents. They wrote me a long letter, expressing regret that my wife could not live with me and advising that we had better separate.

I might have applied for a divorce, but could not bring myself to do it, and the other side took no steps for a legal separation.

My life became dreary and sad, and I believe I was on the short road to hypochondria.

Mouse came just in the nick of time and saved me from that fate. I gave him all my love, and he was all the world to me.

But my present dilemma was due to the coming of the little castaway. "Mouse, Mouse," I said more than once, "what have you done?"

There were days when I dreaded to go home—two sickbeds, nothing to eat for myself; forsooth, a cheerless, lonely home.

When I sat down by Johanna's bed, she tried to console me as best she could, but her cheerful words fell upon deaf ears.

One evening in March I again wended my way homeward. I thought of Mouse, of Johanna, of the trained nurse, and was in the worst possible humor. Opening the door with my latchkey, I hung my overcoat on the rack and made more noise than was necessary in taking off my rubber shoes. I went into the dining room, and—

Had Johanna been prowling about in spite of the doctor's express orders to remain in bed? The tea steamed over the alcohol lamp. There were fresh bread and golden butter, ham, cold roast beef; the evening papers were nicely stacked on one side; on the other, my box of cigars, the ash tray and the matches. Just as Johanna was wont to arrange things in the good old days, before hapless Mouse interfered.

I went into the next room, where Mouse was kept. The lamplight was muffled, but in the semidarkness I recognized the form of the trained nurse bending over the baby's crib.

"The trained nurse! Was I dreaming? I knew that head, with the daintily molded cheek, the rich blond hair, gracefully arranged at the back.

I had kissed it many times. A step, and I was near her. "Anna!" I cried. "My wife!"

I caught her in my arms. She pressed her head to my breast and whispered:

"Richard, forgive me!"

It was not a dream. It was sweet reality. Again the lovely woman in my arms whispers:

"Can you forgive me, Richard?"

I can only kiss her again and again and listen to the story of her coming.

Johanna had written her in what a plight I was. She had told her about the coming of Mouse, the child's illness and her own, and my helpless condition in the face of all this trouble. And then Johanna had lectured her about the great virtue of forbearance and other wholesome truths with regard to the married life of two people who in reality loved each other.

The old woman's words went straight to Anna's heart. She came, and I held her in my arms and begged her to stay forever.

By this time Mouse had been aroused from his peaceful slumber. When he saw me, he stretched out his little arms, and I took him and laid him into those of my wife.

"Will you be a mother to him?" I asked.

"I will love him as you do," answered the sweet woman by my side. And thus peace has once more come into my house.

And the cause of it all was—Mouse.

Blessed Mouse!—From the German For St. Louis Republic.

Wired Glass.

As the result of a thorough investigation of the heat resisting qualities of wired glass instituted by the Philadelphia Fire Underwriters' association the latter has made a report which must be very serviceable to all interested in this unique product. The report declares that such glass can be safely used in skylights and in such situations will stand a severe fire and not give way when water is thrown on it. A wooden framing for skylight, covered with tin, all seams lock jointed and with nails hidden, is superior in fire resisting quality to iron framing. Wired glass in wooden sash, covered with tin, all seams lock jointed and nails concealed, can safely be used for windows toward an external exposure and in fire doors to elevator shafts and stairway towers, where it is necessary to light the shafts; in office buildings, hotels, etc., where it is undesirable to have elevator shafts entirely inclosed and dark, wired glass permanently built into a brick or terra cotta shaft, or arranged in a metal covered wood frame, can safely be used, and, again, wired glass plates, securely fastened in standard fire shutters, can safely be used toward an external exposure—in this case, the fact that a possible fire in a building all the windows of which are protected by fire shutters can much more readily be detected from the outside through the wired glass is important.—New York Sun.

Our Forefathers' Books.

In the course of some remarks at the London dinner to Poynter, the academy's president, Conan Doyle said: "It is difficult now to realize the avidity with which our forefathers fell upon a good, solid book. For them there were no book stalls crammed with cheap literature, no little pirating magazines, containing the looted spoils of a dozen goodly books. Consequently they had time to absorb a book, so that it became part of their mind and soul. We could not put back the clock and make books rarer. We would not if we could. But it would not be a bad thing now and again if we went into a retreat for a month or a year and swore off all ephemeral literature and turned back to the classics of our language."

A VIOLET IN HER HAIR.

A violet in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair!
But, oh, her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose!
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beneath her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command.
But still her tongue
Far richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene and sweet,
And sheds a graceful influence round
That hallows e'en the very ground
Beneath her feet.

—New York Ledger.

FIRED AT RANDOM.

Hardesty had been called down to the town of his birth by the summons of the real estate agent into whose hands he had intrusted the care of the property he had received from his father's estate. Estate is a big and general word and many people use it in a grandiloquent manner in speaking of a corner lot in a marshy suburb. In Hardesty's case it meant a little better than that, but it was no vast Anneke Jans tract by any means.

He had not been in that little town for 17 years—indeed since the days of his school attendance. He recalled how on one summer afternoon he had vaulted out of a window just ahead of the schoolmaster's hickory, how when walloped for it at home he had left the house in anger, and how that night he had boarded a freight train bound Cincinnatiward—and had never gone back. Often he had thought of the old place and when the days of his middle age came they found him wondering and wondering and dreaming at odd times about Milt Woodard's cooper shop and the other things—but he did not go back.

After the death of his father and when he had come into the old family residence he seemed to wonder and dream all the more. Once he had met the father of Doras Alderman at a quadrennial session of the Methodist conference and had talked to him of Doras, who had been a schoolmate, but in general he had had little communication other than that witnessed in the letters which passed between himself and the real estate agent. Now, on this evening, 17 years afterward, he trundled into town in a sleeper and thought smilingly of the day when he had rolled out on a box car. The agent had written him to the effect that somebody had offered a famous sum for the old Hardesty homestead, purposing to cut it up into an addition to the city. The agent, a boyhood friend, had suggested that Hardesty come down from Chicago to give personal attention to the matter, for by so doing he believed that a few thousand dollars more could be realized.

Dreaming of the old days, Hardesty left the train at the depot. It was a stone and brick depot, he noticed, and not the little frame structure in which he and Tom Coyne had loafed in the summer of old days. He remembered Tom Coyne very readily, and thought with especial amusement and interest upon the episode of the bumblebees. Before reaching the town he had decided that the very first thing he would do would be to go into the little old wooden station and examine the walls to see if the initials "D. H.," for David Hardesty, were still there where he had cut them on the wainscoting, to the fury of Johnny Clark, the station agent. He had counted a great deal on the pleasure of this investigation, and it annoyed him somewhat to step off the car and into a spick and trig depot of masonry construction.

After the affront of this evidence of progress and prosperity had somewhat worn away he started to walk down the road to the residence of the agent, his old friend. He knew the location of the house, for as a boy he had been able to draw a map of the town, showing every residence, outhouse, chicken coop and fence. Somehow, however, he found the quest a bit difficult. New streets appeared, inviting him to walk down into what had been green fields, but which were now "additions" and "places," all built up with trimly painted frame houses.

He found the object of his search at last and was admitted. His friend, the agent, who had only partially expected him, did not know him at first, and indeed Hardesty would have passed the other a thousand times before recognizing in his brown mustache and glossy collar any semblance to the patched and freckled boy who had helped him to rob Frank Stone's historic melon patch. The agent introduced his wife and said Hardesty would remember her, but Hardesty would have done nothing of the sort, except for the fact that he had learned from correspondence that his friend had married little Eda Stone, daughter of the sovereign of the melon patch.

They talked, after dinner, about business and about the improvement in the city—it had been a village in the old days—and about the advisability of Hardesty selling his property.

"Really," said Hardesty, "I don't know that I care to sell. You see, the old homestead has been in the family for generations, and it seems almost a sacrilege to dispose of it. Why, I was born in that house. I used to look over the fence there at the gooseberry bushes in Gallagher's place and wond—by the way, are the Gallaghers living there yet?"

"Oh, no! They moved away long ago, and a fine, big, stone public school has been built there."

"A stone public school? Why, Henry, when we were boys, a one room frame house did us pretty well. Do you remember how we used to revile the boys who attended the academy and call them 'academy rats,' because the academy had two rooms, and consequently two stoves?"

"Yes, and they called us 'district rats,' and we fought about it," said Henry. "By the way, Dr. Culver lived on the other side, didn't he? Well, there is a whisky cure institute there now—a big one—the third in the state."

The next morning Hardesty started out to view the property before finally deciding not to sell. He declared that it was hardly worth while, as he had no pressing need for money, and it was always pleasant to think of the old times, and the old place, and the old home.

"When we get to that corner," he said, proud to show that he still remembered things, "we will turn and cross the common, passing by old Mrs. Marvin's cottage and swinging to the right by Hen Gettle's hothouse."

"I'm afraid we can't," said the agent and friend. "You mean to cross the common, don't you, as we used to in making the short cut for the river when we went fishing? Well," as Hardesty nodded in a delighted affirmative, "we can't do it, for it is all built up now. Mrs. Marvin's cottage site is taken up by the residence of the mayor, and Hen Gettle's home is now his home no longer, but is a three story hotel. You see the town has been progressing in 17 years."

Hardesty looked at his friend in wonder and not altogether in pleasure.

"On the way," he said, "I should like to pass the old one room school where Lo Ellenwood used to teach, and out of the window of which I leaped 17 years ago. It is down this way, isn't it?"

"It has been moved back in the lot, and a big grocery has been built on the front—the playground, you know, where we used to play foot and a half and sailors' Bombay. The old school has been converted into a stable for the horses of the man who runs the grocery. We abandoned it as a school ten years ago and erected a pressed brick structure down in the next block. We have been progressing materially."

"You don't mean to tell me the old school is used as a stable?" cried Hardesty. "And that playground gone too? Why, the happiest moments of my life and yours were passed there listening to half witted Billy Mendenall imitating bird songs and skinning the cat on the horizontal bar, which we bought by a popular subscription of old iron and rags."

"Yes, it was in the way of improvement."

As they talked they walked. Hardesty hardly knew himself for the changes in the old town—the dear old town back to which he had looked so fondly. Off there in Chicago he had been in the habit of passing opinion on men and saying: "Ah, you poor, hustling, deluded mortals, you are entirely different from Squire Lo Stone and Ott Templar and the other quiet, tranquil souls in that other town where my old home is. I am glad I have that dear place. It will be like an anchorage to me in this stormy sea." And now, and now—why, just think of it! The old school a stable!

"Henry," he finally remarked, "there is just one thing I seriously want to and must see. There used to be a big cottonwood tree over on the river bank—you remember it—where I carved my name one day—my name and that of a girl. I'm married now, but, do you know, I'd like to see that old tree and see if the initials are there yet. The girl was Ida Jordan. I suppose, of course, she has 12 children and"—

"She's dead, Dave—died two years after you left. And the tree has been cut down to give way to a lumber yard and"—

Hardesty interrupted him.

"Say," he cried, "you sell that stuff of mine for what you can get. I don't want to see it again. Your town is too prosperous for me. There's only one thing more I want to know. I want to lick the man who cut down that tree. Who is he? Where can he be found?"

"It was on my land, and I cut it down," said his friend, the agent.—Chicago Record.

Our Dear English Cousins.

Somebody has been informing the London Times that "American children are trained in their higher schools to exercise the ritual of 'saluting the flag' in military style, and that their martial ardor is by this and other means so blown into flame that when these young persons leave their schools they form themselves into societies and take a vow to avenge with their blood any insult to their country's flag." This somewhat vivid description has excited the horror of another reader of the Thunderer, and he leaps to a conclusion in the following amusing and highly characteristic style: "Apparently your correspondent uses the expression 'young person' in the technical sense of a female creature somewhere between a girl and a woman. Does he really desire that young females of this kind should in England form themselves into societies to avenge with their blood any insult to the union jack in Venezuela or elsewhere? Seriously, I think that the American example in this, as in some other things, is to be avoided as degenerate rather than followed. Surely our ancestors managed to conquer at Cressy and Poictiers and Agincourt, at Blenheim and Trafalgar and Waterloo, without all this absurd civilian ritual on the part of schoolgirls, this religious worship, or rather idolatry, of the personified country under the symbol of a flag, and these silly vows by young Hannibals in petticoats. If the people of the United States is really beginning to worship itself as an abstract unity, it is a sure sign that it is beginning to abandon the only true worship, and to retrograde to mere civic paganism."

Episcopal Prerogative.

The only daughter of the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane of Albany is a married woman living in the same town with her episcopal father. Mrs. Gardiner and her large family of small children crossed the Atlantic on a steamer, where the following remark was overheard by another passenger. Her little son was "caught" in some game of play. "Why," he exclaimed, "I can't be 'it!' My grandfather is a bishop!"

Paper Floors.

Paper floors are manufactured at Einsiedeln, Germany. In the form of a pasty mass the paper is spread upon the surface to be covered and submitted to pressure. It behaves like plaster of paris, and is said to be noiseless under the foot and particularly effective in preserving a uniform temperature. Having no joints, it presents a perfectly smooth surface.

Safe.

"I heard you fought a duel with Parker?"

"I did."

"Weren't you afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?"

"Not with Parker holding it. I'm insured in his company."—London Tit-Bits.

Evident.

Reporter—Did you find out the cause of that suicide this afternoon?

Officer McGobb—Yis, sor. It wor a ope.—Indianapolis Journal.

A legal bushel of onions is 48 pounds in Indiana, and from this figure the range is upward to 57 pounds in Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois and other states.

The Care of Books.

When we were children, we were taught that it was next door to a crime to destroy books. Of course books are not as expensive or as hard to get now as they were a quarter of a century ago, but all the same they are too valuable to waste or throw away.

Children should be taught how best to take care of books and ought never to be permitted to throw or bang them about or tear them in pieces. They should be encouraged to accumulate volumes, and to do this must have a place in which to keep them. Good, plain bookshelves cost but little, and every child should have a set.

In one well ordered household there are five youngsters, between the ages of 5 and 15 years. Each child has a bookcase, one of the ordinary, plain sort that cost $4 or $5. There are curtains made from the skirts of wornout dresses or of paper muslin, for the family has but little of this world's goods to use, and every dollar, even every cent, has to be counted. But there is in this household a spirit of consideration that will not allow interference with private property, and each member is expected to take care of his or her own possessions, to be responsible for them and to exercise absolute control and ownership over them. Especially is it the case with books and toys. These are borrowed and loaned only with the owner's consent. New books are carefully covered and marked with the owner's name, not only on the cover, but also across the first page of the story or reading matter. Names on the flyleaf may be obliterated or torn off, but when placed across the beginning of the subject matter they are apt to remain and are easily identified.—New York Ledger.

Some French Duels.

The most prosaic, the most bourgeois, of all eminent French statesmen and historians, the late M. Adolphe Thiers, fought a duel when a young man with the irate father of a pretty girl whom Thiers, while anxious to marry, did not wed, because he was too poor to support her. Shots were exchanged without results, and the combatants embraced. The famous journalist and litterateur, M. Emile de Girardin, editor of La Presse, fought four duels in 1834 with the editors of other Parisian journals because, the annual subscription of French daily newspapers being at that time at 80 francs, he had reduced the price of La Presse by one-half, with the result that the circulation of his paper was enormously increased. In the last of these duels he had the misfortune to kill Armand Carrel, a man of talent and a popular idol. Girardin, who was shot in the hip, had lingered between life and death for weeks before he recovered from his wound, and never, in spite of repeated provocations, could be induced to fight another duel. "Dueling," he said, "is a fault of our education against which our intelligence protests." But in France you must have killed your man to be able to say that.—Cornhill Magazine.

According to the Mosaic law the locust was "clean" and might be eaten by the Jews.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Kansas City, Mo., Mch. 1, 1897.—Good demand honey. Light supply. Price of comb 11c to 13c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 7c. per lb. No beeswax now on the market. Supply of comb honey very light, with a fair demand from jobbers.
Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., Mch. 1, 1897.—The demand for honey is slow. Good supply. Price of comb 9 to 13c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply; prices 24 to 25c. per lb. There is more comb honey in sight at this time of year than usual.
M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch, Mich.

Cincinnati, O., Mch. 1, 1897.—Very slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 10 to 14c. per pound. Extracted 3½ to 6c per pound. Fair demand for beeswax; good supply; prices 22 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow.
Chas. F. Muth & Son.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Albany, N. Y., Mch. 1, 1897.—Fancy white 12 to 13c. No. 1, 11 to 12c. Fancy amber, 9 to 10c. No. 1 dark, 8 to 9c peg lb. Extracted white, 6 to 7c per lb. Dark 4½c per lb. The receipts of both comb and extracted honey are very large and prices are somewhat lower. We have an ample stock of all styles except paper cartons weighing less than one pound.
Chas. W. McCollough & Co., 380 Broadway.

Boston, Mass., Mch. 1, 1897,—Fancy white 14 to 15c. No. 1, 12 to 13c. Extracted white, 6 to 7c.; amber, 5 to 6c. Beeswax 25c per pound.
E. E. Blake & Co., 57 Chatham St.

Chicago, Ill., Mch. 1, 1897.—Honey; Fancy white 13c. No. 1 white 12c; fancy amber 11c; fancy dark 10c; No. 1 dark 9c; extracted white 6 to 7; amber 5 to 5½c; dark 4 to 4¼c. Quote beeswax at 26c to 27c. Demand not very active; stocks light.
S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

Old Greek Painters.

The methods of these ancient days were totally different from those of the present day and were evidently vastly more durable. Panels of wood were used to paint on, sycamore and cypress, also panels of papier mache, and occasionally they were formed by gluing three thicknesses of canvas together. These panels were usually about 14 inches long by 7 inches wide. The artist used liquid wax instead of oil to mix the colors, which were made, not from vegetable, but from mineral substances, and were of marvelous brilliancy and permanence —blue powdered lapis lazuli. green malachite, red oxide of iron, etc. The colors were laid on in patches, somewhat after the fashion of a mosaic, and afterward blended with an instrument called the cestrum, which appears to have been a lancet shaped spatula, long handled, with at one end a curved point, at the other a finely dentated edge. With the toothed edge the wax could be equalized and smoothed, while the point was used for placing high lights, marking lips, eyebrows, etc.

The final process, which gives the name encaustic to this kind of painting, was the burning in of the colors. This was done by the application of a heated surface to the panel, though George Ebers believes that in Egypt the heat of the sun was probably all that was needed to complete the artist's work.

Velvet.

Velvet is manufactured by placing in the loom rows of very short threads of the material designed to be employed, whether cotton or silk. These are then caught up by the cross threads in the weaving and fastened in such a way that the fleecy ends present themselves all on one side of the fabric. The manufacture of velvet is so slow that for a hand weaver a yard is considered a good day's work. The machine made velvet is of course turned out much more rapidly.

Pasteboard Boxes or Cartons For holding 1 lb. sections of honey, very cheap.

For prices address, THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours ; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is a positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up so many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention AMERICAN BEE KEEPER and send your full post office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

$1000 in Gold.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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Some Questions Answered.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

CONTRACTION AND STIMULATIVE FEEDING.

A correspondent sends me some questions and says, "Please answer them in the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER."

He wishes to know if weak colonies will brood up faster if the brood chamber is contracted and the colony stimulated by feeding, than they would if left to themselves, they having the whole brood chamber. There can be only one answer to this question, and that is, if rightly attended to a colony which is weak can be made to thrive very much better with stimulative feeding and a contracted brood chamber, than it would if left to itself. But what is meant by "rightly attended to?" It means, if you undertake it at all, to do it in a manner that will bring success. How do you bring success in any undertaking? By finding out how to do the work and then do it with an energy and "push" that will bring good results, if such can be obtained along that line. Now apply this to the weak colony. Don't touch it unless you are willing to give the matter just as good attention as you would the best horse you ever see, which you wish to take first premium on at the State Fair. You know that means looking after that horse every day, and spending all the time on it that is necessary to attain the desired object. Now for the bees. Look them over, and with a close fitting division board shut them on as few frames as you think they can cover and do it well, having those frames next to one side of the hive. Cover all up as snugly and as warmly as possible, and this part is thus left till they crowd out into the vacant side of the hive, thus showing that they need more room. Now for the feeding. How shall this be done? There are various ways, but after having tried all which I have seen recommended I believe this to be the best: Leave the division board up from the bottom board a bee space, or bore a hole through it near the bottom, the former being preferable, and in the vacant side of the hive hang a frame or frames having honey in them. It is well to slightly break the sealing on the side of the first comb next the division board, and it is also well to shake a few bees on this comb at the time you are fixing the little colony. These bees, after filling themselves, will run under the board, home. In this way the little colony knows just where the feed required is to be found, and they will busy themselves every day carrying the honey from these combs over to their little home, as occasion requires, and in doing this they will feed the queen, thus causing her to commence active egg laying, while the activity of the whole colony causes a greater degree of heat to be attained by this little brood nest than otherwise would occur. Thus you have brought about an activity and thrift in this little colony, scarcely excelled by he strongest in the yard, and from it comes an upbuilding resulting often in such a colony giving better results in the harvest than other colonies which you considered twice as good when you commenced operations with the little one.

To keep outside bees from these isolated combs of honey the entrance to the hive should be closed its whole length, except just what is needed by the little colony, and that should be next the side of the hive which the bees are on. In this way, should a robber attempt to carry off the honey set beyond the division board for stimulating purposes, it would have to pass all the way under the combs the bees occupied, under the division board to the combs on the opposite side, and it will be a bold robber that would do this, even were there not bees all the way along to catch her on the road. But, will this course pay? Well that depends. Depends upon what? Upon what your experience with bees has been and how many colonies you have. If you have much experience with bees and many good colonies, or as many as you think you can handle properly, then I should say that it would pay better to give the good colonies the needed care and let these little ones take care of themselves, uniting them in time for the honey harvest. But if you have little experience with bees, or but few colonies, then I believe it will pay any one nicely to do as I have outlined above. Such a course well followed would give the one doing it an experience they would get in no other way, and give an experience which would result in a full fledged apiarist in years to come, instead of the slip-shod bee keepers which are often found about the country that are at work on the plan that the bees work for nothing and board themselves, much to the disgust of themselves and the ruination of the honey market of others by putting their crude product on the market for whatever they can get offered.

GOLDEN VS. IMPORTED ITALIANS.

The next question is regarding what are called Golden Italians, or Imported Italians, the correspondent wishing to know which I consider best. Well, to this I should say that it is a matter of whether you got a good strain of either or not. I have had the dark or leather Italians, some direct from imported mothers, and others some generations off, that were as good bees as I ever had in my apiary, and I have had some of the same kind that were so poor that they were soon superseded by others. And what I have said of these dark Italians will apply with equal force to the goldens. I have had colonies of the golden variety which would enter the sections just as readily, as far as I could see, as the black or hybrid bees, and give better results as to quantity and quality of honey, while its appearance was equally good. And I can say fully as much in regard to dark stock, except that I never had any bees only one generation off from imported mothers, which gave honey of as fine appearance as that given by either the goldens, blacks or hybrids. Bees direct from imported mothers seem to put the capping to cells almost or directly on the honey, while the other three varieties leave a little vacancy between the cappings to the honey and the honey itself, thus giving a very white appearance to the section honey, while that having no such vacancy has a watery appearance which is against its bringing the highest price in market. I need not enlarge on this matter, as it is one which has been discussed at length in nearly all the bee papers during the past.

Borodino, N. Y.

Young or Old Queens, Spring or Fall Reared.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

That there is a vast difference in queens we all know, and that a good young queen will do us more service, and give us better success than a good old one, most of us also admit, not only that they begin to lay earlier and more extensively, but they are also less liable to be at the bottom of swarming. But I think many of us do not know or realize the great difference in spring and fall reared queens. I have for a number of years experimented along this line and find the late fall reared queens far superior to the spring bred queens. Of course it is possible to raise very poor queens in the fall and unless tne breeder is up with the times I would prefer to purchase queens reared in the spring of the year. In many localities there are unfavorable conditions which must be overcome to meet with success. In some localities the weather becomes too cool, in others the honey flow is not good or sufficient, in another the flow does not come at the proper time so the hives will or may be full of old bees, but not enough young bees are on hand, and old bees never make good queens. In the first place the old bees won't start or accept a sufficient number of queen cells, and secondly they do not feed with the properly prepared food nor the right amount of food, and to rear extra good fall queens all these difficulties must be overcome, and they can be if the proper attention is given at the proper time. I have now most of my colonies supplied with late fall reared queens. Each hive or colony is so marked that I know what kind and age the queen is, and in pretty nearly every case I can examine the colony and tell from condition of the queen if she is spring or fall reared. But as before stated unless you can and will get things shaped rightly never expect to raise extra No. 1 queens in the fall. No doubt all that have bred queens have found and will remember that at some seasons they could produce nice, long, large queen cells, when again a lot of cells were produced that were small, short and smooth. This sort of a cell produces a small and short lived queen, but a good, large, rough cell will invariably produce a good queen if all else is right.

Steeleville, Ill.

How I Winter Successfully.

BY MRS. OLIVER COLE.

In the October number of the BEE KEEPER I gave a full description of my method of preparing bees for winter. I intended to have given a description of my favorite hive in the November number but did not get around to do so. I will give it now. My favorite summer and winter hive is a double walled chaff hive, the dimensions of which are, length of body 23½ inches, width of body 12½ inches, depth of body 11½ inches, bottom bottom boards 1 inch, length of cover 24½ inches, width 20½ inches, depth of cover 12½ from center with one inch slant each way. These are all outside measurements. I use ½ inch thick pine lumber throughout. The body has three inches of packing of chaff all around. There is a 1 inch cleat around top of body for the cover to rest upon. The roof is tinned. There is a ½ inch opening only. The top bars of frames and also bottom bars are 15¾ inches long ; the ends are nailed onto the top and bottom bars. The top bar is ¾ inch thick, bottom bar one-half inch thick. I leave two nails in each end of top bar out half an inch by which to hang the frames on the tin cleats on inside ends of hives. The frames are easily moved in this way. A frame is made to hold nine hanging frames of 8 sections each. This has a glass front so that one can see when the sections are full. The frames can be lifted out, the full sections removed and others put in without taking the frame off of the hive until fall. This makes a very convenient surplus arrangement.

I leave my hives out until late in December, and as they are chaff hives the bees are well protected and often have a chance to fly after the single walled hives are snugly stored in the cellars. In the spring they can be set out one month earlier and the bees can get an earlier cleansing flight.

Single walled hives must be carried out on a day when the bees can safely fly, and then carried back again or the bees are lost by being chilled.

I have some bees in large chaff hives on Langstroth frames, but they do not winter as well as on the deeper frames which I have described.

For our northern climate I believe I have found the right kind of hive for all purposes. In swarming time I can remove the cap and carry the hive to the swarm and place it on a sheet and shake the bees in front of hive. I place a chaff cushion over the frames of foundation to keep them cool and put the cap on. When the bees are all in the hive I remove the cap again, carry the hive to the place where it is to stay, and the work is done.

As the frames in my hives are deeper than usually used, more honey can be stored for wintering of easy access for the bees, more brood is reared and as a result I have larger swarms.

I keep the age of my queens by numbering the hives. I keep a book containing these numbers, so when the bees swarm the first time I know the age of the queen and when she is three years old I replace her in the fall with a young prolific queen.

Sherburne, N. Y.

Chaff Hives, Wintering Bees, Etc.

BY ED. JOLLEY.

In the March number of the BEE KEEPER F. D. Bowers scores a few points in favor of the double walled or chaff hive, which, I think, are largely imaginary points of vantage. He holds closely to the orthodox belief that to winter bees successfully the hive must be double walled, packed with chaff, or if a single walled hive is used, it must be placed in some receptacle large enough te admit of packing being put on the outside of hive. This, according to my way of thinking, is a blunder that has cost us American bee keepers many thousands of dollars. It is a blunder that is as old as the frame hive itself, one that has been stuck to and upheld with a tenacity that is simply surprising. It is not surprising that father Langstroth should have invented this mistake along with the frame hive, because when father Langstroth was inventing the frame hive his work was purely experimental and without the guiding hand of former experience. His first hive consisted of a case large enough to hold the frames. This was placed inside a larger case, and between the walls of the two cases was considerable space to be packed with chaff, This packing was intended to make the new hive a superior hive to winter in than was the old box hive then in use.

It was in line with the theory then in vogue that warmth was one of the main requisites to the successful wintering of bees.

This hive was no sooner tested than it was seen that the bees did not winter nearly so well in it as in the old box hive. Then started a series of experiments and inventions which has lasted for more than thirty years, and has flooded the country with hives and frames of nearly every conceivable size and shape. The prime object of all has been to improve on the wintering qualities of the earlier frame hive and if possible equal that of the old box hive. Through nearly all of their experiments the old original blunder of side packing has played a prominent part, and is adhered to today by the majority of the bee keepers. But that same majority will acknowledge that their double walled hives do not winter bees as did the old box hives of their fathers.

Now, my friends, I consider it not warmth but dryness that is the absolute requisite to successful wintering, and I argue that bees can be kept dryer in a *single* walled hive with a *good top packing*, than they can in the best *chaff* hive ever made. I have wintered my bees on the summer stands in single walled hives, with extra heavy packing on top of the frames, for a number of years and have had the best possible results. My bees always come out in the spring as strong or stronger than my neighbors' bees that are wintered in chaff hives or in the cellar. My bees are always built up strong enough to swarm as soon as any bees around here, and are ready for the honey flow when it comes, and get as much honey as anybody's bees. My hives only cost me about half as much and are not nearly so unwieldly and cumbersome as the chaff hive.

I never lost a colony of bees in a single walled hive since I have kept them that way until this winter. I have lost seven up to date, but I can attribute the loss to other causes than the single walled hive. It goes a little against the grain to tell it, but three out of the seven starved to death. I lost the other four as a result of the covers blowing off and the bees getting a good soaking rain in February, when I was away from home. It turned suddenly and I lost them.

Franklin, Pa.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir,—At the late meeting of the "North Eastern Ohio and North Western Pennsylvania Bee Keepers Association," at Corry, Pa., the question was asked: "What is the most efficient method of dealing with robbing among bees?" After the old remarks usually resorted to in robbing had been described by several members, Pres. D. A. Dewey described a method, which, while not altogether new, has one new and very valuable feature to it. The method is as follows: When the robbing is confined to your own apiary, or in other words, when one of your weaker colonies is being robbed by one of your stronger ones, simply take the stronger colony that is doing the robbing and place it on the stand of the weak one that is being robbed and the weak one on the stand of the strong. While this part of the method is not new it is nevertheless very effective. The new part of the method was this: When your bees were being robbed by the bees of some other apiary the exchange of places was of course not practical. He simply selected a good, strong colony, one that was well able to defend itself and stores against any and all robbers, and placed it on the stand of the weaker one that was being robbed, and the weak one where the strong one stood. Mr. Dewey said he had tried this plan and knew that it was a very efficient method of dealing with robbers. To use his own words, he said, "I never saw a more surprised lot of bees than those robbers were." The strong colony was able to so thoroughly subdue the robbers that any further attempt to rob in his apiary by them was given up. The bees returning from the strong colony to their former location so strengthened the weak colony that they were able to hold their own thereafter. Ed. Jolley.

Franklin, Pa., March 20, 1897.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co., Gentlemen— * * * * * The Lehigh Valley Co., settled for 20 of the cases of honey shipped to New York and no more. I shipped 7 cases to Pittsburgh, to John F. Barrett and have heard nothing from it yet. It was shipped Jan. 17th, 1896, over a year ago. The plan of allowing commercial men to handle ones honey is a very slow and unsatisfactory way to make money. They usually send you the commission and keep the balance. I have two lots in their hands that were shipped Oct. 17, last and they claim that it is not yet sold, only 1,200 lbs. for two houses to dispose of, they must do a retail business I think. I am glad the bee keepers of this state are trying to get a law passed to prevent spraying trees in blossom. Spraying cost me 30 colonies last year and although I am wtntering 94 colonies, spraying may take the most of them. Farmers claim that they have the right to spray whenever they please and if one does not want his bees killed, he must keep them at home. That is hardly according to the Golden Rule. My apiary is located in my orchard and in the shade as much as possible. My poultry are allowed to go where they please as my hennery is adjoining my apiary. I believe it is the proper place for poultry as they pick up moths and moth worms and the loss consequently is very light in that direction.

C. H. Thies, in Feb. Bee Keeper, gives my *modus aperandi* of managing bees as well as I could write it myself and I am satisfied that it is the correct way. Yours etc.,

W. W. Boorom.

Farmer, N, Y., Feb. 20, 1897.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co.,
Gents,—Your credit bill for wax received. We are perfectly satisfied, both as to price and weight. The sections are at hand and we find them very fine. We are very much pleased with your goods and manner of business. The section holders have not arrived as yet. We will send you an order for brood frames, foundation and dummies soon. Yours truly,

McWilliams & Miller.

Prattsville, N. Y., March 3, 1896.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co.,
Dear Sirs,—I wish to express my satisfaction with the manner in which you have filled my order. It gives me great pleasure to be able to say that I have never seen equalled the accuracy of fit, finish and quality of material of the cases and frames; they are as near perfection as it would seem possible to make. Thanking you heartily, I am Yours truly,

Saml. M. Fox.

Torresdale, Pa., Feb. 2, 1897.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co.,
Gentlemen,—In our last order of 10,000 sections, which arrived promptly, the high standard of former years is more than maintained. We are very much pleased with them, as we are also with the entire order, consisting of 18 cases which came through in excellent condition.

Respectfully yours,

South Florida Apiary Co.

Spencer Bluff, Fla., Feb. 22, 1897.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Bee Keepers Record).—(British).

ABOUT BEES AND BEE KEEPING.

Superabundance of Bees.

BY HENRY W. BRICE.

Can we have too many bees in a hive? is a question lately raised in the B. B. J., and as this point is of much interest to all we might just at the present season with advantage turn our attention thereto. The correct answer, however, depends so entirely on the conditions under which the question is put that it may be "yes," and it may be "no." The whole question, in fact, resolves itself primarily into one of management. If the main object is honey, then the bee keeper must strive to get the hive packed full of worker bees by the time the honey flow is expected. Not before, and certainly not after the honey season is over. As to queens being "too prolific" I can not conceive such a thing if the progeny is of a good working strain and not given to perpetual swarming. Such races of bees as possess undesirable propensities in this direction—Carniolans for instance—are not objected to because of the great prolificness of their queens, but through their inordinate tendency to swarm on the first favorable opportunity. No sooner does the hive attain full working strength and the weather is favorable than out they come, and the season—so far as honey getting—is wasted. Consequently with Carniolans a superabundance of bees is of no advantage, and therefore is undesirable. Then we have Ligurians, which, in some climates, have proved themselves excellent workers; but I don't consider the pure Ligurian altogether suited to the climatic conditions of this kingdom. Our cold, damp springs act as a deterrent to their breeding-up early and in time for our ordinary honey flow. That they breed fast when the weather is warm enough to get them once fairly started is beyond doubt, but when this is so it is in this country generally within a week or two of the honey flow, and so instead of gathering the crop the bees are just beginning to get their hive full of very young brood, which eventually produces an abundance of field workers just when the harvest is over. This is another instance where a superabundance of bees is found when not wanted. Judicious crossing of races is the remedy. Much thought must, however, be given to procure an abundance of bees at the right time. They are comparatively useless if produced too early, and worse than useless if produced too late, from a honey producers point of view.

How are we to know when the honey flow will come, and how be certain of having our bees ready? For it is a question which will, no doubt, arise in the minds of many readers, seeing that in almost every locality the seasons differ. This is a point on which the bee keeper must inform himself by ascertaining what are the main sources of supply in his own neighborhood. No certain date can be fixed to meet the peculiarities of all districts alike. The nature of the crops and the probable time the bloom lasts are the ruling factors on this point. Some lasts but a few days, others continue flowering three weeks or a month. Some districts boast of only a single source of supply, while others are favored with a succession of bee forage. All these points need attention now. So far as having our bees ready when the honey flow comes, let us take the first week in June as the probable date. We are now in the first week in March, and thus have thirteen weeks in which to prepare. Now suppose we have six seams of bees on eight frames in all. We may find perhaps five frames of brood, more or less, representing roughly 13,000 to 16,000 bees which will be hatched out in three weeks; by that time a very large proportion of the present six seams of bees will be gone! But after that three weeks have elapsed (if stimulative feeding is then carried on) bees will be produced at a much more rapid rate than earlier in the year, and, with ten weeks still to the good, the chances are that the bees of this stock will be fully ready for the honey flow when it comes. Provided, therefore, the bees are not addicted to excessive swarming; plenty of room given the queen for her part of the work, and just sufficient food supply to keep them steadily progressing, all will go well. It is better to have them in readiness a week, or even two, beforehand, than one hour afterwards. I merely put this case as an example, and to give some data on which to base our calculations. Or suppose we take a weeker stock for another illustrative example. If stimulative feeding is commenced at end of March, and the brood nest spread slowly and gradually, the following eight or ten weeks is not too much time wherein to get that stock into prime condition by the first week in June. With a strong stock of bees situate in a fruit growing district, no stimulating is necessary, and our efforts may be devoted to the prevention of swarming before the harvest time. I reckon it takes from seven to nine weeks to get a moderate stock of bees, with a good queen, into full working order for taking every advantage of the honey flow when it comes. One other point must not be forgotten, and that is, there may be a period when outside supplies will fall short during the early weeks of preparation, and the watchful bee-man must be ready to keep his bees steadily "going" by feeding. There should be no check then, or immature brood will be cast out and time lost that will not be recovered, for at the period just preceding the ingather, when "time is money," any untoward circumstance interfering with the prosperity of a colony during the critical period may mean the loss of a whole season's profit.

Upper Norwood.

(From Pacific Bee Journal).

GREATER PROFITS IN PRODUCING EXTRACTED HONEY.

BY JNO. G. COREY.

The principal reason why greater profits arise by producing extracted honey is that our bee keepers are not prepared to make any other product. As a rule our apiaries are located in districts quite a distance from our shipping points, and our roads are not the best. Our improvements are of the simplest and cheapest character, our houses are not as a rule suitable for the production, storage and care of large quantities of comb honey. The many off years have a tendency to make bee keepers shy of making improvements on their locations suitable for producing any crop requiring better room for storage and protection from dust, ants and the hot weather we are liable to have during the producing season and the time required afterwards in preparing and packing for shipment. A car load of comb honey is bulky and quite a large room is required for its storage, and the section supers are of such a character that good quarters should be provided for their care and protection during the months they are not in active use.

Many of us have a desire for better improvement but patiently await the incoming of our imaginary ship we so often refer to, expecting to prepare ourselves to produce any crop we may wish and not be compelled to make a virtue out of a necessity, and we go on from year to year producing the poor man's crop—extracted honey.

With a very small and inexpensive house and extractor, tank and sun extractor, a pair of knives and a receptacle for the wax removed from the comb, the whole outfit made by the ingenious bee keeper often not of the total value of $50, a car load of honey has been produced without help. The honey can remain in the sun if no better place can be had, but as a rule the careful man generally provides temporary shade for his honey after being cased up, to prevent the cases from being drawn out of shape and sunburnt and unsightly. Most extracted honey is now put into new, bright and clean cans, and cased in a good strong box with a partition in the center to strengthen the case.

Extracted honey is a staple article,

and were it not for the adulterator, would continue to be generally used not only upon our tables, but by the bakers, confectioners and many other uses. Many locations are well suited to the production of extracted honey of a low grade, suitable only for bakeries, that would not produce an article of comb honey that would be salable in any market.

In many localities quite a flow of honey comes in early and fills up the brood chamber of our hives, which can only be utilized by using the extractor in preparing the brood combs for the reception of brood, to keep up an army of workers for the flow of a higher grade of honey later in the season.

The question of over production can be guarded somewhet by producing large quantities of extracted honey to be used by manufacturers, but unless we can stop adulteration the bee keeper who produces the extracted article will soon be adulterated out of existence.

Santa Paula, Cal.

(From Progressive Bee Keeper).

LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED FOR HATCHING QUEEN BEES' EGGS.

BY J. W. ROUSE.

I have noticed the discussion in a bee journal of how long it takes to hatch a queen from the egg, and am much surprised at the difference of opinion. That is to say, I do not know why others' experience should be different from my own in doing the same thing, and these, people of large experience.

One thinks it sometimes takes seventeen days to hatch a queen from the egg, and others think it only takes fifteen days, instead of the good old sixteen days as laid down in the bee books by their authors.

I wish to speak of chicken eggs in hatching. Since the incubator has come into use it has been found that in some cases chicken eggs may be hatched in a little over eighteen days, and then again the time may be lengthened to twenty-four days, when it is well known that the usual time is twenty-one days, and that is the time it takes a hen to hatch the eggs. This time may be shortened a little, and may be lengthened a day or two. In an incubator, with a good, vigorous embryo in the egg, if the heat in the incubator is kept too high, the egg will hatch too soon, that is, too soon to get the best chicks. Then, again, if the embryo does not have good vitality, and the incubator is run with the heat very low, it sometimes takes twenty three or twenty-four days to hatch, bnt the chick is not likely to be of any account.

There is a great difference in the vitality of eggs as procured from chickens, from causes that I do not wish to discuss now. As there is so varied a difference in chicken eggs hatching I do not see but there may be a difference in bees, or, rather, in a queen bee's egg in hatching. I think it not likely that there would be the difference in the vitality of a queen bee's eggs as there is in the chicken's eggs because the cause does not exist to so great an extent in bees as it exists in chickens, but I think the time may be varied by the care of the bees in hatching the queens out. In my own experience I do not remember of getting queens to hatch much short of the sixteen days, but I have had them to go seventeen days, and in a few instances a little longer than that, and I always attributed the longer time to my own manipulation, for in cutting out queen cells I often cage the cells and place them over the frames of a good colony to hatch; but sometimes I feel certain the heat is not maintained so well as if the cells were left down in the brood nest. I am aware that queen cells are very often in the lower edge of the comb or on the end, and that cells placed on top of the frames, if properly covered, should be in as warm a place as there is in the hive, but I am sure that the conditions are changed, and not as they were in the hive before the cells were removed.

For the very best results I like to see chicken eggs hatch out during the night of the twentieth day or very soon on the morning of the twenty-first day. So with queen bees, I believe the most vigorous and best layers should hatch in a little less time than sixteen days. It seems to me that any queen breeder, after hatching out queens for awhile, would soon discover these varying conditions, or at least discover that all queens do not hatch in exactly the same length of time.

Mexico, Mo.

(From Gleanings).

APIS DORSATA.

Reasons Pro and Con for Importing Them.

Dr. C. C. Miller.—I should like to ask you for a little information in regard to Apis dorsata. I am a reader of Gleanings and notice articles by a few on this subject. On page 6, Straws, by yourself, I notice a clipping from the American Bee Journal. Now, while I do not believe there is a bee in existance that can gather honey from red clover (except the bumble bee) please tell me what objection the 14 referred to on said page can have to the government importing them here and giving them a trial; for if there is such a bee as described let us by all means have it, and the sooner the better. We know that there is more genuine honey in red clover than in all other honey plants combined, and if we can get a bee that can and will gather it, we shall have a boom in the honey business in every department. If there is any good objection to the importation of Apis dorsata I should like to know what it is, and it would give me much pleasure and satisfaction to have a reply through Gleanings. I have kept bees for thirty years, but as a business only five. DAVID N. RITCHEY.

Blacklick, O., Jan. 14.

It seems entirely natural and reasonable for any one to take the view that you do upon first being told that there is a bee so much larger than the one that we now have that it can work upon red clover. Tons of honey go to waste every year that might be gathered from red clover. It would cost very little for government to introduce a bee that can gather it. If a success it would be a great gain. If a failure no harm can come of it except the small item of expense incurrèd by government, and that will be divided among the entire nation, making the expense to each bee keeper only a small fraction of a cent. So it must be that there are some objections or else the 14 to whom you refer would hardly oppose the movement.

I will try to answer your question as to the reasons given by the repliers in the American Bee Journal, so far as they gave them. The question asked was, "From what you have heard and read concerning Apis dorsata do you consider it advisable for the government to import them?" The first answer, given by Wm. McEvoy, is, "No," without any reason added. E. France says, "Yes, try them." Mrs. J. N. Heater says, "I think not." J. M. Hambaugh says, "I am in favor of making the effort." J. A. Green says, "I consider it an experiment of doubtful value." R. L. Taylor says, "No, not in the interest of bee keepers financially."

I do not know just why Mr. Taylor thinks as he does, but if the project should prove a failure it would certainly not benefit bee keepers financially. On the other hand if it should be a success above the highest expectation of any one, and if it should be found that Apis dorsata should in this country prove as tractable in every way as Apis mellifica, doubling the annual yield of honey, does it necessarily follow that bee keepers would make money by it? One of the greatest diffculties of the present that confronts bee keepers is that of finding a market, and if the output should be doubled and the price cut in two, it would only increase his labor without increasing his pay. But if honey could be made plentier and cheaper, that would certainly seem to be for the good of the people in general and the financial interests of bee keepers should not stand before the general good.

W. G. Larrabee says, "Yes, if they would not turn out like English sparrows." He may have in mind the possibility that Apis dorsata would divide the harvest with our present bees without any additional benefit.

Chas. Dadant & Son hardly have any such fears for they say, "We do not believe Apis dorsata would stand our climate." C. H. Dibbern says, "No. I think they would be of no value to the bee keepers of America." P. H. Elwood says, "Probably not. There are other things the government might do that would help us more."

Prof. A. J. Cook is emphatic in his indorsment, saying, "I certainly do. I think this is just the kind of work for the government to carry forward." G. M. Doolittle thinks it can do no no harm to try, for he replies, "There is lots of money spent more foolishly by the government than in importing Apis dorsata.

Dr. J. P. H. Brown says, "My opinion is that they would not be a desirable acquisition to the bee keepers of the United States." Jas. A. Stone says, "I have not made up my mind. In doing so I always think of English sparrows and am very slow to say yes." Eugene Secor says, "If the government wishes to experiment with Apis dorsata I have no objections, but as a bee keeper I shall not ask it to do so at present." Emerson T. Abbott says, "No. Government was not organized to import bees, or any other kind of live stock. The sooner people learn this the better it will be for them and the government too." Rev. M. Manin says, "I do not. It is my opinion that they would not be of any advantage to the bee keepers of America. If they were capable of domestication the people of India would have domesticated them long ago."

Mrs. Harrison seems inclined to poke fun at the scheme. She says, "I do; and put them in the everglades of Florida. They are 160 miles long and 60 miles broad. The water is from one to six feet deep, dotted with little islands. The Seminole Indians and Apis dorsata would go well together, for he likes honey when it is to be had for the taking, also fruit, but in his wild state he has never been known to plant a tree or keep bees in a hive."

G. W. Demaree says, "I should be glad if the Agricultural Department of the government would take the matter in hand and import the big honey bee of India, Apis dorsata. But, really, I fear that the undertaking might fail because the officials would most certainly entrust the management of the new bees to some favorite dudes who would make a windy failure of them." J. E. Pond says, "No ! Most decidedly not. . . . I am of the opinion now that the discussion that is being made is more to subserve the purpose of some one who knows that cranks and an easily gulled public always exist, and are 'playing a tune to suit their desire for dancing.'"

Less has been done by our government for bee keepers than has been done by other governments—Canada, England, and some of the European powers. It has done less for them than it has for perhaps every other interest pertaining to agriculture, so it would be nothing very immodest for bee keepers to ask such aid as they might desire. But if they ask for something that proves of no benefit to the country, will it not lessen their chances for getting aid in other directions ? Better first ask aid in the way of experiment stations or something of that kind—something as to whose success there can be but little doubt, and not a thing that many regard as a will-o'-the-wisp.

You may ask what reason there is for considering success so problemical. Some have said they think Apis dorsata might be successfully domesticated here, and that possibly it might be crossed with Apis mellifica. Those of opposite views point to the stubborn fact that it never has been domesticated in its own country. Those who appear to know something about the matter say it can not be domesticated; that it will never stay in a hive, but at stated times will desert its habitation just as surely as a migratory bird. Surely it seems reasonable that it is hardly worth while to bring it here until success has been attained in confining it to a hive in its own country.

You press the point that there is a great quantity of honey to be had from red clover. But it will do no good to get another bee to work on red clover unless we can get the honey ; for the bumble bee works on it, but that does not specially benefit the bee keeper. Very likely you may say, "Well, even if we don't find it any better than the bumble bee, it can't do any harm to import it even if it does no good. The bumble bee is the only bee that works on red clover and it will be no loss to let the two big bees divide." Softly. You are quite mistaken in thinking no bee but the bumble bee now works on red clover. Many have had bees that gathered more or less honey from led clover, and very likely if you watch from year to year you may see some of your own bees at it. It is not at all impossible that we may breed Apis mellifica with a tongue so long as to reach the bottom of the red clover tubes. There is a decided variance in the length of bees' tongues. In France they have been making an effort to breed larger bees, longer tongues coming with larger bees. In our own country Dr. Murdock has bred bees so large that the worker cells are almost as large as ordinary drone cells. He says they work well on red clover.

Now, suppose Apis dorsata is brought into this country, behaves as it does in its native land and multiplies so as to gather nearly all the red clover honey. Don't you see that it will be a positive damage to those who have a red clover strain of bees? No wonder English sparrows came up in the minds of two of the gentlemen making replies. No, let us work to get Apis mellifica regularly instead of exceptionally to work on red clover and not run the risk of getting Apis dorsata here until we know for certain that we can make it work for the benefit of its owner and not to his detriment.

C. C. MILLER.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as will be charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

The American Bee-Keeper,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE W. T. FALCONER MANFG CO.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

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EDITORIAL.

We send this month a number of sample copies to bee keepers who are not subscribers. Every one should take a bee paper and keep up with the times. We hope every one receiving a free copy of the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER this month will regard it as a special invitation to subscribe. Remittances can be made in postage stamps.

Even though it is yet quite early in the season, there are signs that this will be one of the "good seasons" that are "so few and far between."

While the inventor of end spaces and end spacers for top-bars, whoever he my be, is deserving of credit, the inventor of the combined spacer and guard, has contributed a feature that will be more appreciated as apicultural appliances are perfected to meet the requirements of a permanent and growing industry. This improvement, we believe, originated in Canada some fifteen years ago, and is there in use in some of the largest apiaries.

We are in receipt of a nicely gotten up booklet, entitled "The Busy Bee in the Land of Flowers," published by the South Florida Apiary Co., of Spruce Bluff, Fla. It contains descriptions and resources of certain localities in Florida with a view to interesting bee keepers of the north in that southern land, as being an ideal place for the production of honey.

We have had several inquiries recently, from subscribers wishing to know where can be obtained Carniolan queens. Someone who raises these would doubtless find it would pay to advertise.

We have just gotten out a 16-page pamphlet entitled "Successful Bee Keeping," by W. Z. Hutchinson. It is well written and instructive, and is especially intended for those who are not very far advanced in bee keeping. We will send a copy postpaid for 6c in stamps.

Mr. H. E. Hill of the South Florida Apiary Co., sent us a few days ago, a sample of Pennyroyal honey in the comb. It was as nice a specimen of white honey as we have ever seen and the flavor no doubt to many is very pleasing. We cannot say, however, that we would especially prefer it ourselves.

Washington, D. D., sets an example (in some things) worthy of emulation by other municipalities. For instance, the long rows of beautiful lindens which shade many of its attractive streets. Whether these were planted at the instigation of some "bee man" with an eye to business, or wholly from an appreciation of their ornamental worth, we cannot say. They are truly beautiful, however.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Rev. Stephen Roese of Salem, Wis., who has occasionally written articles for this magazine, died March 9th, 1897, after a lingering illness, aged 68 years.

The prices of sections have changed some from those of last season, as will be noticed in the price list of sections elsewhere. Our sections are superior to any on the market, and only those of two other makers approach anywhere near them in quality, yet our goods are sold as low as others.

To have congress place an internal-revenue duty of two or three cents per pound upon all glucose, is a practical method of dealing with adulterators of honey, suggested by Wm. G. Hewes of California.

It is estimated that 1,200,000 pounds of honey were put upon the Chicago market in 1896.

Honey diluted with water is said to have been administered with good effect to smallpox patients in Mexico.

If you have not received one of our large illustrated catalogues and price lists send us your name on a postal card and we will mail you one.

Florida bee keepers report active business at present, with good prospects for the season, while encouraging accounts are coming from California.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

It is a criminal offense in the states of Michigan and Vermont to spray fruit trees while in bloom. It ought to be in every state.

Read our offers to subscribers,—and send in your remittances.

LADIES BICYCLE - - -
- - - VERY CHEAP.

We have a **Cleveland** 1895 Ladies Wheel in perfect condition. Used but little. 26 in. wheels; weight 24 lbs., for $25.00 cash; cost $100.

Clubbing List.

We will send the American Bee-Keeper with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

Garden Seeds as Premium.

We will send the American Bee Keeper one year and a box of choice garden seeds, retail value $1.60, for only 60 cents.

We take pleasure in showing to our readers a photograph of Mr. Chas. H. Thies, who has written for the American Bee Keeper regularly for the past two years or more. Mr. Thies was born in Steeleville, Randolph Co., Ill., in 1861, where he at present resides. He attended the village school until 22 years old and afterward took a commercial course at St. Louis. Mr. Thies has been for a long time the junior member of the firm of John H. Thies & Son, manufacturers of woolen goods, until last January, when Mr. J. H. Thies, his father, died, since then Charles has taken entire charge of the business. He has been township school treasurer for the past 12 years. Is in religous faith a Methodist. He began keeping bees in 1880 and commenced queen rearing soon after on a small scale. In 1884 he began rearing queens more extensively and during the past three or four years has sold from 800 to 1000 queens annually. He breeds principally three and five-banded Italians.

WHY SUD POORTITH GRIEVE THEE?

Why sud poortith grieve thee?
Why be dour o' heart?
Gin thy luve nae leave thee,
Flout thee na deceive thee,
Leesome is thy part.

Wha wad aye be busy,
Tentin gowd or gear,
Gin a sonsie hizzie,
Meg or Bess or Lizzie,
Lilts in meadows near?

Quit thy daurg, an to her
Rin wi' merrie speed!
Yon's the lass. Gae woo her!
Tinin her, ye'll rue her
Mair nor muckle need.

Gray age grips the guinea.
Ye hae gowd o' youth.
Kisses, sweet as hiney,
Lackin, ye're a ninny.
Tak' them noo, i' sooth!

—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

HIS TEMPTATION.

"Oh, shut up, Macpherson!"

Walter Macpherson, medical student, who was thus emphatically addressed, finished the verse of the music hall melody he was singing in his musical, if rather boisterous voice, and then turned toward his companion.

"What's up, old man?" he asked, regarding him with a comical look of concern on his good natured face. "You don't look as happy as I've seen you. To quote Glabrio in "The Sign of the Cross:" 'Whether is it your liver or your heart that troubles you? If the former, send for the doctor; if the latter, send for the woman.' That advice is invaluable, my dear fellow, and ought to be acted upon at once."

Frank Ross pushed the book he had been poring over away from him impatiently and rose from the table. He was a tall, slightly made lad, very different in appearance from the stalwart Macpherson, with whom he had shared his lodgings for the last two sessions. They were both medical students and in their second last year.

"I wish you'd keep your advice to yourself, Macpherson," he said. "I find it difficult enough to study just now; when you are in the room it's impossible. I cannot imagine how you ever manage to get through your exams., and with honors too."

"You see, I'm not in love, Ross, and that makes a difference. My dear boy," he continued, changing his bantering tone, "I wish you would not worry yourself so much over trifles. You will make yourself ill before the end of the session."

"Trifles!" Ross exclaimed. "Do you call it a trifle that I have not seen her for nearly three weeks and that, although I know she is in town, she has not even written to let me know her address? I tell you, it is enough to drive a fellow mad to be engaged to a girl like that!"

Walter Macpherson glanced at Ross' pained, angry face with a look of sympathy on his own handsome one. Then a dark flush crept gradually over it and he busied himself in lighting his pipe.

"Have you not seen Miss Wilson lately, then?" he asked kindly. He had a disagreeable feeling of disloyalty to his friend in his honest heart as he thought of how only a few nights ago he had met, quite by accident on his part, the young lady in question, and as he had had nothing special to do walked part of the way with her to where she was staying with friends. Somehow he had omitted to mention the meeting to Ross, and of course took it for granted that he knew where she was living and had seen her himself. Macpherson had known Lily Wilson for some time and was on friendly terms with her, as being Frank's intended. She and Frank came from the same town, some distance out of Glasgow, and had known each other all their lives. It was an understood thing that the marriage would take place whenever Ross was through. He made no secret to Macpherson of his all absorbing love for Lily, and Walter, who had never been in love as yet, listened good naturedly, wondering sometimes if any girl was worth troubling so much over, and invariably coming to the conclusion that if such a one existed it was Lily Wilson—Lily, with her yellow hair and tall, willowy figure.

For a moment he hesitated whether to tell Ross of the chance encounter or not, then he made up his mind to say nothing about it. He would try to see her again and tell her how much pain she was causing Frank by her silence. Macpherson had grown very fond of his companion within the last two sessions, and in his own blunt, good natured way would have done almost anything to save him trouble or pain.

"Don't fret over her, Frank," he said, laying his hand on his shoulder. "You will see her soon, I'm convinced of that, and then you will laugh at all your fears and doubts about her."

And Ross' despondency, as usual, gave way before his friend's cheerfulness and unfailing influence.

* * * * * * *

That night Walter Macpherson, after his classes were over, went round in the direction of where Lily had told him she was staying in the hopes of seeing her. It was beginning to get dark as he sauntered slowly along toward the gates of the park, where he had met her the previous evening. He had almost given up hope of meeting her, when he saw her slim figure come slowly toward him with a book under her arm. He stopped and raised his hat. There seemed an unusual glow on Lily's fair face as she gave him her hand.

"I have been enjoying the park and a book all afternoon," she said. "We seem destined to meet, Mr. Macpherson."

"I was in hopes of doing so," Walter said in his blunt way, looking from his great height at her gracefully poised head and soft blue eyes, which looked almost black in the gathering dusk. "It is too late for you to be wandering about alone. But since we have met I want to have a talk with you. Let us take a seat in the park for a short time."

Lily turned with him, and they sat down on an empty seat near the park gates. After a moment's silence Walter said abruptly:

"Frank tells me he has not seen you since you came to town, Miss Wilson? Forgive me for interfering, but is that not rather unfair? He is making himself quite miserable over not hearing from you."

"Does he know you have seen me?" Lily asked, her face, which had been flushed a few moments ago, gradually growing pale.

"No, I have not told him," Macpherson answered. "I know it is quite unintentional on your part, Miss Wilson, for you could not do an unkind action, but you are causing him great pain. I cannot bear to see him unhappy. He and I are like brothers, and I know you will excuse me for pleading with you on his behalf. You cannot have any reason for treating him like this, and he does not deserve it. I believe he would cut off his right hand sooner than cause you a moment's pain."

Lily sat quite still for a few minutes after Walter had ceased speaking. He looked at her in surprise. She seemed different from the bright, vivacious girl she used to be. Had she really intentionally kept her address from Frank? Walter had never thought of this before, but had put her conduct down to carelessness.

At last she raised her head and looked at him in the dusk.

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"To see Frank at once and put an end to his anxiety and unhappiness, of course. Surely, Miss Wilson, that is what he might naturally expect from his future wife!"

Lily turned on him suddenly and laid her small white gloved hand on his arm.

"You ask me to do this?" she asked passionately.

A curious thrill ran through Walter's arm as she touched him.

"Yes," he answered steadily, "I ask you to do this. Surely it is the mode of action your own heart would dictate?"

"Oh," Lily said in the same low, passionate tone, "you will force me to speak plainly and humiliate myself to the dust! Have you not seen that the bond between Frank and me has become intolerable, unbearable to me—ever since—I—met—you?"

The last words were almost a whisper, but Walter heard them. His heart gave a wild throb, then almost ceased to beat. What undreamed of, unheard of thing had happened? Walter Macpherson had none of that vanity with which some men are so plentifully endowed, and he had never thought of the possibility of any woman falling in love with him. And Lily—careless, beautiful Lily! For a moment he thought he must have dreamed that she whispered those last words, then as he saw her face he realized that it had been no dream. Walter thought she had never looked so beautiful as she did now. They were all alone in their corner of the park, and a pale yellow moon was beginning to shed its rays on Lily's golden hair and dark, slight figure so close beside him. For a moment a wild longing to draw her into his arms came over Walter; to take the prize that was so suddenly thrown within his reach. Was it not his by right after what she had said? Then, suddenly remembering Frank, he put the temptation from him. Was he going to betray his friend who had trusted him with his whole heart? A dark flush rose to his brow.

"I am sure you do not mean what your words imply, Miss Wilson," he said. "Believe me, I shall not think of them again. Remember Frank, who has not a thought apart from you, whose ambitions, hopes and dreams for the future are all centered round you, and when the time comes be the true and loving wife to him that he deserves."

Lily, listening to his grave, calm words, did not guess the wild tumult that lay beneath the outward composure. She only felt that she had humiliated herself in vain, and she hid her face in her hands.

* * * * * * *

A few days later Frank Ross burst into the little sitting room where Macpherson was poring over his books and executed a dance more distinguished for its violence than its grace in front of Walter's astonished eyes.

"Congratulate me, old fellow! Lily has consented to marry me at once. She is an angel and says she does not mind being a little poor for a year or two until my studies are finished. She agrees with me that long engagements are a vast mistake. What a cad I was ever to doubt the dearest, sweetest girl that ever lived! You must be best man, Walter."

"With all my heart," answered Macpherson, giving him his hand. Frank, in his happiness, which is apt to bring with it selfishness, did not notice that his friend's face looked white and drawn. "And I wish you both the best of everything that life can give."

"Thanks, old chap," Frank said as he clasped Macpherson's hand.—Scottish Nights.

A Few Words on Books.

A good remark somebody made once is that if you own books you do not have to read them. That is, if you hear of a certain book, you say, "I must get that out of the library and read it." If you do so, it is necessary to read it at once and return it. If you can buy it, you read what portion satisfies your particular want at the moment, and then there it stands among your other good friends, always ready, like any real friend, to serve you at a moment's notice in any way it can. Indeed, it is a real friend, because it never deserts you, never goes back on you, never changes, unless somebody borrows it, and that is not the book's fault. The mere fact that your room is filled with books is a good kind of influence, for there is something in the mere proximity of books that makes a chap serious occasionally and induces him to sit and ponder once in awhile in the midst of his grind, his sport, his daily work and his other and less valuable friends at school or college.

Then, too, in these days, when there are so many hundreds of books a year and so many millions already published, it is utterly impossible to try to read, as the old fellows in the later middle ages used to, everything that is published. It is far better to re-read some good, familiar things again and again. They are good books, they are your especial favorites, and you will seldom fail to find something new in them each time you read them. It gives you a little idea of how much the writing of them must have meant to their author if you can read them, say, 20 times and still go on finding something you had not succeeded in discovering in them before.—Harper's

A Good Suggestion.

A correspondent of a Boston paper says: "As far as I have observed, whenever a food preparation is put into a package with printed matter the printed side is invariably placed near the article of food, which often happens to be of a standard and superior quality. Why not reverse the printed slip? Printing ink is not nutritious, palatable or wholesome, and such food packages, if allowed to remain unopened for a long time and if exposed to heat and moisture, must deteriorate in quality and may even become unwholesome."

"FELICE NOTTE!"

God send the little golden bees of sleep
To murmur in the blossom of your ear
Their gentle summer music, hushed and deep,
Their softest slumber songs to you, my dear.

And may the gypsy, fortune telling dreams
Draw you beneath their painted tent and take
Your palm and tell you fortunes, rosy gleams
Too sweet to be remembered when you wake.

Once may your hyacinthine lids unfold
Calm in the pleasant glory of the moon.
The happiest stars in heaven may you behold
And pray and sigh for joy and slumber soon.

—Irene Putnam in New York Tribune.

MILLY'S RETURN.

Uncle Ben Simms stood by his barn door, intent on fixing a broken harness. He did not hear my footstep or see me until I was close upon him. "Good morning, uncle,'' I said. I knew how friendly he was to every stranger and did not fear his not answering me or asking annoying questions about me.

''Mornin, stranger. Fine mornin this! From York?''

''Yes, sir; just this morning. At what time does the train—I mean the next one—leave the station going back?''

"'Bout 4 this afternoon. I wuz jist tryin to fix up this ole harness, so's to meet the 1 o'clock train. It's jist about played out. 'Lowed 'twould last as long as me an the ole lady did, but seems like it's jist fallin all to pieces all at once. You see, stranger,'' and a glad smile lit up his bearded, wrinkled face, "you see, Milly's comin home today. Milly—that's my darter—been gone nigh on nine years. She wuz our only child, all we ever had, 'cept Andy. He's been with us since he wuz 9 years old. Andy's a good boy, sir; a good boy as you ever seed, and most anybody'll tell you the same.

''Yes, she wrote me a card. I got it here in my blouse pocket. Ma's just wild fer joy. An, stranger, yer ought ter see the good things she's got cooked. Ma's a wonderful good cook. There ain't a woman in the country round that can beat her. She's been trapesing round fixing up good things ever since Andy bro't this card. Yes, it'll lift a mighty heavy load from this ole heart if Milly comes today, and it'll make me ten years younger. These has been nine of the most miserable long years ole Uncle Ben Simms ever put through with.

''You see, stranger, it wuz this a way.'' And Uncle Ben wiped his eyes on his checked blouse sleeve and let the old harness down carefully. ''Dick Plummer, he us't often to come out here in the summer fer a visit, ever since he war the same age as when we took Andy to raise. He an Andy us't to have sich times a-fishin an swimmin an huntin. He warn't a bad chap, an I didn't mind his visits to our place—sorter liked to see him an Andy together. But when he growed up an begin to larn to be a doctor, I sorter somehow turned ag'in him. He us't to tell 'bout cuttin people to pieces an all. It gave me the creeps. He us't to say 'twan't nothin to see scholars where he studied play ball with a man's arm. Ugh, sich men! In our day it was very different, very different.

''Waal, one day I wuz out in the smokehouse sharp'nin my sickle—an I wan't in a very good humor either, I mind—when Dick came out thar an told me he wanted to marry my Milly. I mind, sir, I got so riled I wuz fairly beside myself, for I'd sot my heart on her marryin Andy, fer Andy wuz good 'nuff fer any girl—wouldn't hurt a flea, Andy wouldn't. Why, sir, I've seed him pet an coax an work with our ole black hoss (he's balky most all time), an if 'twould been me I'd come blame near killin him. Waal, I ain't so much that way now since Milly's gone. I've sorter mastered my fiery temper, 'tween thinkin of her an watchin Andy.

"But that mornin when Dick came out thar an told me he wanted to marry Milly—I told you I wuz on a 'high hos,' as old Parson Sheckley used ter say—an I wouldn't give in an inch, he kept a-tellin me that he loved Milly an she loved him, but it never made any difference; I wanted her to marry Andy, but they went over to Roseville an wuz married that afternoon.

''When they came back—I can see her now come in a-laffin—an she came up to me an said, 'Pa, you ain't mad, air you?' mother she bust out a-cryin, fer she knew I would act a dern fool, fer I wuz in a terrible fit of temper, fer that mornin old Dodson's boys had nigh stripped my fine Bartlett pear trees at the back of the lot—I jist p'inted to the door an told her"—his voice again wavered and up went the checkered shirt sleeve—"she needn't ever come here ag'in even if she lived to be 100 years old. An I mind, too, I said, 'Some day mebby you'll want ter come back, mebby to beg food fer yer children, but mind, I am not grandfather to any of your children.'

"An so they left, but Milly says: 'Pa, dear, let me kiss mother goodby. Please, please do!' An she looked so pitifully to her ma—I can see it now; I couldn't then—but I shut the door and left the house. I went over thar 'neath that sassafras hedge an threw myself on the ground an tho't of what I'd done, but I couldn't help it. The very devil of a temper wuz in me, an he would crop out at times.

"Fool that I wuz! Why can't a man see when he's actin a dern fool? An Milly wuz sich a good girl—sich a good girl! Now, thinks I, who'll comb yer ole ha'r before ye go to bed nights? Who'll get you a cool drink when yer so fagged out that you can't do it yerself? Milly was a good girl, sir—she wuz that. One thing for sure, I tho't, I wuz ashamed to go into that house ag'in an face mother, fer thar's not many men as is got as good a wife as I hev, an that's shore. She wuz purty as a peach," and his eyes brightened, "when she wuz Milly's age. I us't to like to watch Milly working around, fer it seemed I wuz young ag'in, fer she wuz just like mother, gentle an patient, an when mother come in I could see what Milly would be in years to come.

"Poor mother! By my bein sich a fool she's seen lots an lots of trouble. She ain't what she us't to be, but is the patientest woman in the world today. I don't know if Dick turned out bad. He never was sich a bad chap—not like some city raised boys I've seed. I don't even know if he's livin or dead; jist know that Milly's a-comin, an that she don't say nothin about Dick.

"I often wonder if she's got any children. I don't desarve ter know, blamed ole idiot that I wuz! It would sarve me right never to know or even see our little Milly ag'in!

"I often wonder if thar wuz a boy if 'twould be named fer its granddad?

"No, I never go to York. It's all I kin do to get to Roseville. I hev been so crippled up with the rheumatism in this leg since it was hurt three years ago by that ole black hoss, that I can't git about, and I do say that if it wan't fer Andy I don't know what would become of this yer farm. Yes, Andy goes to York some times, but he says he's never located Dick Plummer, though 'twould be like huntin fer a needle in a haystack fer him to try to find him in sich a place as New York."

"I can tell you all about Dick Plummer, uncle," I said. "Dick Plummer has one of the dearest, best little wives in the world, and three of the sweetest children that ever learned to lisp the name of 'grandpa.'"

Uncle Ben rose as quickly as his stiffened old legs would allow and gazed at me as if I were one of the seven wonders.

"What, stranger, you know Milly—my Milly?"

"Not stranger, father, but Dick Plummer."

"Waal, waal—I'd never a'"—

"Yes, and I'm not so bad a husband. Just ask Milly. There she comes. You need not mind that old harness. See? Milly, Bennie, Richard and Dot!"

Dear Milly! My little wife came from the summer house by the gate, the little ones by her side, and, with a glad cry, fell in her father's arms. The old man held her and was silent. Tears came in his eyes, and I turned away, while Bennie said:

"Is that grandpa? Then what they cry'n for? Mamma cried while we was waitin. I thought we'd be happy when we got here."

The kitchen door then opened, and the chickens that picked about it flew in all directions, and a bent, white capped figure hurried painfully down the path in our direction.—Ella Edmondson Church in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Vague.

Bildad—What do you think of my wife?

Ichabod—I think she's a poem; yes, sir, a poem.

Bildad—Um! A magazine poem. I can't understand her.—Manchester News.

WHY?

It happened 'neath the mistletoe
Upon a Christmas long ago,
And when the reason she would know
He closer leaned and whispered low,
"Because, sweetheart, I love you so"—
Blue eyes and brown more earnest grow—
"You know, dear heart, I love you so."

* * * * * * *

Gone is the Yuletide's cheery glow.
In fern lined haunts the violets grow.
Again the culprit's head droops low,
As swings the lazy hammock slow.
"Forgive me, dear, I love you so"!
And she forgives, I almost know,
Because, you see, he loves her so.
—Nell Carey in Times-Democrat.

A MISERABLE WIFE.

"Yes, professor, I am afraid I shall have to rent or sell the farm; my wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about 50 years old, and as robust as a man of 30. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full, red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat and natty cutaway coat, and below his vest hung a single fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was such a perfect specimen of a New York gentleman from the rural districts that I wanted to imprint his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?"

"Yes. Kinder drooping, with a dry cough and no ambition. She just kinder drags around the house and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swan."

"Naturally weakly, wasn't she?"

"She! Oh, no. When I married her, she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for my father, and the way she made the work stand around took my eye. She was a poor girl and her industry got her a rich husband."

Here he took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely fitting trousers.

"So she did well, getting married on account of her industry?"

"Why, of course. She was getting only $2.50 a week, and she became mistress of a farm."

"Excuse me, but how much are you worth now—confidentially, you know? I am a scientific man and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, professor, I could crowd $50,000 pretty hard."

"That is good. How long have you been married?"

"Thirty years next Fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match and Jane was willing."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these 30 year?"

"Hum—um—lemme see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmons place, got war prices for my cheese and squared up both places. Well, I think I have cleared up $30,000 since we spliced."

"Very good indeed. And your wife has been a great help all this time?"

"Oh, you bet! She was a rattler! She took care of her baby and the milk from 20 cows. I tell you she made the tinware flop! Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over six months in that time."

"Splendid, and you have cleared $30,000 in that time?"

"Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?"

"She? Why, durn it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her Now, what has she made?"

"Why, you beat all! Why, she is my wife, and we own it all together."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants them? Then she has a servant girl when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and has a watch and gold chain as you do? Is that so?"

"Professor, you must be crazy. Nobody's wife is boss in that shape. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, look here. You say she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting $2.50 per week when you married her and had saved her wages, she would have had now $3,600. If she had invested it, she would have had $5,000. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so badly she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help and will probably get nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies."

"Professor, if you was a younger man, I would lick you quicker'n a spring lamb can jump a thistle."

"What for? I am stating this case fairly, am I not? Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a local editor's cheek, and she has stooped over a milk can until she has a hump on her back like a peddler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"She has raised four children. One of them is at college. One is taking music lessons in Boston. The other two are teaching school. She is at home alone, going around in a treadmill life which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first class country funeral"—

"Stop that, professor, will you?"

"While you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. No doubt you have been thinking of some nice young girl of 18 who would jump at the chance to marry your 30 cows and 20 acres of hops."

"Professor, I won't stay here if you don't let up on that."

"And your wife does not look well in that new Watertown wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbor's girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a new silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never says anything, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own, gold and rubber, and her nose is pushed up into her forehead and her face wrinkles. She never goes out. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice shoes like yours."

"Darn my skin if I don't"—

"No, you won't. You will just let her work right along, and then you will marry some high flier who will pull every hair out of your head and serve you right too."

"Professor, for mercy's sake, stop!"

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest and had nice clothes like other women she would be one of the best looking women of her age in the town."

"I swan I believe it."

"And, old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday and drive around with the colts and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then, Monday, if you were to tell her you were going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting room by the new nickel plated coal stove and work on that new silk dress you are going to buy her"—

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nice wallet with steel clasps and with five nice new $20 notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money."

"I will, as sure as you live."

"And then, when the tear starts in her eye, and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you went on that teeter to Albany, if you would kiss her"—

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I should begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

"You're right, old man."

"Then I think you wouldn't have a miserable wife any longer. Then you would no longer want to sell or rent the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know she was a partner in that $30,000. Then, if you made your will all right, and she had a good rest, I think she would some time be an eligible widow."

"Think so, professor?"

"I know it. Woman is a plant that wants sunshine. You have been leaving your wife in the shade too much. She has lost her color. You have made her think she is an old woman. She has given up all hope of admiration and love, and is only waiting to die and get out of the way. Suppose you were treated so?"

"What me? I am all right."

"Yes, I know. Women pity you because you are tied to such a sorry looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have, and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots and oil what little hair you have left on the top of your head and go around figuring up how long before your wife will die."

"Say now, see here, professor, there is a limit to endurance. I am going."

"I am coming down to see you next week. Will it be all right?"

"Yes, if you drop this kind of talk and won't tell of my complaints about my wife. I'll try your medicine. Would you stick for that prescription about the pocketbook and $20 notes?"

"How much did you say you have made together?"

"I cave. The dress will be all right, and the pony and phaeton will be handy for the gals. Come down and see us, old man, but not a word about this talk. If you wasn't an old man, I'd"—

Tipping his derby back on his head and shaking the wrinkles out of his tight trousers, he put his hands into his pockets and sauntered away.

"There," said I, "is one man who has taken the only legal and God given way of getting rid of a miserable wife."—Exchange.

Her Old Slave Aided Her.

Two members from Mississippi were swapping stories during the intervals between refreshments, when in an accidental way the name of ex-Senator Blanche K. Bruce was mentioned. "That reminds me," said one, "of a story told me a long time ago by a barkeeper at the Ebbitt. I was in there one day when Bruce came in, went into one of the side rooms, and, having been served, walked out without saying anything to any one.

" 'You don't draw the color line here, John,' I remarked to the barkeeper.

" 'Not on that man, sir, I don't,' was the reply. 'I have had a pretty good opinion of him since a little thing that happened soon after he first came here.

" 'Bruce was in his seat at the capitol one day, when a card was brought to him. He read it and at once went out to the waiting room. There he met the woman who owned him when he was a slave. With her was her daughter. Both were in tears. She had lost all of her property during the war and was absolutely penniless. The negro once her slave was the only man she knew in Washington. She appealed to him. Bruce listened to her story. He got his hat and went outside with her. His carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of bays, was waiting there. He called the carriage, assisted the mother and daughter to enter it with as much deference as he could possibly have shown them in the old plantation days, closed the door and told the coachman to drive to the treasury. Then he called a public cab and followed. The three entered the treasury together, and before Bruce came out he had placed in the hands of the woman he had once called "missus" an appointment to a good clerkship in the treasury department.'

"That," added the Mississippi member, "was the reason why the barkeeper didn't draw the color line at Blanche K. Bruce, and it seems to me the reason was a mighty good one too."—Washington Post.

Nansen's Fram.

Nansen invented the model of the Fram, making her hull round and slippery, like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface, and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the Fram from instant destruction were mistaken, for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

Grumbling.

Grumbling is a potent cause of ill health. It keeps the sensitive nerves constantly vibrating with discordant emotions, and not only hurts the grumbler, but every one who hears it. It really prepares the system of the grumbler for an attack of any malady that happens to be prevalent.

No Room For Doubt.

Arthur—Are you sure she loves you?

"Yes. When I told her I had no money to marry on, she asked me if I couldn't borrow some."—Pick Me Up.

STREET MUSIC.

Mein friends, I'm blaying, as you know,
Ze lofely, lifely piccolo,
Mit trills und shakes of songs or psalms
More sweet as anysing of Brahms'.
Ach so! Ach so!
Mein lofely, lifely piccolo!

Und I, mein friends, make music flow
From out mein cornet soft or low
Or shrill und loud; boze can he be,
Ze noble instrument is he.
Ach so! Ach so!
Mein cornet loud, or soft und low!

Mit all mein lungs I prafely blow
Mein big trombone fortissimo.
Und vhen you'fe heard me play him, ach!
You vill not vish for zings by Bach.
Ach so! Ach so!
Mein big trombone fortissimo!

Und I mit bangings to und fro
Mein drum's sweet music I vill show.
It may be loud or soft, mein friends,
I bang it till ze music ends.
Ach so. Ach so!
Mein drum is loudest I vill show.

Ve'll play ze "Wacht am Rhein," alzough
You seem to vish zat ve should go.
Ach! Vat you say zat ve must cease
Or you vill fetch us ze police?
Ach so! Ach so!
If ze police komm, ve must go.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

NEAR THE GALLOWS.

It was an extremely awkward situation. Even I, who am somewhat slow to think as a rule, realized that instantly. At my feet in the dusty roadway lay a revolver still hot and smoking from its discharge, the report of which had just startled the quiet of that country lane, while not 40 feet away from me lay in the road the body of a man who had fallen from a dogcart to the ground, apparently stone dead. And the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitterest enemy.

The horse stopped and swerved with terror at the discharge of the pistol, and this action threw the man, dead or wounded, from the cart. The groom, who was sitting back to back with his master, jumped from the vehicle and ran toward the prostrate figure, while the horse, left entirely to his own devices, came toward and went past me in a mad gallop.

As a drowning man thinks so did I in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master, he saw in an instant that the man was dead. Then he looked at me. I was still reviewing the situation. But there wasn't much time to spare.

It was not I who fired the fatal shot. The road at this point was lined on one side with a high hedge, and I knew that the murderer had fired from this ambush and dexterously thrown the revolver to where it lay just at my feet. But I was quick enough to realize that no jury in the world would ever believe this unless proof of the real murderer could be produced.

Instantly I knew that my only hope lay in his capture, and I immediately dashed through the hedge in search of him, while the groom, thinking no doubt that I was attempting to escape, came in hot pursuit of me.

Inside of the hedge there was no sign of any living being. The fair, green fields stretched away to the hillside, beyond which the white walls of a farmhouse were just visible, as peacefully as if there could be no such thing as the tragedy which had just taken place upon the other side of the hedge. I looked up and down the long hedgerow in vain. There was not the slightest clew to the murderer to be seen.

However, I determined that the man might possibly make for the railroad station, from whence I had just come, for I knew that there was a train to the city due in a few minutes. Could the ruffian catch it? And could I overtake him before he did so? If not, I reflected, I might easily telegraph to the next station and have him apprehended.

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside of the hedge and toward the railway station. The groom had given up pursuit of me, doubtless thinking it his duty to return to his master's body. It wanted six minutes before the train was due, as I saw by a hasty glance at my watch, but I did not know how far the station was from where the murder occurred.

I never ran so hard in my life before, but I felt that my life depended on the chance of securing the murderer, and consequently the effort cost me no strain. My wind began to tell on me, however, at the end of the first quarter mile, and I was just wondering vaguely how long I could keep it up when I came upon the empty dog cart, with the runaway horse quietly cropping grass by the roadside. Here was luck indeed. I jumped into the cart as speedily as my exhausted strength would let me, and, gathering up the reins, I struck the whip, and we were off as fast as the animal could run toward the station.

I estimated that there was still two minutes before the train was due, and I felt sure that the station could not be more than a third of a mile distant. Suddenly I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and with it came an inspiration.

The murderer might never be found. At all events, I could not lay hands on him just then. Why not take the train and make good my own escape while the opportunity presented itself? It seemed a terrible thing to thus flee from justice because of a crime which I had not committed, but I could not for my life see any other course open. So I urged the animal to still greater speed, and, pulling up at a bend in the road before I reached the station, I jumped down and ran, just in time to scramble upon the train as it was moving off.

It was a curious freak of chance, if indeed it was chance alone, which had brought me down to Hopeville that morning and thrust me into the unenviable position of a suspected murderer. I had received a telegram from Randolph Cutting, the man whom I had just seen murdered, asking me to come down immediately to Hopeville, and in obedience to this summons I had taken an early morning train down from New York. Hopeville is an exceedingly unpretentious little New Jersey village, if indeed a country store and two small houses besides the station could be so described. When I stepped out of the train, I looked about in vain for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a hired conveyance was an utter impossibility at Hopeville, I set out at a brisk walk in the direction of Randolph Cutting's place, which I knew from a former visit was about 1½ miles from the station.

Randolph Cutting and I were second cousins, and the very slight degree of affection which always existed between us was not increased materially at the death of an uncle of ours, who left his money to me, and whose will was so involved that there was a lawsuit between Cutting and myself. As it happened, by the terms of the will most of my uncle's property was left to me, and Cutting tried to have the will broken upon certain technical grounds which are not essential to this story. The courts upheld me, however, and declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself had not spoken for five years, and I, of course, had not been near his home until that eventful day, when I hurried down there in response to his telegram. True, I did think that it was a curious thing for Cutting to do—to telegraph for me to come down to Hopeville—but on second thought I concluded that some business of importance in connection with certain interests which were still mutual required that he should see me, and that perhaps he was unable from illness or some other cause to leave his home.

This brief explanation of the cause of my visit to Hopeville was only a small part of the thoughts which crowded my brain when I was safely seated in the train and whirling toward Jersey City. As I have said, Randolph Cutting and I were bitter enemies, and the evidence which pointed to my having committed the crime seemed so blackly conclusive that I could almost feel the rope tighten about my neck. When the train stopped at the next station, I trembled in every limb, fully expecting to see some one come into the car to arrest me. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and I passed several more stations in safety. However, I did not allow myself much hope, for I felt sure I would be apprehended at Jersey City. After some thought I concluded that it would be the best plan to go right in rather than get off at any of the out of town stations, as there would be much less risk of being noticed in the crowd which would get off the train there.

When the train pulled into the Jersey City depot, I made my way with all possible haste toward the waiting room, and, greatly to my surprise, I was not molested. Suddenly I heard the trainman call out a train for Philadelphia, and, acting upon impulse, I hastily secured a ticket and was soon comfortably ensconced in a parlor car on the way to the Quaker City.

I can never describe that night of horror which I spent in Philadelphia. Some idea of my feelings may be imagined when I saw in an evening paper a dispatch telling of the murder of Randolph Cutting, a well known New Yorker, near his country place, at Hopeville, N. J. The account in the paper said that detectives from New York were at work upon the case and that, although they refused to give out any of the facts, they were in possession of a clew which they felt sure would enable them to capture the murderer within a few hours.

I sought a quiet hotel upon a side street, registering under an assumed name, and then endeavored to compose myself to await results. I hardly think I slept a wink that night, but tossed feverishly upon my bed, wondering whether I had not acted very foolishly in thus running away when I was perfectly innocent. Undoubtedly by so doing I had strengthened the chain of evidence against me, but, under the circumstances, I did not see what else I could do. There was still a chance for me, I thought. Cutting's groom was, no doubt, a new one, as his face was not familiar to me, and he probably did not know who I was. No one else in Hopeville knew me. I had not mentioned my intention of going down there to any one in New York. My only hope lay in keeping perfectly secluded until the thing had blown over, and this I thought I could do as well in my hotel in Philadelphia as anywhere else.

Then when I would arrive at this point in my reasoning the thought of that clew that the detectives were working on would come to me, and I would break into a cold perspiration from nervousness and anxiety. How I ever got through the night I cannot tell. As soon as I could get into my clothes in the morning I procured a morning paper. There I found a fuller and more thrilling account of the murder, most of which I skimmed through hurriedly until I reached the following words:

"Detectives Warden and Seabury of the Pinkerton force reached Hopeville shortly after noon, having been telegraphed for by Mr. Cutting's family. They at once set to work upon a clew furnished them by Davis, the groom, who was with Mr. Cutting when the fatal shot was fired. Davis was sitting with his back to Mr. Cutting, but happening to look toward the side of the road he saw a man, whom he recognized as a discharged servant of his employer, level a pistol at Mr. Cutting's head and fire. Mr. Cutting fell to the ground, and Davis jumped to his master's assistance, only to find him instantly killed. The horse had taken fright and run away, when Davis, happening to look up, saw a figure in the roadway. Instinctively he ran toward him, but the man darted behind the hedge and Davis lost sight of him. He was unable, however, to identify the murderer fully when he was arrested by the detectives late last night. The man, whose name is James Simpson, was found in an empty hay shed, not two miles from the scene of the murder. When confronted with his crime he became panic stricken and made a full confession."

* * * * * * *

And that was the nearest I ever came to being hanged.—Alfred Stoddart in Philadelphia Times.

A Bomb Loaded With Men.

A new bomb has been invented that is an extremely curious affair.

It is called a pioneer bomb and is made to be fired from a cannon like an ordinary cannon ball. The curious part of it is that instead of carrying lead and explosives it is to have men inside.

The idea of the invention, explains The Great Round World, is to fire soldiers into the enemy's camp. The bomb opens the moment it touches the ground, the men spring out and begin to fight the enemies within reach.

A shower of these bombs would very seriously inconvenience an enemy, it is to be supposed, for they would not quite know what to make of such astounding cannon balls.

The bomb is so arranged that there is no sudden jar or shock to the men inside. It is covered with a number of rubber tubes filled with air, like the bicycle tires. These rubbers prevent the men from any injury which might be caused by reaching the ground so suddenly. The bomb bounds along like a rubber ball once or twice, and the soldiers are said to be quite comfortable inside.—Chicago Record.

PANSIES.

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill
And fairly shiver just to see
How close and tight as they can be,
They creep and creep and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think,
And when in dish or vase they dwell
Their thoughts they must each other tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"
—Bookman.

A REPORTER'S YARN.

"I struck Mills to get off tonight, but it wouldn't go. I told him it was little Milly's birthday, and the youngsters had set their hearts on having me spend the evening with them. I couldn't touch him even with that. Said he was short handed and couldn't spare me. Confound these city editors! The good nature is all blue penciled out of them."

"You're always grumbling, Jim. If you don't like the little inconveniences of newspaper work, why don't you get into something else? It was your own desire to get on the police beat, and you ought to take all that goes with it good naturedly. Quit your growling and tell us a story by way of penance. We have a couple of hours before us yet."

Jim loved to tell a story. He had been a reporter for many years, most of the time on criminal, and he had an experience for nearly every day in the year. His face cleared, he refilled his pipe and stuck his feet on the table. His three fellow morning paper men followed his example and amid the curls of smoke this is the story Jim told them:

"One morning about 15 years ago Richard Johnston of the firm of Johnston & Calvin, a very wealthy eastern lumber concern, was found dead in his office. He had told his wife the night before he wanted to look over the books, for things were not going quite to his satisfaction. The big ledger lay spread out on the desk, his face buried in its blood stained leaves. The head had been almost split in two, and the cut was so clean it was evident an ax had been the instrument used. The detectives went to work at once, and within 24 hours Fred Wilson had been arrested on suspicion. He was a cousin of the murdered man and had been out of work a long time. He had never been in any kind of trouble with the police, but he had a character for shiftlessness, and it was no secret that he and Johnston had had some words a few days before over a loan he had begged. He had been heard to say that a man who had heaps of money and would not help his relatives might better be dead. A glove was found in the office that was identified as his, and, to make the chain of circumstantial evidence complete he had paid a number of bills the very morning the murder was committed.

"His lawyers admitted their client had gone to the office, but denied any quarrel had taken place. The very reverse had happened, they claimed. Johnston had arranged the visit and had expressed his regrets for being so severe to his cousin, finally giving him money enough to clean up his debts and make a fresh start. This defense, in the opinion of the judge, the jury and the newspapers, was so daring that it was regarded as overshooting the mark. One juryman, however, was a little doubtful and stood out for manslaughter in the first degree. The others yielded, the verdict was so rendered, and Wilson was sentenced for life. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied that he had told his story through his lawyers; that he still adhered to it, and that, if there was a just God above, its truthfulness would be proved some day. He went to prison and was forgotten.

"I tell you, boys, that case bothered me more than a little bit. I never at any time believed Wilson was guilty, strong as the evidence was. I had several talks with him, and he never wavered in his story, no matter how I tried to trip him up. I spent most of my leisure time following imaginary clews. It was no use, and I gave it up after a few months.

"Five years afterward Calvin, Johnston's partner, died suddenly, and, though obituaries were rather out of my line, for I was still doing criminal, I asked for the assignment on account of my previous interest in the firm. I had a hazy idea that Calvin had known more of the affair than he had pretended. On those lines I followed up my old hunt, and I was not a bit surprised to find out from one of the servant girls that a small bottle had been found in the hand of the dead man. I ran down that side of the story at the start and showed the doctor up in great shape, for he had given a certificate for heart failure, having been induced to do so by Calvin's friends. Then I wanted a picture, but the deuce a picture was to be had. Finally an old friend of Calvin's told me there was a large crayon of the lumberman in the lodgeroom where they met. Calvin had been one of the past presidents, and on retiring, shortly after the death of his partner, had presented the lodge with this picture, following a custom in vogue in that particular body. The man who told me of it was one of the trustees, and he offered to go to the room with me and let me have the portrait. I did not want, of course, to bother with the frame, so I proceeded to take out the back. While I was doing so the trustee looked for some wrapping paper, and I was alone. Talk about luck! Luck wasn't in it. I am not religious, as you know, but I have had a queer feeling about that affair ever since. I found a folded parchmentlike paper between the picture and the back, and you can bet I hustled it into my pocket darned quick.

"Just imagine, boys, how my heart beat until I got to my room. I wasn't married then. I locked the door and got out my precious paper. It was a combination will and confession, and the introduction was the strangest part of it. Calvin gave his reason for hiding it in the picture, and it was this: That while he had not the courage to expose his villainy, he was willing to leave it to Providence. If there was such a thing, he said, the matter would all come out even in the face of apparent impossibilities. Then followed the confession. He had been playing a crooked game with Johnston for years, but at last the senior partner had become suspicious and had started an investigation of the books himself. Ruin and disgrace confronted Calvin, and in a paroxysm of fear he had taken one of the keen fire axes, and, creeping behind the unfortunate man, split his head open with a blow. He lived next door and had no difficulty in getting to his house unnoticed, cleaning the ax and restoring it to its place on the wall on the way back. He never expected such luck as Wilson falling into a circumstantial evidence trap, and he let him go to prison without a qualm. But his conscience or spirit, whatever you like to call it, couldn't stand the strain, and he fell back on morphine, both to quiet his nerves and furnish an excuse for the suicide he contemplated. He had tried in a small way to atone to Wilson's family by sending them, anonymously, money every month sufficient to keep them fairly comfortable. In the third clause of the document he bequeathed a handsome amount to the woman whom he had made worse than a widow. He left $10,000 to the wretched man he had allowed to go to a cell when he could have saved him with a word. Everything was straight as a die. There was not an ambiguous word in the document, and the signature was properly witnessed by the cashier and one of the clerks.

"I got back to the office without any more delay and wrote my story after I had given the city editor an outline of what I had. He just jumped out of his chair with delight and did a double shuffle in the excess of his exuberance. The boys thought he had suddenly gone mad, but he gave them no satisfaction, and I, too, kept my discovery to myself. He asked me what I was going to do with the confession. I told him my idea was to see the governor myself and secure poor Wilson's release. He said a fellow that brought in a story like that could do any darned thing he pleased.

"The governor happened to be in the city that day. When I told him my story, he started an investigation at once. He sent for the superintendent of police and the judge who had tried the case, an old friend of his. The man who had let me into the lodgeroom was also summoned to corroborate my statement, and letters written by Calvin were secured so the writing in the confession could be identified. Fortunately everything ran smoothly, and before 9 o'clock, with the concurrence of the judge, the governor decided on releasing the prisoner, giving as a double reason for his prompt action that the best way to redress the unavoidable wrong done Wilson was to give him his liberty without a moment's unnecessary delay.

"Then he sent for Mrs. Wilson and her two little girls. She came all in a tremble, as women say, for the officer had given her an inkling of what was going on. And the release—say, boys"—

Jim's voice broke. The boys refilled their pipes hastily and in the cloud of smoke that followed the next moment the tears that filled the eyes of the reporter who was supposed to be hardened to human misery were hidden in the wreaths that mounted to the blackened ceiling.

"It was a great scoop," one of the fellows said, "the greatest of the year."
—George Brown in Detroit News-Tribune.

A Queer Priesthood.

The most extraordinary costume worn in religious ceremony is that of the priests of a hill tribe near Darjeeling, in India.

A photograph of a group of these peculiar priests has just been brought back from India. All of them wear masks of enormous size, painted in the most hideous manner, possibly by the priestly artists. The colors are chiefly bright red and yellow. The faces have strangely shaped noses, eyes and ears, and many other things are done to make them as striking as possible.

When all these priests are engaged in one of the elaborate ceremonies of their religion, the scene surpasses anything on the comic opera stage. The fierce hill men of Darjeeling are very much impressed by the the sight of the representatives of their gods decked out in this fashion.

One mask indicates that its wearer represents the god who looks after the spears of the tribesmen and helps to drive them home. Another deity cares for the bows and arrows, etc. The warrior who hopes to do good work with any of these weapons must liberally propitiate the priests.

The hill men have a particularly great ceremony once a year, when, led by their priests, they go out on to the plain and indulge in warlike exercises, bidding defiance to all creation. The city of Darjeeling, being in the hills, is used to a considerable extent as a health station by British residents in India. The surrounding country, also called Darjeeling, is inhabited by a fierce race, who are only kept in order by judicious treatment. Many of them have enlisted in the Anglo-Indian army.—San Francisco Examiner.

Goodwin and the Dude.

One evening after the performance Nat C. Goodwin went to a restaurant for a late "bite." At the table adjoining the one where the actor sat with a couple of friends was a small group of first row youths. One of these young men had met Nat Goodwin somewhere for a minute. He wanted to show to his friends that he was acquainted with a real actor. Accordingly he brought up some topic relating to theatrical matters and made a statement which some other Prominent Citizen, Jr., disputed. "Well, now, I'll leave it to Goodwin," said the young man who had met Nat Goodwin—somewhere, for a minute. So he turned around and called out rather loudly: "Oh, Goodwin! I say, Goodwin, come over here a minute, will you?" The actor was startled for a moment, and then he arose. He took hold of the back of his chair, and, with all the artistic dignity at his command, he said, looking coldly at the young man, "Call me either Nat or Mr. Goodwin, if you please." Then he seated himself.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Took Her Advice.

A clergyman in a southern state was called to perform a marriage ceremony in a poor white settlement. After the knot was tied the mother of the bride placed before the guests refreshments in the form of rye whisky. The pastor, by virtue of his office as a Christian minister, remonstrated with her for thus starting in life the new couple. The mother, a large woman, about a foot taller than the minister, placing her arms akimbo and looking him straight in the eye, said, "Look a yere, mister preacher, yer kim yere to marry this yere couple. Yo've married this yere couple. Now git."—New York Tribune.

Great extents of country have been planted with fir and juniper trees by the thrushes and other small birds which feed upon the seed.

An Encomium Cheaply Won.

"Boss," said the man, "give me 2 cents."

The man addressed reached in his pocket, and a smile appeared on the beggar's face.

"I'm afraid," said the man, feeling around among the coins in his pocket, "that I can't give you [the smile on the beggar's face disappeared and a sober look took its place] 2 cents. I think I'll have to give you [the sober look was now turned into a broad smile] 5."

"Boss," said the beggar, "you're a brick."—New York Sun.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

Kansas City, Mo., Mch. 28, 1897.—Good demand honey. Light supply. Price of comb 10c to 13c. per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c. per lb. Beeswax 25c per lb. Very light supply.

Hamblin & Bearss 514 Walnut St.

Detroit, Mich., Mch. 31, 1897.—The demand for honey is slow. Good supply. Price of comb 8 to 11c. per lb. Extracted 5 to 6c. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply; prices 24 to 25c. per lb. There is more comb honey in sight than will be sold before the new crop comes in.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch. Mich.

Cincinnati, O.. Mch. 30, 1897.—Very slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 10 to 13c. per pound. Extracted 3½ to 6c per pound. Fair demand for beeswax; good supply; prices 22 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow.

Chas. F. Muth & Son.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Albany, N. Y., Mch. 1, 1897.—Fancy white 12 to 13c. No. 1, 11 to 12c. Fancy amber, 9 to 10c. No. 1 dark, 8 to 9c peg lb. Extracted white, 6 to 7c per lb. Dark 4½c per lb. The receipts of both comb and extracted honey are very large and prices are somewhat lower. We have an ample stock of all styles except paper cartons weighing less than one pound.

Chas. W. McCollough & Co., 380 Broadway.

Boston, Mass., Mch. 30. 1897,—Fancy white 13c. No. 1, 11 to 12c. Extracted white, 6 to 7c.; amber, 5 to 6c. Beeswax 25c per pound. Fancy Cartoons, 1 lb. comb honey is wanted.

E. E. Blake & Co., 57 Chatham St.

Chicago, Ill., Mch. 29, 1897.—Honey; Fancy white 13c. No. 1 white 12c; fancy amber 11c; fancy dark 10c; No. 1 dark 9c; extracted white 6 to 7; amber 5 to 5½c; dark 4 to 4¼c. Quote beeswax at 26c to 27c. Demand not very active; stocks light.

S. T. Fish & Co., 189 South Water St.

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4-3 Edwin E. Smith, Watertown, Conn.

Wolseley's Close Call.

On one occasion Lord Wolseley's life was saved by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, known as Count Gleichen. It was in the Crimea, when young Wolseley, badly wounded, was passed by the surgeon as dead. Undisturbed by the surgeon's remarks, Prince Victor tried to extract a jagged piece of stone which was sticking in the wound, and the prince succeeded in restoring Wolseley, for, after a little brandy had been poured down his throat and more asseverations from the surgeon that he was dead, he sat up and exclaimed, "No more dead than you are, you fool!"—Liverpool Mercury.

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We do not know a better mount on either side of the Atlantic.—*The Queen.*

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Paralysis and its Treatment.

BY H. E. HILL.

Regarding the cause of bee paralysis there is a diversity of opinion even among our most advanced apicultural writers. Our experience inclines us to the belief that as many ailments, widely different in character though in some respects similar, are thought to be paralysis, hence the various opinions as to its cause and treatment. The symptoms of the type most prevalent are, old, worn out looking, trembling, shiny bees, more or less, some wholly devoid of the usual light colored hair upon the throax and abdomen ; usually to be seen about the entrance and dying in great numbers upon the ground in front of the hive. Generally a colony thus effected will attack and eat quantities of larva of about the sixth or eighth day and the portions yet unconsumed may be seen here and there in the brood nest. With a prolific queen the colony may exist in a weak condition for years, or become so depopulated as to fall a prey to the moth. Though others report the periodical appearance and disappearance of the disease without treatment, in our experience if left to itself complete destruction is the final outcome sooner or later.

In a recent number of the Australian Bee Bulletin A. F. Burbank has this to say regarding his experience with the malady: "Bee paralysis must be caused by bad honey. I had some hives badly effected about two years ago and I never got rid of the pest until I extracted every drop of their honey, and in some cases had to do it twice. When the bees got new honey they were all right." This was doubtless a case of poison honey—similar to the instances frequensly reported by bee keepers in localities where yellow jasmine affords honey in our own country.

Mr. O. O. Poppleton, of Florida. one of America's most thorough and observing bee keepers, has for years successfully treated paralysis with sulphur. In reply to a request for a brief statement of his method of treatment Mr. Poppleton wrote as follows: " I choose a time when nearly all bees are in hive, then dust sulphur so as to have a little touch all or nearly all the bees and the combs. I take each frame out in its turn, then throw a pinch of flour of sulphur over all. Do the same in succession with both sides of every comb, and if bees gather in bunches in the hive off the combs dust them some too. For a few days after dusting the bees will die faster than before, then cease dying. About a week afterward examine brood comb and if there is plenty of eggs and no unsealed brood, the combs should be replaced with clean combs from other hives. Sometimes this treatment has to be repeated in a few months, but not usually. If diseased colonies are very weak it pays better to break them up and replace with nuclei made from healthy colonies."

Spruce Bluffs, Fla.

Straws from the Apiary.

BY FRED S THOEINGTON.

In running for comb honey I find it best to have the colonies go into winter quarters with a good prolific queen, plenty of young bees, ample supply of good sealed honey or sugar syrup (I like honey best where it can be had) and a good warm brood chamber. This fall preparation is almost a sure preventative of poor wintering and spring dwindling, which I call weakened vitality, caused by poor wintering. It gives a good supply of of field bees early in the spring ready to go to work on the first bloom that comes. As soon as pollen comes in freely the queen, if she is of any account, will commence to lay eggs more rapidly and the amount of brood will increase daily, provided they have ample stores left from their winter's supply to last until apple bloom comes, which they should have. If not they should be fed. When apple bloom comes, if the weather will admit of the bees working on it and it gives a good supply of nectar, work in the brood nest will progress more rapidly than before, and by the time white clover commences to bloom, which it usually does here the middle or last of May, the hives contain many thousand eager field workers ready for the coming harvest. If on examining a hive you find room is wanted to store honey, which will be found to be the case if the top bars of the frames show new white comb, the sections should be put on at once, not too many at a time for fear of discouraging the bees in their work, for if we do they are apt to lay idly around and become consumers until they swarm out. No more sections should be put on than the bees will fill compactly, which they will now do if the honey is coming in rapidly. More sections can be added as wanted by the bees, in various ways. A good way is to remove the sections as fast as they are filled and well capped over, putting in their place empty sections having a starter of thin or extra thin foundation. In this way of doing we avoid the travel stains caused by the bees running over the combs, until all are full in the crate and then remove the crate. Then, too, it seems to have a tendency to keep the bees at work in the sections provided the flow of honey remains good and the conditions of the weather is such as to allow the bees to work. We must keep our bees contented and at work if we wish to secure a large crop of honey. In the first place we want the field workers when the main flow comes on and not afterwards. Then, too, we want every thing in readiness. If no sections are removed until the super or crate is about full of honey and the honey is about two-thirds sealed it can be raised up and one filled with sections having starters of comb foundation can be placed below and the upper one removed when all the honey in it is well sealed. I would only adopt this course when the colony is very strong and the flow good and apt to last until all the sections are filled. If they are not filled we have too many to keep over until the next season after the honey is taken out. To avoid this, at the close of the flow I place the unfinished sections together and put them on strong colonies to be finished. This gives less unfinished ones (if any) at the season's close, and they, if any, can be used as bait sections the next season. In mentioning the above I only mentioned some of the natural conditions most favorable to bring the bees up to a strong working condition by the time white clover is in full bloom, say about the first or tenth of June in this locality, and in the more northern and eastern states about June twentieth. If the conditions of the weather will admit we can in a great degree hasten brood raising in early spring by reversing the brood nest, that is, by putting the center frames of brood on the outside and the other ones, or those having the least brood in, in the center. In this way the queen soon fills the combs having but little brood more fully than were the others, thereby giving a great gain in brood. This process can be repeated every two weeks or as often as the conditions of brood will admit. In ten days or two weeks from the time the brood nest is first reversed go to the hive again and take an outside frame having as much sealed honey in it as possible, and as Friend Doolittle says, break the sealing to the cells by passing a knife flatwise over it and placing it in the center of the brood nest. The removal of this honey will stimulate the bees to great activity, cause them to feed their queen, when she in turn will lay more eggs than otherwise, thus increasing the number of bees which will hatch twenty-one days later.

I would not advise reversing or spreading the brood in early spring unless the conditions of the weather are very favorable. If it is changeable, first warm then cold and *viseversa*, I think the brood nest is better left alone and warm until the weather becomes warmer and more settled. It may avoid brood becoming chilled in cold changes.

My bees commenced to bring in pollen in abundance on the 1st of March and they work every warm day, but the weather is so changeable I think spreading the brood would have done but little good up to the present time, April 6th. It may do from now on.

Peach, pear and other early fruit trees will soon be in bloom. Apple trees look as though they would bloom full. Let the harvest come. I guess my bees will be ready for it. Have lost none during winter and spring so far and all seem healthy and strong except one which shows signs of bee paralysis in the last few days. It is strong in numbers and each colony has plenty of honey of their own getting last season to do them some time yet.

Chillicothe, Mo.

* * *

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Feeding, Paralysis, Etc.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

Last month a bee keeping friend asked my advice in regard to feeding bees, when to feed, etc. I tried to give a full and complete answer but possibly not so complete as I could have done had I not been so cramped for time. This reply, however, was not published but was by letter. Well, I trust that by the time this article is in print bees will be gathering honey enough, at least for the time being, that they will not need feeding.

There was a time when I thought spring feeding a grand thing, even if there was lots of honey in the hive, but with years of experience I have concluded that it is of no value and often a great injury. To be sure if a colony is without sufficient stores, feed by all means, but if you have frames of sealed honey feed that. Bees will of nature breed as extensively as practicable in the spring of the year, and if plenty of honey is in the hive they will breed up all right, provided other matters are in proper shape. During the summer months when no honey is coming in and the stores are about exhausted, I think it pays to feed some, so that when the fall flow arrives we may have a good supply of young working bees ready for the harvest, and sufficient bees to go into winter quarters with. From experience I have concluded that a good number of young bees to go into winter quarters with is a grand thing. To be sure I don't want them too very young, nor do I want young bees, i. e., very young bees only.

In regard to paralysis, I can't say much as I have had little experience, particularly of late years. I believe, however, that dampness encourages this disease, if it is not the cause. If I remember correctly paralysis appeared with me only in a very damp spring and disappeared when dry weather arrived. I don't believe that it is dangerous in this part of the world, neither do I believe it contagious. I have arrived at this conclusion from experiments that I have made. I have repeatedly taken queens from a colony affected with paralysis and introduced them to a healthy colony and have never found the disease transmitted, however I prefer to have no paralysis among my bees and rarely have a case of the kind. I try to keep my colonies dry from above and below. I don't want my bottom board flat on the ground, and if no attention is given they will settle to that position during the winter, after the ground has frozen and thawed a few times.

Steeleville, Ill.

The Future of Bee Keeping, or a 20th Century Apiary.

BY M. W. SHEPHERD.

What will be developed on bee keeping lines within the next century is a question of considerable interest and subject to considerable conjecture. What has been the results arrived at within the last century? We well know that the science or profession of bee keeping has been revolutionized within a comparatively few years. The moveable frame hive was one great step, and the introduction of foundation was another, and we might mention the fact that some of the brightest minds have trended toward the scientific production of bees and honey. The very mysteries of nature have been opened and what is yet to be brought forth is a question that many of the old veterans will not live to see, but the possibilities are great. Artificial comb with full depth cells is one of the great desiderata, and if the present conditions are to be taken as prophetic of what is to come, it will no doubt be a fact that full depth combs will be furnished the bee keepers who now are using only a sheet of wax with the imprint of the cell base embossed thereon. Will there be any substitute for beeswax discovered is a question yet to be settled. Parafine seems to come nearest to fill the place of pure wax, yet past experiments have proven a failure in its use. No doubt it is the coming substitute. The future of bee keeping demands that the bees shall have full drawn combs to deposit honey in and it follows that a substitute must be used for beeswax, one that as fully answers the purpose will alone be accepted. The future bee keeper can not afford to let his bees produce wax, and it follows as a matter of course that a substitute must be used in the manufacture of comb.

Apis dorsata will be introduced and will be a great acquisition as then the bees will be enabled to gather nectar from sources from which they are now debarred. Honey will in a great measure take the place of sweets now in use, and while prices will no doubt range low, the demand will be larger.

It is not to be supposed that the present amount of forage will furnish bees with enough nectar to supply the great demand, but there will be seeds sown and the area of bee pasture will be increased to fully supply the demand.

What the improvements will be in hives and surplus receptacles is a question that will be settled by the demands made upon the inventive facilities of the coming bee keeper. Will adulteration play any part in the bee keeping of the future? I think not, for as the use of honey will be almost universal, and the prices will be low, it will not pay to adulterate. Will the business of bee keeping pay the coming bee keeper? I answer yes, for with the new systems that will be put into use and the increase of honey producing plants the yield per colony will be greatly increased, and the business will be put forward as *one* of the first, if not *the* first of the country.

Some may say the picture is overdrawn and too highly colored. I answer that if the *present* advance in bee culture had been predicted one hundred years ago it would have been derided and the one making the prediction would have been considered a fit subject for the insane asylum. Yet we today realize fully what has been done and why should we not truthfully say that *greater* things will be done in the interests of the twentieth century apiarist.

TIME WILL TELL.

Will remedies for the prevention and cure of the diseases of bees be discovered? Look at the field of medicine and see what *has* been done within a few years, and its application to all diseases incident to the *human* race, and then consider the possibilities of what may be done for the diseases of bees, when the attention of the great scientists is directed toward that branch of industry. Will there be *no* drawbacks for the bee keepers to contend with? Yes, of course there will. It is a provision of nature that there should be such things all along the line of life, no matter what the conditions are that govern them, but drawbacks will be reduced to a minimum with the apiarist of the future.

Mannville, Fla.

Notes and Comments.

BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

There were, according to the Statistical Register, 37,742 colonies of bees in New South Wales, Australia, last year, yielding an average of 41 pounds of honey per colony. Instead of clover, basswood, buckwheat, alfalfa, etc., the various sources of supply in that far-off land are wattles, iron bark, white and yellow box, mountain ash, gum, kurrajongs, ti-tree, geebungs, fire corners and stinging bark.

John Pease, in the Pacific Bee Journal, well says, with reference to Cyprian bees: "It would be hard to find anyone among experienced bee keepers who want anything to do with them." There are others of the same opinion upon the Pacific Slope, where this vicious race has become established, to the sorrow of nearly every bee keeper. We have no doubt if Messrs. Hoffman, Blood and Jones could return every Cyprian bee in America to their European home that California bee keepers would assist the enterprise by liberal contributions and furnish several cargos.

John Newton, of Thamesford, Ontario, at the Toronto Convention of the A. B. K. A., said he had been troubled but once with brood in the sections and that was caused by experimenting with heavy foundation in the sections. Now we know Mr. Newton to be an experienced and thoroughly practical honey producer, but will he please explain how the weight of the foundation used could have any effect as claimed?

F. S. Brautigam, Cliff, N. M., in the Progressive Bee Keeper, thinks he has effected a cure of bee paralysis by removing the queen and introducing in her stead a "ripe" queen cell. He had previously experimented by removing all their honey, without effect. Two years ago we had a colony which was fast succombing to the ravages of paralysis, and in accordance with the suggestion of some one now unknown, we fed honey diluted with salt water. The disease soon disappeared; whether as a result of the treatment or not, we can not say, but we were willing to give it the credit.

Regarding the golden Italians there has been a great deal written pro and con. Perhaps there has been enough said, but while others were having their say we were very busy experimenting with these "golden beauts," and yet unable to speak from actual experience. Their merits and demerits have been pretty thoroughly considered through the press, and one point has, as a result, been drawn out beyond question, viz: that bands are no index of quality. Superior strains are developed through careful selections in breeding and their markings range from the old plain black to golden yellow. The trouble with the yellow strains seem to be a result of competitive rivalry as to color and beauty upon the part of breeders, in which strife the more desirable points were lost sight of. Actual degeneration has been permitted in prolificness, money-gathering qualities, etc., while beauty alone was sought and attained. In order to give them a thorough test we purchased over four dozen tested golden queens at a cost of about $100,00. We are now free to say that with us they have been a miserable failure. Ten per cent. of them during the first year became drone layers ; not one in fifty could at any time show a brood nest as even and compact as an average queen of "scrub" stock. During the past three years not more than a half dozen have built up from three frame nuclei to full colonies upon their own resources, while others in the same yard, three-banded Italians, hybreds and blacks, have built up, cast several good, natural swarms and given several hundred pounds of honey. Their persistence in robbing tends to keep their hives depopulated. After making the test we would have been glad to sell our entire stock of yollow queens at 10 cents per dozen—47 cents for the lot, but realizing the swindle we would be perpetrating we preferred to kill them off and turn the combs over to other stock less fancy but with a business capacity to make profitable use of them.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
Bee-Keeper's Review.	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal.	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture.	(1 00)	1 35

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

Bee Notes.

BY ED. JOLLEY.

George L. Vinal says in Gleanings that "queens raised late in the season are superior to queens raised earlier in the season. He finds them larger as a rule, and not so apt to swarm the first season ; they build up quicker in the spring ; are better workers and winter better." I have heard this claim made before, and although I know no reason why it should be so I am inclined to think there is something in it. The best queen I ever owned was an untested queen I got late in the fall of 1893 from W. Z. Hutchinson. Who can give us a good sensible reason why late reared queens are the best ?

The value of drawn combs in the sections for securing a good crop of honey has long been known, and he who was fortunate enough to have a good supply of sections containing drawn combs on hand at the beginning of the white honey flow always considered them as good as "wheat in the mill."

Considerable space has been devoted to this subject of late in the Bee Keepers' Review. Its discussion brought out this among other things, that the buckwheat or dark fall honey which is usually slow sale and low price, could be very profitably utilized by managing to have combs started or foundation drawn out in the sections, and stored away to be used for securing a much larger crop of white honey the next season.

The subject of drawn combs takes us naturally to that of the new deep celled foundation. In fact the value of drawn comb is, I believe, the mother of the invention. It gives promise of being a good thing for bee keepers, notwithstanding some "progressive" bee keepers prophesy dire results will follow its use, and are loud in their cries of fraud, adulteration, etc. The most reasonable objection yet put forth is that the "fish bone," ever resulting from the use of foundation, will be heavier and the comb drawn from it will be less friable, but tests made by some of our best bee keepers, covering a wide range of territory, as well as by the Roots themselves, seem to prove this fear groundless. It would be well to suspend our judgment a while yet. It has been said that the triumphant march of the inventor and discoverer must be made up hill. True progress has ever been retarded by well meaning but misguided hands.

G. M. Doolittle tells in the American Bee Journal how to destroy wax moths and worms in comb honey. He says, "My way is as follows: take an old iron kettle of suitable size and put some ashes in the bottom of it so that there will be no danger of fire resulting from the heat from the coals which are to be placed therein. When I have the kettle thus prepared I take it to the room where the honey is kept and pour sulphur over the coals (the sulphur having previously been weighed) to the amount of one-fourth of a pound to every 75 cubic feet contained in the room, when the kettle is quickly pushed under the pile of honey (it having been piled a little off the floor for the purpose) and the room closed, I even look at the windows (two of which should be provided for ventilation in any honey room) to which any bee or fly which may chance to be in the room will come, hoping to escape their doom. As soon as the last of these are lifeless I take out my watch and after the lapse of five minutes I open the windows so as to carry off the fumes as soon as possible." This is a very valuable thing to know, and as it is out of season for its use now, it would be well to lay this away, where you can get at it when you need it.

For the sake of convenience it is better to have our hives placed on low stands near the ground, but one drawback to low hive stands is the great amount of bees that will be "gobbled" up by the toads. At this season of the year bees are precious and not a single one to spare for toad feed. I mitigate this nuisance with a paddle made of a piece of board like we boys used at school to play "paddle ball" with. I use his toadship about as we used to the ball. No doubt some will think this is cruel and wicked, as toads are useful for catching flies, bugs, etc., but I assure you that a toad that has once learned to gather his living off the alighting board of a bee hive will never again be much of a fly catching toad. A little watching for a few evenings will make toads a scarce article.

Franklin, Pa.

We have just gotten out a 16-page pamphlet entitled "Successful Bee Keeping," by W. Z. Hutchinson. It is well written and instructive, and is especially intended for those who are not very far advanced in bee keeping. We will send a copy postpaid for 6c in stamps.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

ED. AM. BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir,—Noticing an article, "Best all Seasons Hive," in the March BEE KEEPER, made me think that perhaps you would like to hear from others who use the Falcon Chaff Hive.

In the spring of '93 an Uncle gave us a hive of bees. I smile when I think how very much afraid I was of them. We worked the first year for increase, and in the fall had 19 lbs. of honey and six good swarms of bees in Portico hives, which we wintered successfully by packing them in straw. After much study of the hive question we bought Falcon chaff hives with opening on one side. Last fall we had 40 chaff hives and 10 portico hives well filled with bees and honey. We use nine frames instead of ten. Today there are three swarms in portico hives dead and one that was wintered in a chaff hive. We do not move the hives about. They are placed on a good stand and there they stay. We have two or three light boxes with cloth covers attached to one side to use at swarming time. When the swarm issues I go to the hive as soon as the bees are out, take off the supers and set the old frames, all but one, into these light boxes, leaving a frame of drone brood in the old hive and put in six frames with starters, or five frames if it is a small swarm. I replace the supers, close the hive and hive the swarm on the old stand. If I use the brood in the box to strengthen weak colonies I brush all the bees in front of the old hive or I set them all into a new hive. When I am short of hives I take out the division boards and then the new hive will hold the brood for two swarms. This will be full of bees very quickly and if it casts a swarm it will be good for something. We use combined crates as your Falcon surplus case is too wide, holding 36 sections. We might get the case intended for the Portico hive holding 24 sections, but did not think of this at first and do not like to change. I think the sections will come out of the case with the section holders easier than they do from the combined crate.

I have to take almost entire charge of the bees in the swarming season as my husband is busily engaged with other work, and I know that our way is easier than lifting even 8 frame hives. When I find a hive with queen cells I set the frames out in my box and fix the hives the same as I do when they swarm, and then shake the bees down in front of the hive. This saves lots of work and I do not see any difference in the work of the bees. Some say they will not work as well and last year I thought they might swarm if they wanted to, but when I had five swarms issue at the same time and all cluster on one limb I changed my mind, and the next day I went over the whole yard and gave them all the artificial swarming they wanted.

We think the Falcon Chaff Hive the best, first, last and all the time. There is no worry about heat or cold, no dummies to look after in contracting, and when you take the sides off the frame comes out easily.

Yours truly, MRS. J. W. B.
Waterloo, March 29, '97.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen : Enclosed find subscription price for the BEE KEEPER for '97.

I have six swarms of bees at home and three in the country six miles away. I got about four pounds of comb honey last year. Bees did nothing. They never did do anything in Lowell. There is no bee pasture. I lost one swarm that had no stores, although I put out syrup in pans for them. If bees cannot store enough to carry them through the winter when it it is put out for them they may starve. My only regret is that they did not all die. I pay out from three to five dollars every year for queens, but never see any good results ; also buy three or four dollars worth of sugar and I get from nothing up to $2.00 worth of honey. When I only had one swarm in an old box hive I used to get 30 lbs., with two hives about 10 lbs., with seven to ten hives nothing, so I only want one hive. I gave away several swarms and I guess I will sell the rest.

Several years ago I sent for an Italian queen. The man sent me a Holy Land queen. I introduced her all right but the bees never made a pound of honey. They did nothing but swarm and always on Sunday. I suppose that was because they were so Holy. Well, I want no more Holy bees. Just the old-fashioned black bees are the only ones that ever made any box honey for me.

Yours truly, E. H. W.
Lowell, Mass., April 5, 1897.

[We regret to hear of so much misfortune from E. H. W. We think his methods must be extremely faulty. It often occurs that a colony of bees fails to store any surplus honey even in a locality where there is apparently plenty of forage. We would suggest that E. H. W. purchase a good feeder and use it next time instead of setting syrup out in pans.]

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen: The goods which I ordered a short time ago were received in fine condition and are second to none in quality. I enclose another order * * * * *. Thanking you for promptness and square dealing, I remain, Yours, &c., A. D. WATSON.
Mansfield, April 19, '97.

THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., Gentlemen: Please ship my goods as soon as possible. My bees are in good condition and I will look for swarms as soon as the apple tree blossoms are out. I want to be ready for them. I have 160 swarms.

I believe if all bee men would use the Chautauqua hive they would have less dead bees in the spring. We have the Root chaff hive, the Falcon chaff hive and the Langstroth, but prefer the Chautauqua as bees winter so well in it. Yours very truly, J. G. TODD.
Nunda, N. Y., April 22, 1897.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Garden Seeds as Premium.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER one year and a box of choice garden seeds, retail value $1.60, for only 60 cents.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Progressive Bee Keeper).

ARTIFICIAL COMB

Will Bring Evil Results. Its Use Will Not be Practical.

Improvements That Are Not Improvements.

BY J. W. ROUSE.

It is with some trepidation that I read in the different bee journals of the so-called artificial comb, for I am not sure, even if it can be made, that it will prove a boon to the production of comb honey. I have never seen any of this "artificial comb," but have this to say: Even if it can be successfully made, and then put on the market at a price that bee keepers could afford to use it, and supposing that it would take nothing from the deliciousness of pure comb honey—if one person can make it what is to keep others from making it? I notice Mr. Doolittle congratulates the bee keepers that a patent is to be obtained, and if it should prove a detriment it can be generously suppressed, but I have an idea that what one person can do opens a way for others to do the same thing, and while a patent may cover the manner to produce a certan thing, I have noticed that all things (so far as I know of any importance) made can be and are made by someone else, even if it has to be made in some other way.

I have had certain reward cards in my possession for some years which I have used a number of times to help me to down the adulteration of honey. The reward cards referred to read something like this:

"$1,000 is offered for one pound of Artificial Comb, filled and sealed over."

This is not all there is on the card, but enough to show what it was designed for—namely, that it was then thought a mechanical impossibility to make honey comb by artificial means; but if a way is found to make artificial comb it seems to me that the hardest part is accomplished, and it will be a comparatively easy job to fill the artificial stuff and seal it over, and then good bye to the general market on honey.

I do not wish to appear as a needless alarmist, but must confess I feel apprehensive in this matter. I have also noticed what several others have had to say, pro and con, but I think some of the criticisms and comments on the so-called product are well founded. I will not discuss these points but it does seem to me that unless we as bee keepers can devise some way to defeat the adulteration of honey, or the sale of manufactured stuff as honey that is now being sold, bee keeping is almost doomed, as glucose can be obtained for 1½c per lb., and that is what most of this stuff is made of. I came across the following advertisement recently:

Honey without Bees. With my receipt you can make artificial honey that your friends can't tell from genuine. Better than any syrup for pancakes and general table use. Receipt and full directions for 12 cents.

Delicious Maple Syrup without use of the maple tree. For 12c I will send receipt and full directions by which anyone, anywhere, can make a delicious maple syrup at a cost of 30c a gallon. Both receipts, 20c.

There are many persons who do not know but what this advertisement is all right, and that honey can be made artificially.

WHEN BEESWAX, OR SOME THING ELSE, IS MADE INTO THE SHAPE OF HONEY COMB, ALL THE ARGUMENT THAT BEE KEEPERS CAN PRODUCE WILL BE OF NO AVAIL TO CONVINCE PEOPLE OF NON-ADULTERATION OF COMB HONEY.

I used to see much opposition against bee keepers obtaining patents on bee fixtures, the sentiment appearing to be that they should be liberal-minded and free in giving their inventions to the bee keeping fraternity, but it seems that so much and sharp competition has changed the minds of some on this line. However, I wish to say I have nothing to complain of, as I am not hurt in any way in the least, so far as I know.

There are some changes being made that are called improvements, which I very much doubt if they are improvements, and by having so many changes, which I have no doubt is sometimes made to head off competitors, it also so confuses bee keepers that they are at a loss to know what or when to obtain supplies for fear that a change will be made for something else, and the first ones will be all wrong. Still there are many sturdy bee keepers who do not jump at every so-called improvement, and still they succeed right along. I am not indifferent to improvement but want to be sure it is an improvement before I invest much in it.

Mexico, Mo.

LADIES BICYCLE - - -
- - - VERY CHEAP.

We have a **Cleveland** 1895 Ladies Wheel in perfect condition. Used but little. 26 in. wheels; weight 24 lbs., for $25.00 cash; cost $100.

(From Progressive Bee Keeper).

MANUFACTURED COMB.

A Club to Beat out the Brains of the Bee Keepers.

Prof. Wiley's Comb.

BY THOMAS G. NEWMAN.

I have read with interest the articles in the bee periodicals by Mr. T. F. Bingham and Mr. W. Z. Hutchinson about the use of the new "Weed" foundation, and must say that I share their apprehension respecting the effect it may have on the pursuit of honey production and honey consumption.

For years I fought the statement of Prof. Wiley that combs could or would be made by machinery, filled with honey, and be placed upon the market. I stated that it was untrue, and even went so far as to say that I did not believe it could be done. I desire to protect comb honey from the suspicion which might attach to it, if it was thought that the combs COULD be made and filled with adulterated glucosed, or bug-juice honey, or even the poor qualities of dark and unpalatable nectar.

I wanted to keep the sections of comb honey so far above suspicion that the fact of their being so put up would be a guarantee of purity. Virgin comb, filled with God-given nectar by the bees and fit for the banquet of "the gods of old Olympus," or for any mortal or immortal being in the universe.

I tremble for the results as I notice the efforts now being put forth to make the cells nearly one-half inch deep, by the new foundation comb of the Weed pattern. It comes too near

—horribly too near—to the manufactured comb described by Prof. Wiley a dozen years ago.

Making the tubes and cutting them with electric wires, plastering on a floor as a base for the cells, dipping this in a liquid of glucose and trash, and perhaps fitting on a roof by some "hocus-pocus" method is too near the precipice! Then how easy to be cheating the bees, robbing honorable apiarists, defrauding consumers, and destroying the pursuit!

Is it not putting a club into the hands of the enemies of the pursuit to beat out the brains of the apiarists? If not, it is standing on dangerous ground.

True, I grant you it is intended for honorable work, but it makes dishonest work possible and should be shunned as you would an adder. I surely think it will injure the sale of honey and destroy the pursuit unless a halt is called.

Another danger is seen. It may give chance for the "mid-rib" scare to arise again and be a detriment to the honey consumption. To apiarists let me say: Do not think of such a thing as using even thin brood foundation in the sections, nor countenance the Weed-abomination, called "manufactured comb."

The remarks of Mr. T. F. Bingham are to the point and very appropriate. He says, "Butter is butter, but melted butter is grease; so comb is comb, but melted comb is wax." Let us be very careful not to allow the pursuit to be injured by the use of too much wax in the sections of comb honey.

San Francisco, Cal.

Literary Items.

"The Proper Use of Wealth" is the subject characteristically discussed by Chauncey M. Depew, Miss Grace Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. John Swinton, and others in a Symposium in Demorest's Magazine for May. It will well repay reading.

THE FIRST RAILROAD IN AMERICA.

Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1826, projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to the nearest tidewater. Its length was four miles, including branches, and its first cost was $50,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought iron plates, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

"Does Modern College Education Educate, in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" is one of the most important enquiries that could be set on foot. This discussion, which is to be taken part in by President Gilman of the John Hopkins, President Dwight of Yale, President Schurman, of Cornell, President Morton of the Stevens Institute, Henry Thurston Peck of Columbia, Bishop Potter and others of the most distinguished men of both the United States and Europe, is begun in the April COSMOPOLITAN by a radical inquiry into the educational problem along the lines of Herbert Spencer. President Gilman will follow in a direction almost equally searching. Altogether there is promised the frankest possible expression of opinion, and it seems probable that it will be the most thorough comparison ever made of educational methods with the needs of every day life at the close of the nineteenth century.

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EDITORIAL.

The bill recently introduced in the state legislature to prevent the application of poison to fruit trees while in blossom has passed into the hands of the Governor. Owing to the persistent opposition of farmers in Livingston, Wyoming and Niagara counties it was found necessary to exempt those counties from its provisions. The opposition comes evidently from lack of knowledge as to the proper time to spray. Evidently the bee keepers in these counties failed to do their whole duty. The bill was ably supported by the New York agricultural experimental station, the Cornell experimental station, the N. Y. Farmers' Institute, the U. S. dept. of agriculture, Ohio experimental station and many of the leading horticulturalists of the state, to all of whom the bee keepers of New York state are very thankful.

The deep cell foundation which the A. I. Root Co. contemplate putting on the market as soon as machinery is perfected to enable them to do so in quantities, has met with a great deal of objection on the part of bee keepers everywhere, at the same time there are many prominent bee keepers who favor it. We are not prepared to give our opinion at this time regarding its merits. Samples received are indeed very nice.

The new United States Bee Keepers' Union is now fully organized and ready for business. Hon. Eugene Secor, Forest City, Iowa, is general manager. The membership fee is $1.00, which can be sent to the Sec'y, Dr. A. B. Mason, Station B., Toledo, Ohio. The objects of the Union are explained in the following:

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

Its objects shall be to promote and protect the interests of its members; to defend them in their lawful rights; to enforce laws against the adulteration of honey; to prosecute dishonest honey-commission men; and to advance the pursuit of bee culture in general.

Every bee keeper in this country should join the Union.

Since the A. I. Root Co. have succeeded in sheeting wax by mechanical means, several other methods have been advanced, some of them being of considerable merit and doing the work in an excellent manner as shown by samples which have been sent us.

G. DeM., Crawford Co., Pa., says: "Brood rearing in the sections spoiled quite a lot of honey for me last year, though the trouble was confined to one or two hives, while a number of others were run for comb honey, Can you tell me the cause ?"

In producing comb honey it is essential that the bees be crowded somewhat, as well as that the sections come as nearly as possible to the brood frames, so that where slatted honey boards or perforated zinc are not used, the trouble you mention is occasionally encountered. We do not recommend their use, however, as they tend to exclude the workers as well as the queen from the sections. Insufficient room below to meet her laying capacity is often the cause ; yet there should be no more room given than the queen will keep in use. When swarms are hived upon foundation or starters, if the super is transferred before the queen becomes established and begins laying below, she is likely to think those drawn combs above are better suited to her business than foundation, and again there is trouble. Another, and more frequent cause, is—primarily—the use of starters instead of full sheets in the sections. A colony that has developed the swarming fever is loth to store honey in drone comb, while the queen is quick to use every available drone cell, and is often thus attracted to the super.

There are indications of a good honey season in all parts of the country, and judging from the numerous orders we are receiving bee keepers everywhere are preparing for it.

If you intend to buy any bees this spring the best time to get them is during the early part of this month, as colonies are then strong and ready for the honey flow.

In England the bee keepers expect a very busy year. The indications for a bountiful honey harvest are very promising.

The next subject to interest bee keepers will be "swarming devices."

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as will be charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

GREAT YEAR AT CHAUTAUQUA.

IMPORTANT CONCESSION BY RAILWAYS—FREE STATE SUMMER SCHOOL.

So far as can be judged at this date the original Chautauqua on Chautauqua lake will have a great season in 1897. Concessions in rates have been made by railways which will enable many to attend who have been hitherto debarred by the expense. Early in July and early in August excursions will be run from Chicago and New York, with a round trip rate of $14 in the former case and $10 in the latter, with pro rata rates from intermediate points, all tickets good for 30 days. Stop overs at Chautauqua will be allowed on the return half of tickets to the National Encampment association meeting at Milwaukee in July, and on tickets to the Epworth league convention at Toronto early in July, which tickets will be issued at the rate of one fare for the round trip, are good for 30 days and can be obtained at all points in the United States and by any person desiring to use them for visiting Chautauqua. One feature of the rate granted for the cheap 30-day excursions from New York and Chicago to Chautauqua that is new, is the pro rata rates that will be made from intermediate points. This will enable people all along the trunk lines between New York and Chautauqua, and Chicago and Chautauqua, to get to the assembly grounds for a stay of 30 days at extremely low rates. These excursions will be run, one from New York and one from Chicago, early in July and one from each place early in August.

FREE STATE SUMMER SCHOOL.

In 1896, under the auspices of the state of New York, a free summer institute for New York state teachers was held at Chautauqua. Over 250 availed themselves of this course of instruction. An appropriation was made by the state legislature ; and, through arrangement with the Chautauqua management, all New York teachers who attended these courses were exempt from the gate fee at Chautauqua during the three weeks' session of the school A similar appropriation and arrangment has been made for the summer of 1897.

The advantages which Chautauqua offers as a summer resort for health, pleasure, instruction and entertainment are everywhere recognized and with cheap rates and the 30-day privilege the attendance during the season of '97 is confidently expected to far surpass all previous records.

The Split Wafers.

A man who now stands high in the mercantile community related to me the following little incident of his early life:

At the age of 16 I entered the store of Silas Sturdevant as a clerk. One day, shortly after my installment into the office, I was employed in sealing and superscribing a lot of business circulars —several hundred of them. That was long before the day of gluten, and I used small red wafers for securing the missives. While I was thus busy Mr. Sturdevant came into the counting room, and when I observed that he was watching me I worked the best I could, hoping to get a word of approbation. By and by he spoke to me:

"Young man, don't you think half a wafer would secure one of those circulars just as well as a whole one?"

I looked up, probably exhibiting as much disgust as surprise.

"If you split your wafers," he added, "you will accomplish all you desire, and at the same time make a saving of just one-half."

He turned away, and while I was thinking what a mean old wafer splitter he was, a lady entered who had been appointed one of a committee to obtain subscriptions toward building an orphan asylum. One public spirited man had given the land, and now they wished to raise $200,000, if possible, for the buildings and necessary endowments. Mr. Sturdevant said he had already been consulted on the subject.

"Yes," thought I, "and I guess that's all it will amount to!"

But he took the paper and wrote his name, and then he said:

"I will give $5,000."

I could hardly believe my ears.

At that moment the merchant arose to a stature of grandeur before me, and in my heart I blessed him; for even then I knew that the lesson of the split wafers, with its sequel, was to be the initial of my future success.—New York Ledger.

Generous.

"You said that when we were married you would refuse me nothing."

"I'll be still more generous. I'll not even refuse you nothing. I'll give it to you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE MENDICANTS.

We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old,
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds
As lavish time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great new minted gold today.

But there be others, happier far,
The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the players and the flowers
And care not how the world may plod.

They idle in the traffic lands
And loiter through the woods with spring.
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a blackbird sing.

They, too, receive each one his day,
But their wise hearts know many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
Above the dignity of kings.

One, I remember, kept his coin,
And laughing flipped it in the air,
But when two strolling pipe players
Came by he tossed it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
Danced to their wild, outlandish bars.
Then supperless he laid him down
That night and slept beneath the stars.

—Bliss Carmen in London Sun.

HIS FIRST WIFE.

Madison Janeway was always pointed out as a "self made man" and was apparently well satisfied with his own handiwork, for content radiated from his full face and from his figure, which had lost its youthful muscle under creeping waves of flesh. Mr. Janeway had satisfied his ambitions as far as it is possible for a man to do it. Fortunately for his content these aspirations were of the kind that are most often realized. He had a handsome wife and three bright children; he was president of the state bank, an institution known to be founded on the rock of sound finance; he had been mayor of Shewanee and was a member of the legislature. So much of earthly glory had fallen to his share.

When he read the obituary of another self made man, he always nodded his head sagely, as much as to say, "I know how it goes; I started with nothing myself." In fact, Mr. Janeway's election to the legislature came of the admiration the electors had for a man of the people. When his constituents hired a band and went to congratulate him, they found him ready with a speech. He said: "Fellow citizens, I will not try to hide from you my deep gratification at the result of the election. I wanted to be elected. I have wanted a good many things, and I've generally got them, but not without working. I started with nothing; I did chores for my keep; I went to school when I could, picked up a penny here and a penny there; I did any honest work that I could find. And where am I now? President of a bank, ex-mayor and a member of the legislature. I thank you, friends, for your votes, yet I feel that I have won my own way; that I am one, a private perhaps, in the great army of self made men." He bowed and retired amid loud applause. In another this speech would have provoked criticism, but one of the privileges of the self made man is to praise his maker without stint.

Mr. and Mrs. Janeway had but just come from a visit to their own house, which their architect assured them was in the purest style of the Gothic renaissance. But they were sure, too, which seemed to them of far more importance, that it was the finest house in town and quite eclipsed Mrs. Morgan's red brick mansion.

They were to move into it at once, and Mrs. Janeway went about the old house planning what should be left behind, as not coming up to the artistic standard of the new place. "Come here a minute, Madison," she called from an obscure entry back of the dining room.

Mr. Janeway laid down his paper and went to her, followed by Florry, their youngest child. "What is it, my dear?" he asked.

"Hadn't I better pack this away—the frame's so shabby that it isn't fit for the new house?" She pointed to a faded photograph hanging in a dark corner. It was the likeness of a plain woman, with a broad mouth and eyes widely separated; the hair was parted and drawn back from the forehead like two curtains; a watch chain picked out in gilt encircled her neck, and her lips and cheeks were touched by carmine, giving the face a ghastly pretense of life.

Mr. Janeway stared at it meditatively. "I hadn't noticed it for a long time," he said.

"Who is that lady, papa?" Florry asked, looking at the picture as if she saw it for the first time.

"Why, Florry, that was my first wife," he answered, surprised that she had not known it before.

"Was she my mamma too?"

"No, no," he replied hastily. "She was Sarah Deering."

"Wasn't she any relation to me?" the child persisted. She was but 8 years old, and the ramifications of kinship were yet a mystery to her.

"Of course not," her mother said rather sharply. "Your papa was married to her when he was very young—long before he lived here or knew me. I thought you had heard this before." She turned to her husband. "Madison, shall I lay this picture away?"

Mr. Janeway looked at her attentively. Was it zeal or an artistic ensemble, or was there a lurking jealousy of the woman who had come before? "Pack it away if you like," he said turning away. "It is shabby."

Long after his children and wife were sleeping Mr. Janeway sat smoking and thinking complacently of his success. He, Madison Janeway, had begun with nothing, and at 50 he had won the things he had longed for at 20. The opening and closing of the door attracted his attention. He looked up.

A woman walked across the room—a plain woman with an honest, ugly face and a short, thick figure.

"Who are you?" Mr. Janeway asked, frowning at her intrusion.

"Don't you know me, Maddy?" she returned.

He was startled when she called him Maddy—it was more than 20 years since he had been called that. "Are—you—are—you—but you can't be Sarah," he stammered. "She has been dead these many years."

"I am Sarah," she answered. "You have changed, Maddy."

"Yes—yes. We are apt to," he replied uneasily. "But you look just the same." He said this to see if she would account for her presence.

"The living can only see the dead as they were in life," she returned. "You sold the farm, didn't you?"

Mr. Janeway felt as if a reproach lay in the observation. "Yes, I sold the farm," he said. "I needed the money to put in other investments."

"I worked hard on that place," she said, crossing her hands—very rough, worn hands. "I worked hard there those years. I tried to save all I could, Maddy."

"You were a good wife, Sarah," he replied, "and both of us had our burdens, I guess."

"And it was my money that bought the farm. You had nothing when you came courting me, did you, Maddy? And you said that my being 30 years old and you being just of age made no difference."

"Yes, I suppose I said that, and I'm sure I always tried to be good to you," he said in answer to that unspoken reproach that seemed to lie behind her unspoken words. "I tried to treat you well."

"The money that came to me just before I died from Uncle John must have been a help. I left it and the farm to you, Maddy." Her dull eyes seemed to force him to acknowledge his debt.

"Yes—yes, Sarah. I know that I owe much to you. Without your help and money I should have had a much harder time getting on my feet. Yet I think I should have succeeded in any case." Mr. Janeway could not forbear offering this tribute to his self esteem. "However, I gratefully acknowledge your aid, Sarah."

"You have another wife now, Maddy, and children," she said, "but I was first. I believed in you, and I worked for you, oh, so willingly. I knew that you were different from me. I knew that you had hopes that stupid Sarah could never understand. I knew that I was your companion in your work, but not in your hopes. I knew that we were growing farther apart every year that we lived together. I knew that while I was getting to be worked out and middle aged you were only coming to your prime. I knew that it was best that I died when I did—before I came to be a drag on you. Yet, Maddy, before her and your children I think you ought not to shame me, for I was your faithful wife, the wife of your youth, and I gave you all I had to give—my money, my love, my toil."

Before Mr. Janeway could answer she was gone, and he sat alone.

The next day, however, he took the old photograph down town and ordered for it a gorgeous frame. When it was returned, he hung it in his library where it looked strangely alien between a St. Cecilia and the Arabian Falconer, bought at the instigation of the architect.

Florry, with a child's quickness, noticed the fine gilt frame that surrounded the ugly, good face. "What have you done to the lady?" she asked. "Aren't you going to pack her away, like mamma said?"

"No; the picture is to stay here. Do you remember who I said it was?"

"Yes; it was your first wife."

Mr. Janeway took her on his knee. "Florry," he began soberly, "when I was a little boy, I was very poor, as poor as the Galts"—a family celebrated in the town for ill luck and poverty. "I went to school when I could, but that was mighty little, for I had to work most of the time. Sometimes I'd get most discouraged, but I had to work just the same. One year I worked for a man named Deering. He had a daughter, and when she found how much I wanted to go to school she lent me some money—money she had saved by pinching and scraping. After awhile her father died, and she married me. I had nothing, and she owned a good farm, but she married me. In six years she died and left everything to me. She gave me my start. She was a good woman and believed in me when nobody else did. The other night papa dreamed that he saw her and talked to her, and it made him feel ashamed that he had seemed to forget her."

Mr. Janeway felt that he was making a handsome reparation, but he was a man who aimed to do right. It was necessary to his self esteem.

The child wriggled from his arms and walked away, with an awed glance at the picture.

Mr. Janeway stared at it musingly. "Are you satisfied now, Sarah?" he caught himself saying. "Pshaw! That dream holds to me still," he exclaimed, "but anyhow I've done her justice."

And though the architect declared that the photograph quite spoiled the effect of the library and begged that it might be banished to some back room Mr. Janeway was firm, and the dull, good face of his first wife kept its place between the St. Cecilia and the Arabian Falconer.—Chicago News.

The New Ribbons.

The new ribbons are very delicate in texture like silken gauze, and the variety in grass linen effects has multiplied many times since last season. There are Scotch plaids, light tinted grounds plaided off with some strong color and scattered over with polka dots or sprays of flowers, and plain colors, with fancy edges of hair line stripes in various colors and checked borders, which are very effective. Taffeta seems to have the lead among the plain ribbons, and some of these are satin faced. Moire ribbons with corded edges are also seen.

Didn't Understand English.

A Chinaman was once "hauled up" before a magistrate in Sydney, New South Wales, and charged with some offense. In reply to his worship's usual query as to whether he pleaded guilty or not, he would only answer:

"Me no sabee! Me no talkee Englishee!"

The magistrate, however, who was quite accustomed to the proceeding on the part of many Celestials who came before him, turned to him and said:

"That answer won't do for me. You know English well enough, I'll be bound."

"Me no sabee—me no sabee!" were the only words to be drawn from obstinate Chinkey, and, no Chinese interpreter being in court, the magistrate, taking the matter into his own hands, directed the case to be proceeded with as if the accused had pleaded not guilty.

After hearing the evidence of the witnesses the accused was fined $10 and costs.

The clerk to the bench, who was a bit of a wag, called out to the accused:

"John, you are fined $25 and costs."

"No, no!" promptly replied the non-English speaking Chinese. "He say me fined only $10 and costs."—Chicago Post.

MIGRATION.

Through the autumn woods the shadows grow
And wider and deeper the streamlets flow;
No sound but the rippling waters heard,
Or the faint low twitter of some lone bird,
Belated, forgotten and wondering why
His mate had deserted him—he must fly,
For rude winds are tossing the trees o'erhead
And scattering the leaves of golden red
That cling as they fall to ferns pale grown,
Cream tinted, like old lace some queen had worn.
Go away from this scene to a cheerier one
The lone bird flies with the setting sun
And rests midst the boughs of old oak trees,
Where Spanish moss swings in the soft, warm breeze.
There in dreams he forgets his snow bound nest
Till spring comes again—then home is best.
And with wings outspread he wanders hence
Till he finds the maple tree close by the fence,
Where year after year his mate and he
Have reared their brood in the same old tree.
—E. P. M. in Boston Commercial.

ON THE LAVA BEDS.

In about the year 1842 there was born in one of the most desolate regions of the Union—the lava beds that extend from northern California into southern Oregon—an Indian girl. Her father was Se Cot, an intractable Modoc subchief, who lost his life in an attack on a party of whites emigrating to the Pacific coast in 1850. Along about 1857, when adventurous white men, seeking gold, began to penetrate the Modoc lava bed region by the several hundreds every year, there came that way a certain young Kentuckian, who had been an army sergeant stationed at the Presidio, in San Francisco. He was Frank Riddle. He had refreshments at the miserable home of the squaw widow, Se Cot, and soon took a fancy to her daughter, Wi-ne-ma, then 15 years old, and famous in that region as the best looking and most agreeable Indian girl in California. Riddle got money in gold mining in southern Oregon and soon married the handsome Modoc girl. The couple took up their abode near the gold diggings, and the young wife began to learn her husband's language. While she visited her savage brothers and sisters occasionally and bore them gifts she became weaned to the life and thought of white people. But she never dared, on pain of assassination or poisoning, to reveal her change of faith or to show that she really loved a white man.

In 1860, when gold was discovered in large quantities in the Klamath region and thousands of venturesome Americans rushed through northern California and across the lava beds, the anger of the Modocs was roused to fullest pitch by the lawlessness of the invading whites. In June, 1860, the Modocs lured 14 gold miners into a narrow canyon, and there, after unspeakable cruelties, extending over two days, let the white men die. The news of the murders by the Modocs got abroad a month later and set on fire the whole white population of northern California and southern Oregon.

In August a band of 75 whites left Yreka, Cal., to punish the Modoc savages for the act. The avengers were led by Benjamin Wright, an old mountaineer, who had hunted and fought Indians with Kit Carson, Jim Beckwith, John Scott and Jim Bridger. After a long chase through the rough country, which was not productive of good results, the chiefs were invited to meet the whites and make a treaty. This they agreed to do, and the warring parties went into camp near each other on Lost river, the Indians outnumbering the white men by three to one. Early on the morning of the conference a young Modoc squaw, breathless, her clothing torn and her feet bleeding, came into the Wright camp and asked to see the leader. She had run and walked some nine miles across the rugged mountain trail. Her errand was to warn the invaders against treachery. The night before she learned at the council fire that her people intended to surround the white men during the conference and put them to death. Wright and his men met cunning with cunning. They went into ambush near the place of conference, and when the unsuspecting Modocs fell into the trap but two escaped from the slaughter that ensued. This affair is known in the history of northern California as the Ben Wright massacre. The squaw who conveyed the timely warning to her white friends was Wi-ne-ma, the wife of Frank Riddle. This fact was never found out by her people, else her life would have been forfeited.

Eleven and a half years passed. The Modocs had been confined by the government to a defined reservation, and treaties were made with them, which were repeatedly broken. The tribe was the prey of post traders, contractors and of almost every white man who came in contact with it. The only one of the hated whites in whom the Indians had confidence was the late Judge Elijah Steele. To this man they went for counsel and advice, but in the lapse of time they even contemplated taking his life, as in the Indian mode of reasoning the death of a single white man erases the wrongs perpetrated by many.

Sullen at first under their injuries, the Modocs were awakened to fury and declared vengeance on their oppressors. The memory of any detail of the Wright affair was never allowed to fade. At every council Captain Jack or Scar Faced Charley called upon the vengeful Modocs to remember the August day when the palefaces had killed their fathers and brothers. At last, in January, 1873, the whites in northern California knew that another Indian war was at hand.

Shortly after hostilities began the government appointed a peace commissioner to confer with the rebellious redskins and endeavor to make peace. In the meantime Riddle and other squaw men on the reservation used their influence toward a settlement of the difficulty, but to no effect. The turbulent warriors led by Captain Jack were bent on a slaughter. When the peace commissioner arrived on the ground, the Indians refused to treat with him. They did, however, finally agree to surrender to Judge Steele and two other men of that region and arranged to give up their arms the following day. When Steele and his companions went to the agreed place of the surrender, not an Indian was in sight, and they returned to the military camp. Steele then agreed to go alone and interview the war chief. That night Steele went through an experience few men have endured. While talking to him in pacific terms in the Chinook jargon they were discussing in their own tongue the advisability of murdering their visitor. Steele understood sufficiently their language to comprehend his danger, but did not betray his knowledge. The chiefs finally decided to spare his life on condition of his bringing the commissioners and commanding officers of the troops to confer with them.

But for the efforts of the brave squaw, Wi-ne-ma, war would have broken out long before. Many times she took the weapons from the hands of warriors bent on the destruction of settlers in the region, and it was she who warned the officers of the army of the trouble brewing. Her influence with her people began to wane as their rage against the whites increased. Then, too, the warriors began to mistrust her husband. Her food was poisoned by Modocs, and she was compelled to sleep in secret places for fear of death from her own brothers and relatives for her suspected undue liking for white people.

Colonel A. B. Meacham, who was in command of the military post, was a humane man and did all in his power to right the wrongs of his dusky wards. This man Wi-ne-ma revered, and when the second peace commissioner was appointed she did all in her power to prevent him from attending the council with the chiefs. She grasped his horse by the bridle, begging Meacham and Canby not to meet Jack and his band. When she found entreaty was in vain, the devoted woman mounted her pony and rode with the ill fated party to the place of meeting.

The story of that meeting has been told many times. When Meacham was attacked by the bloodthirsty Sconchin, Wi-ne-ma threw herself on the savage and begged him to spare the life of her white friend. Others coming up, Wi-ne-ma ran from warrior to warrior, turning aside their weapons. At last one of many bullets struck Meacham senseless, and the quick witted squaw turned aside the weapon aimed to finish his life, with the words, "Him dead; no use shoot." Sconchin tried to scalp Meacham, when Wi-ne-ma grasped the knife. The enraged buck struck her a terrible blow, almost knocking her senseless. Again the wit of the woman came into play. "The soldiers are coming up!" she cried, and the next moment a detachment of troops did appear. Amid curses from the enraged troopers, a dozen weapons were leveled at the breast of the brave squaw. Looking the mounted men straight in the face, she cried: "No shoot me! I tried to save them!" Then came from the ranks the words of an enlisted man, "The man who harms her I'll kill."

The same day Wi-ne-ma's husband, Riddle, was riding horseback and was shot dead from ambush by a Modoc. The body was dragged many miles over the trail by the frightened horse. When the horse stopped, the head and shoulders of the coprse were so horribly mutilated that the body was unrecognizable. Then the three little children of Wi-ne-ma and Riddle were murdered as they slept and their bodies burned in the rude family dwelling. Wi-ne-ma, under the cover of darkness and eluding the hostile members of her race and family, made her way across the desolate lava beds to the government post. She was sick and broken hearted at the horrible fate of all her family, but she nevertheless became the constant and devoted nurse of Colonel Meacham as he lay in the hospital recovering from his six gunshot wounds. It was 11 weeks before the colonel was able to leave his bed. By that time Wi-ne-ma was almost a helpless invalid. She was an important witness for the government in the trial of Captain Jack and his subordinate chiefs for the murder of General Canby and other officers, and for this she herself was shot through the chest as she sat one evening by a window at her lonely home. Colonel Meacham gave the little woman chief liberally from his means, and the soldiers at the post saw that she never lacked medical attendance and nursing.—Philadelphia Times.

The Big Hat In Church.

This is what happens to the man behind the hat. The preacher disappears until nothing remains but a voice. And with the hat standing against the spot where the voice is, and the modulated sentences breaking against it, how is attention to be fixed upon the sermon? The mind grows lax, the quiet and sweetness of the sanctuary tend to distraction, the hat fills the whole visible universe, and involuntarily one's thoughts center upon it. It is a wonderful construction. There is a yellow rose trembling on a long stem with every movement of the wearer's head, and one begins to calculate the extent of its arc. There are bunches of feathers disposed, apparently, with view to preventing anything from being seen between them whichever way the hat is turned. And there are stalactites of ribbon, upright and immovable, which still further obscure the horizon. Occasionally one gets a momentary glimpse of the hand of the preacher as it is stretched out in gesticulation, but it seems a mere detached fragment uselessly beating the air. The preacher himself has disappeared as if he had never been. The only thing visible when the hat is turned for a moment is another hat of the same kind farther on.—New York Observer.

Abuse of the Eyesight.

In the waiting room of an up town physician sat, one morning, a dozen persons trying to read. The windows were draped with heavy lace curtains, the dull yellow shades were drawn down to within about a yard of the bottom of the long windows, and as the day was cloudy the light in the room was a very subdued twilight. Finally a late comer had the courage—it required some, everything was so very quiet and irreproachable—to go to the hall and ask the dress suited door opener to come and raise the shades. This he at once did and turned on as well the electric lights in the back part of the room, to the great betterment of the reading light. Which little incident is cited to emphasize what an oculist characterizes as the reckless abuse of the eyesight which in these days has assumed the proportions of an evil.

"On street and railway cars, in libraries, schools, offices, homes, everywhere, eyes are unnecessarily tried," he says, "with the result that half the world is in glasses years before the need should arise. It is so usual a thing now for persons to be afflicted with ocular headaches, that when a physician's advice is sought for a persistent and unexplained headache the patient is first turned over to an oculist. Nine times out of ten defective vision sufficient to produce the disturbance is found, and seven times out of ten the sufferer is the victim of his own want of care in the use of his eyes. Women are frequent sinners in this respect; they protect their complexions in every possible way, while to the delicate organ of sight they give never a thought till the mischief is done."—New York Post.

He Would Not Be Undersold.

Colonel James Tamplin, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, is a veritable walking history of the wars, in which he bore himself with much honor. Colonel Tamplin was reading a paper recently, when he saw a mention of the president of one of the great railroads centering in Chicago. "I'll tell you a story about that man," he said. "When we were hanging around Vicksburg looking for trouble with the 'Johnnies,' there was more or less foraging. I remember this man, then a private in our company, while nosing about the adjoining farms ran across a barrel of prime cider. Being a good soldier, he promptly confiscated the cider and employed an aged darky to tote it into camp.

"Cider was scarce in those days, and he rigged up a temporary bar and was soon doing a lively business retailing it at 10 cents a cup. The barrel stood well back in his tent, and for a time he was so busy filling orders that he paid no attention to a disturbance in the rear of the tent. Then the crowd began to dwindle and he realized that something was wrong. He importuned a passing soldier to sample his wares, but the fellow shook his head and said the price was too high. 'There's a fellow around here selling cider at 5 cents a glass,' he said.

"The owner of the barrel took a turn around his tent and found a great crowd gathered in the rear. Another member of the company had driven a spigot into the other end of the barrel and was doing a land office business. Well, he saw the game was up, and rather than be outdone he invited the whole crowd around in front and told them to pitch in. He was willing to meet competition, and rather than be undersold on his own goods he would ladle out the cider free.

"I reckon, however," added Colonel Tamplin, "that he had made enough before the trick was discovered to give him a start in the railroad business, for I see he has been doing quite well ever since."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant's Patent of Nobility.

During the years of his second administration President Grant was accustomed to spend his summers at Montreal Beach, N. J. Near his cottage was that of Hon. George M. Robeson, secretary of the navy, whose family consisted of his wife, his 4-year-old daughter Ethel, and his 8-year-old stepson, Richard Aulick, whose father had been a commander in the navy.

It was the custom of all war vessels to fire a series of salutes as they passed the secretary's cottage. These were conscientiously returned by young Aulick, who had mounted a toy cannon at the foot of the flagstaff in front of the house.

One morning while the children were playing with some companions they were startled by the booming of guns, and rushing to the front yard they beheld great smoke wreaths drifting away from the United States ship Tallapoosa. Without further ado Richard applied the fuse to his gun and acknowledged the salutation. While thus employed the kneeling boy suddenly felt three light blows on his back, and looking up beheld the figure of the president standing beside him. In one hand the nation's chief held a lighted cigar, while in the other the astonished boy saw a toy sword belonging to his sister Ethel.

"Rise, Richard; I dub thee knight," said the rugged old warrior, amid the laughter of several friends who attended him.

Then, returning his cigar to his lips, he smiled grimly and resumed his way. —Atlanta Constitution.

Defects of Women's Beauty.

"Defects of Women's Beauty" is the title of a book by Baron Rudolf von Larisch, in which the author agrees with Schopenhauer in his denunciation of those who find comeliness in the "undergrown, small shouldered, big hipped and short legged sex." How much more grateful to the clear eye of art should be the noble proportions of the properly developed man, argues the baron. By numerous measurements he proves to his own satisfaction that, geometrically, the female form is a failure and that the male form is a success. Women themselves have shown since the days of Eve in the garden, the baron says, that they appreciate their inferiority in this respect. They have concealed their limbs in flowing garments, reaching sometimes to the knee, sometimes to the ankles. sometimes to the feet, but always far enough to hide from man the defects in their proportions. They now not only conceal their proportions to a large extent, he says, but they always seek to alter them, moving their waist up or down with stays, squeezing in their natural figures here and building them out there, and not scorning hoopskirts, bustles and crinoline in order to make themselves look as little as possible as nature made them.

The ballet girl would seem to confound part of the baron's argument, but he does not yield to this apparent defiance of his logic. He contends that woman dares to expose her defects in tights "only when she summons to her aid the most effective means of benumbing the intellect of man." The baron seems to feel, however, that he is in a losing fight, for he adds: "But most of the men of our times have ceased to perceive the defects of female beauty. Woman has deceived and misled her admirers so many generations with her smooth, long gowns that only a few, educated by research and by constant practice in measuring the proportions of the female form, fully clothed, have gained that clear, unbiased view which enables them to appreciate how skillfully woman has carried out the delusion as to her figure."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Walking to Health.

When there is no organic weakness which is aggravated by the exertion, it is the easiest and pleasantest thing to walk right into health. Of course, there is no virtue in a dawdling walk. The slow and languid dragging of one foot after the other, which some people call walking, would tire an athlete; it utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is the reason why many delicate people think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step, which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt, and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins. This sort of walking exhilarates the whole body, gives tone to the nerves and produces just that sort of healthful fatigue which encourages sound, restful sleep.—Buffalo Express.

The Eskimo's Kayak.

Some queer craft are described by Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas, and he says of the native Greenlander's boat:

While the tropical and semitropical sailor clings to his lateen rig, the extreme northern race, the Eskimo, clings perforce to his kayak and paddle. The kayak suggests our racing shell, but without the sliding seat, and so covered over that only a hole remains to admit the body. Even if the Eskimo of the extreme north wished to adopt a sail, he could not do so for lack of wood for the mast. The light frame of his kayak is made of bone skillfully thonged with

to America on the clipper ship Eliza, which he had chartered with the hope of aiding Napoleon to escape to this country. These trees, when brought here, had their native earth still clinging to their roots. They were planted as described above, where they flourished and grew to a large size, spreading out their peculiar branches wide over their adopted soil—a mute reminder of the decay of empires as well as people.—New York Times.

A King and His Crown.

The sovereign who makes use of his crown most frequently is that most simple, unaffected and democratic of all monarchs of Europe, King Oscar of Sweden, who dons it each time that he opens parliament at Stockholm or at Christiania.

It scarcely adds to his appearance, for it comes down too far over his nose, and somewhat gives one the impression of a derby hat worn on the back of the head and pulled down over the ears. Indeed it is only the king's majestic stature and dignified bearing that preserve him from looking ridiculous when he has got it upon his head.—London Letter.

Torn by Horses.

During the middle ages great criminals, such as parricides and persons who conspired against the king, were torn to pieces by horses, one or two powerful steeds being fastened to each limb and driven in different directions. Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV, and Damiens, who conspired against Louis XV, were put to death in this manner.

MOUNTAIN ECHO.

In mournful stillness rides a knight
Through the deep vale's concave.
"Ah, do I now fare to my darling's arms,
Or do I but go to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave—
"The darksome grave!"

As ever onward rides the knight
His mournful sighs increase.
"Find I, so soon, in the grave release?
Ah, well, the grave brings peace!"
Nor did the echo cease—
"The grave brings peace."

Down from the cavalier's cheek, for grief,
A teardrop rolled and fell.
"Is there only rest in the grave for me?
To me, then, the grave comes well."
The echoes hollow swell—
"The grave comes well."
—G. W. Oddie in New York Tribune.

HIS HOME COMING.

How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire island fishing. I had had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George, it made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

In the first place, I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I did think of them the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for a vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn just the same, but, great Scott, what were all those new houses? We rode nearly a mile [illegible] coming to the station, passing many houses of which only an occasional one was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said, "Howdy, Mr. Collins?"

He stared at me and replied, "You've got the best of me, sir."

I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones in talking to me. Said he: "It's about time you were coming home—you in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a living."

I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me $1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there and put on an old hand me down suit that I used for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in my hand and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller, too, somehow. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the front door and said, "We don't wish to buy anything today, sir."

It didn't take a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin and wrinkled. Yet over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying, "It's Jimmy! It's Jimmy!"

Then I cried, too, John. I broke down and cried like a baby. She got me back to the house, hugging and kissing me. Then she went to the back door and shouted "George!" Father called from the kitchen, "What do you want, Car'line?"

Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine firmly, and said sternly, "Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?"

He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we sat like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York," I replied.

"What are you working at now, Jimmy?"

"I am working in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've got nothing but roasted spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey."

I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I have not eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage his place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just $800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came and father said: "Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the waterpail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing."

I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pailful of water, filled the wood box and then we all went to bed.

Father called me at half past 4 in the morning, and while he was getting breakfast I skipped over to the depot, cross lots, and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat, with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver rigged shiner on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did.

At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago, with a check for $1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in $5 and $10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef, with a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday go to meeting clothes, none too good either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the $1,000 in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife into the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like that in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in with, "And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went visiting."

Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so, "How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?"

Then she struck something that was not sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. "Aha, Master Jimmy, playing your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys."

Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me and then at father; then with trembling fingers drew out the great roll of bills.

Ha, ha, ha! I can see father now, as he stood there on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, his fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes slowly to heaven and said, "Put your trust in the Lord, for he will provide."

Then she fainted away. Well, John, there is not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to. Then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying: "My boy

Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!"

I staid a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back to New York. I am going to send $50 home every week. I tell you, John, it is mighty nice to have a home.

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke, he took Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home away up in Maine for ten years. I am going home tomorrow."—Lulu Michel in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Myths of Vendland.

Charles de Kay, consul general to Berlin, writes of Vendland in The Century under title of "An Inland Venice." Concerning the strange myths of the Venda, Mr. de Kay says: The water nixy is dangerous to young women who wade into ponds to cut reeds for thatch. The sandman has his female counterpart. When a boy nods, it is Hermann that has come; when a girl gets sleepy over her spinning, it is Dremotka. Reapers who fail to rest for an hour at midday are in danger of a ragged female demon called Pshespolniza. She comes with a sickle bound to a pole and cuts off their heads. She seems to have been sunstroke personified, but is now, like Serpowniza, only a bugbear used to frighten children away from growing crops.

Here in the Spreewald exist many of the superstitions common to Ireland and Scotland—the changeling, the whirlwind, will o' the wisp, kobold, leprechawn and good little people generally. Here are the crafty spirit of the lake and the demon that springs on men's shoulders at night. Here especially is the banshee. Indeed no less a family than the Hohenzollerns have a private and particular white lady who appears in the unsentimental vicinage of the schloss, in the heart of Berlin, and wails round the battlements when a death is to occur in the family. Connection between the British islands and the lands drained by the Elbe and the Vistula has been constantly renewed by migration and conquest. In remote periods the race seems to have been alike in both countries.

He Got There First.

There is a small town in one of the eastern states, not far from Boston, whose inhabitants take great pride in excelling every other town in their vicinity. They try every new invention, and if it has any sort of merit it is sure to be assigned to duty in some part of the place. Two portly gentlemen, one a sea captain and the other a lawyer, both retired from active life, were the prime movers in the experiments and adoptions, and naturally in the course of time they failed to agree. Extreme jealousy then prevailed, and a bitter animosity sprang up between them.

Unfortunately these two gentlemen lived next door to each other. In fact, so close were their houses that the side walls almost adjoined. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrific crash up stairs startled him. Upon investigating he found that an unruly chimney had ruthlessly hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. That in itself was a matter of great annoyance, but when he discovered it was the sea captain's chimney that was responsible his wrath knew no bounds. Hastening down to his library, he pulled out his lawbooks and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain. While thus engaged a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows, "If you don't return those bricks at once, I will put the matter in the hands of the law."—Harper's Round Table.

The Arab and the Wheel.

The final triumph of the wheel will come when it has divorced the Arab from his steed of poetry and romance —his "stallion shod with fire." The Paris papers print news from the French Sudan to the effect that the bicycle is making its way there, and that it has impressed the natives more than any other article imported into that country from Europe. The Mohammedan member of the French chamber of deputies was interviewed about the matter and said that the Koran had nothing to say against the wheel, as the prophet had not foreseen its invention, but he did not think the Arabs would ever dream of forsaking their fine horses for it.

EXOTICS.

Lilies that bloom out of season, lilac with never a leaf,
Roses that have not the perfume should live in the heart of a rose.
Could ye not wait till the summer? for now is the year at its close.
Winter beleaguers us truly, but spring shall soon bring us relief.

Lilies shall flower in my garden, lilac shall come with the May,
Roses shall bloom by the pathways, rose leaves lie on the lawn.
Could ye not wait till the thrushes woke you with them ere the dawn
Flushed all the west and the summer came with the fullness of day?

One life was yours, and the summer waited to give you the sun,
Warm dews of night in the starlight, wonderful whisper of rain,
Songs of the nightingale, ever yearning, an angel in pain.
All had been yours had ye waited, lilies and roses undone.

—H. D. Lowry in New York Tribune.

CROSSING THE GULF.

They were both guests at the same country house that autumn. He was an artist, handsome, gifted, well born, but poor as the proverbial church mouse and proud as Lucifer. She was an heiress, who, on attaining her majority some three years ago, had come into about $5,000 a year. Added to this attraction she was beautiful, clever and charming. She was bright, high spirited and very independent, as suitors soon found to their cost.

"You'll be an old maid, Isbel," remonstrated the aunt with whom she lived. "You are nearly 24, my dear."

"I don't care, auntie," laughed the young lady. "An old maid is as good as anything, a thousand times better than having a husband one doesn't care for. I'm not in love, dear, and so I mean to keep my freedom."

That was said—and said truly then—some weeks before she came on this visit to Halcombe Grange and there met the artist, Eric Errington, but could she have said the same as truly now, when the visit was drawing to a close? The lips might perhaps. The heart was another matter entirely, and she knew it. She was no tyro of a girl in her teens, but a woman who lived in the world and neither could nor would deceive herself. She knew that she loved Errington and he loved her, despite his proud reticence and silence. What woman could not read between the lines? What man could possibly at all times completely guard every look and tone and touch when thrown so constantly each day with the loved one? He is unconscious how or when his secret is betrayed to that one.

But no one save Isbel Brandon herself suspected Errington's secret. He neither held aloof nor markedly sought her. But there were one or two others among the party who did so, and one day Major Glyn, the host, said half jestingly to Eric:

"My dear fellow, why don't you try your chance with the beautiful heiress and win a fortune and therewith a speedy rise to fame?"

"Thank you, not I," said the artist, with a laugh and shrug, to cover the deeper feelings stirred. "I have no intention of being ticketed 'fortune hunter' by the world or the fair lady herself. Even a poor devil of an artist may keep his pride and honor untarnished."

"But, Errington, nonsense!" Glyn said. "Suppose you really cared for a girl who happened to be rich?"

"So much the worse for me, Glyn."

"You really mean that you wouldn't woo her or ask her hand?"

"Never," said the other.

This had passed on the terrace.

Some one half behind the lace curtains of a window above drew back, with quivering lips and heaving breast.

"Is this terrible gold of mine to be ever, then, a hopeless barrier between two lives?" Isbel muttered, locking her white hands. "He will never speak, never breathe a word, and I— Heaven, what can I—the woman—say or do without shame? And yet—yet—is gold and a mistaken but noble pride and sense of honor to keep us apart forever? I know he loves me—would tell me so at once were I poor. Oh, it is cruel, cruel! Something ought—must be done, but what?"

There it was; she, the woman, was so helpless. And shortly after this the party broke up.

* * * * * * *

A month later the artist one evening received a letter from Isbel, and, to his utter surprise and joy, oddly mixed with pain, she wished him to paint her portrait. Would he please call on her at 11 the next day.

Of course he would go, but how go through the ordeal without self betrayal?

Isbel had to strive with herself much harder for the ordeal she had at length, with an infinite courage, resolved to face. Therefore was it she had named an hour free from all visitors, and when her aunt, Mrs. Brandon, would still be in her own apartment. One of the two, she saw, must cross the Rubicon and burn the boats behind if both their lives were to be saved from wreck, and since he would not, well, she, the heiress, must, whatsoever the cost.

When she was told he was in the drawing room—when almost the actual moment had arrived—her heart sank, and at the very door she had to pause a minute to pull herself together. Then she went in. How the man's dark eyes lighted up! How unconsciously close was the clasp of his hand on hers! If she had had one fleeting doubt of his love, that second must have dispelled it.

"What a pleasure to see you again, Miss Brandon!" he said. "And what an honor you do me to let me paint your portrait!"

"Is it? It is good of you to call it so," Isbel answered brightly, but inwardly every nerve was quivering and strained. "Aunt Mary began again yesterday about having my picture done, so I wrote to you. My aunt will be down presently, but in the meanwhile we can arrange the sittings, dress and so forth."

Errington passed by the "so forth," and only arranged for her dress and the sittings.

"But now," she said, "that that is settled, we come to—you must please name your"—

"Pardon me," Errington interposed, with resolute quietude that in itself gave her fresh surety of her ground, "but you must do me the great favor to let that part rest until the work is finished. You are not like a stranger"—

"Indeed, I hope not," Isbel said gently. "Well, be it as you please, then."

"Thank you very much, Miss Brandon."

He rose.

She, too, stood up. The moment had come. The woman's heart stood still for a moment that was agony. Two lives' happiness or misery hung on her courage or failure.

"Well, I suppose your time is valuable?" she said, turning to him, but her eyes did not fully meet his. "By the bye, Mr. Errington, I believe—if I am rightly informed—that I have come to congratulate you!"

"Congratulate me!" repeated the artist in genuine surprise. "For what? On what account?"

His surprise and, oddly enough, the very comedy of the position gave her new courage. "Why, I heard that you are engaged to an heiress," she said.

The Rubicon was crossed. There was no going back now, come what would. Errington flushed to the brow, then paled again.

"It is absolutely untrue," he said in a strained way and drew back a step. "It never could be true of me!"

"But why not?" persisted Isbel, now standing to her colors with true feminine stanchness, her eyes aglow, her soft tones steady. "If, as I heard, you are attached to her, why should your engagement be an impossibility, as you imply?"

Had some one—Glyn perhaps—dared to tell her this, meaning herself, but without naming her, flashed across Eric, in haughty wrath and pain.

"Why impossible?" he repeated, stung to a sort of desperation. "Because I am a poor, struggling man who holds his honor dearer even than love, if the story were true. Neither the world nor any woman born should have the right to believe me a dishonored fortune hunter."

"The world's judgment!" she said, and now her breath came quickly, her eyes flashed like diamonds. "You are not such a coward, I know, as to fear that. But is it much less cowardly to be afraid of even the risk of the woman's mistaking your motive—the woman you love, remember?" She was speaking with a strangely passionate if suppressed force that sent a sudden vague thrill through the man—a dim sense of something that dazzled him, of a personality beneath the overt meaning, an assertion of his love for the heiress as a fact, not a mere figure of argument.

"The woman you love, remember, and whose happiness perhaps your pride may wreck as well as your own, who doubtless knows your heart's secret and curses the miserable gold and cruel pride that stands between your lives."

"Isbel!" Errington sprang to her side, caught her hands in his own. "My darling, my love from the first! Forgive, if you can, worse than fool that I have been. Ah, my poor Isbel!"

For the girl burst into tears as he locked her to his heart. The tension must needs give way at last, brave girl though she was.

"Oh, why were you so cruel? Why did you force me to—to— Oh, Eric!"

"My darling, forgive me! Because I loved so much I feared your scornful refusal. Why should you think me different from other wooers? And I never dreamed of this happiness, dearest," he said passionately "One word—tell me you forgive your lover."

"Eric, I love you," she whispered and lifted her face for his kiss.

What matter if some of the world did say, when the marriage did take place, that it was the money the painter had sought? He cared not, and those who knew him and his wife knew well it was a love match entirely. The picture—not a mere portrait—of beautiful Mrs. Errington, when seen the next May at the academy, made a sensation and sent up the rising artist's name at once.

"So, after all, you see, Eric," his wife says, arch and tender in tone, "you will win the best in the end, fortune and fame."

"And the priceless treasure that neither gold nor fame could buy," he answers, smiling down on the dear face, "my wife."—Folks at Home.

Ancient and Modern Clothing.

Ancient wearing apparel was not cut to fit, as is our modern clothing. Having no definite shape of its own, it did not disguise the wearer's figure, and the grace and beauty of Greek drapery are dependent almost entirely on the perfect proportions of the figure beneath. The tunic worn by both Greeks and Romans was little, if at all, fitted to the wearer, and, when ungirded, hung in folds all round, while the toga was little more than a sheet and was worn in all sorts of ways according to the prevailing fashion. The Jews of old seem to have worn breeches, but the rest of their clothing seems to have been simply wrapped round them, for it was difficult for them to run or even walk fast without first "girding up their loins." The clothing of the northern races was probably always more of a fit than that of the southern, for they used leather, which does not lend itself to simple draping, but our ancestors probably wore an almost shapeless tunic belted at the waist. Another striking difference is found in the gradual monopoly by women of the ornamental element in dress. Once masculine dress was by far the most splendid, and woman, holding an absolutely subordinate social position, had to content herself with humbler attire. As she has won her way to freedom and equality she has annexed, not only the beautiful, but the extravagant elements of costume and left man to content himself with a condition of colorless utility.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Won't Find Him.

"Buy your wheel from me, sir," said an enterprising dealer to a prospective customer, "and I will make you a present of a cyclometer."

"You are not the man I am looking for," replied the shopper. "I am trying to find a seller of cyclometers who will throw in a bicycle."—Harper's Bazar.

With His Yellow Jacket.

Van Wither—The Chinese always claim to have had everything first, don't they?

Von Miner—Yes, and I have no doubt Li Hung Chang says he is the original yellow kid of modern journalism.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

From statistics recently published it appears that the dowries now given by French parents on the marriage of their children are becoming more slender. French parents are beginning to adopt the system of giving children away in marriage freely, without haggling over financial considerations.

There are now orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be purchased in the next five years.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

CINCINNATI. O., May. 3. 1897.—The demand for honey is slow for all kinds. Fair supply. Price of extracted 3½ to 6c per pound. Good demand for beeswax; fair supply; price 22 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow on arrival

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., Apr. 30, 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 7 to 12c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c. Gaod demand for beeswax; prices 24 to 25c. per lb. There is lots of honey in the commission houses and some will be carried over.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch. Mich.

BOSTON, MASS., April 30, 1897.—Light demand for honey; supply ample. Price of comb 11 to 13c per pound; extracted 5 to 7c per pound. Good demand for beeswax. No supply; prices 25 to 26c per pound.

E. E. BLAKE & CO., 57 Chatham St.

KANSAS CITY, MO., April 30, 1897.—Fair demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 9c to 13c. per lb. Extracted 4 to 6½c. per lb. Good demand ror beeswax. Light supply; price 25c per lb. All shipments of comb sold.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS. 514 Walnut St.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 30, 1897.—Fancy white 12 to 13c. No. 1, 11 to 12c. Fancy amber, 9 to 10c. No. 1, 8 to 9c. Fancy dark, 7 to 8c. No. 1, 6 to 7c. Extracted white, 5 to 6c. Dark 3½c to 4c. Demand is all that could be expected at this season. Stock on hand smail.

CHAS. W. MCCOLLOUGH & CO., 380 Broadway.

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH."

STERLING BICYCLES

BEAR EXAMINATION.

Strong, graceful, easy running and durable.

Sterling Cycle Works, Chicago, Ill.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE.

AGENCY:

This Space Reserved For Name of Good Agent, Whose Shall it be?

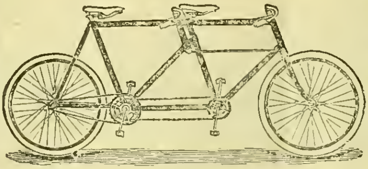
His Excuse.

A young Londoner, who had never been out of London in his life, received an invitation from an acquaintance in the country, asking him to have a run over to his place for a few days and give him a lift at gathering mushrooms. This is the reply he got:

"Dear Jack—I'm very glad to hear as how you and the missus is all right, but I can't come over to see you, becos I'm afraid I would be no use at gathering mushrooms, for you know very well I can't climb."—Up to Date.

WE MAKE Wheels, Too!

Quality Guaranteed the Best.



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Ladies', Gentlemen's & Tandem.

The Lightest Running Wheels on Earth.

THE ELDREDGE

....AND....

THE BELVIDERE.

We always Made Good Sewing Machines!
Why Shouldn't we Make Good Wheels!

National Sewing Machine Co.,
339 Broadway,
New York.
Factory:
Belvidere, Ills.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

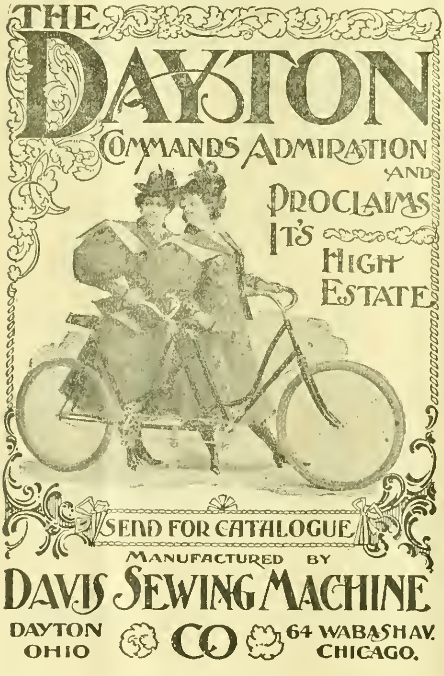
Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is a positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmers' Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up so many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention AMERICAN BEE KEEPER and send your full post office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. 2 6

Pasteboard Boxes or Cartons For holding 1 lb. sections of honey, very cheap.

For prices address, THE W. T. FALCONER M'F'G CO., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



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The Dayton Bicycle Co., 76 Read St., New York.
The Congdon & Carpenter Co., 159 Tremont St., Boston and Providence, R. I.
North Western Cycle Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Arbuckle Cycle Co., 711 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

British Press Opinion . . . of The DAYTON. . . . . . .

Good workmanship throughout and beautifully finished.—*Cycling.*

Among the very best that America has sent us.—*Wheelman.*

Finished with extreme care and completeness.—*The Cycle.*

Style and finish really excellent and we personally testify to its very easy running qualities.—*Wheeling.*

The design, workmanship and finish cannot be beaten.—*Bicycling News.*

Shows elegance and finish to a degree.—*Lady Cyclist.*

Triumphs of the cycle engineer's art.—*The Wheelwoman.*

Admirably designed, handsome and substantial.—*Scottish Cyclist.*

Strictly high class work, and of very handsome general appearance.—*Cycle Leader.*

One of the best equipped wheels we have seen.—*Morning.*

Models of elegance which compare favorably with any other make.—*Echo.*

Splendidly finished.—*Gazette.*

They embody all the best ideas in American structure.—*The Sun.*

We do not know a better mount on either side of the Atlantic.—*The Queen.*

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1897. NO. 6.

The Bees of Queen Annes's Reign.

BY BESSIE L. PUTNAM.

A little volume has recently fallen into my hands which, though containing some erroneous,—yea, even ludicrous statements, indicates that a knowledge of the structure and habits of bees had advanced, even in the beginning of the eighteenth century, far beyond the rudimentary stage; while there is manifested a careful and pains-taking search for the truth by its author that commands the respect of the reader throughout.

The book is leather bound, and a strong witness to the superiority of cloth binding in preference to this more ancient and, in the opinion of some, more durable material; for barring the yellow color that accompanies age, it is in good condition save the splitting of the covers. This seldom occurs with a cloth bound book that is properly cared for, but is the usual condition to which the substantial (?) leather binding is too speedily reduced. After the style of the time, long s's are used unless the letter is final, and all nouns begin with a capital letter. At the close of each page, too, as though to help the reader in holding the thought, the first word of the succeeding page is given.

The book is entitled, "The True Amazons: or The Monarchy of Bees." And by the title page purports, "Being a New Discovery and Improvement of those wonderful Creatures. Wherein is Experimentally Demonstrated.

1. That they are all governed by a QUEEN.
2. The Amazing Beauty and Dignity of her Person.
3. Her extraordinary Authority and Power.
4. Their Exceeding Loyalty and unparrall'd Love to their QUEEN.
5. Their Sex, Male and Female.
6. The Manner of their Breedings.
7. Their Wars.
8. Their Enemies, With Directions plain and easy to manage them, both in Straw Hives and Transparent boxes; so that with laying out Four or Five Pounds, in three or four years, if the Summers are kind, you may get Thirty or Forty Pounds per annum.

Also how to make the English Wine or Mead, equal if not superior to the best of other Wines. By Joseph Warder, of Croydon, PHYSICIAN.

Then follows a nine-page dedicatory, "To the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty." As the volume at hand is the fourth edition and bears date of 1720, it was probably first printed very shortly after the close of Queen Anne's reign and thus dedicated to her; in the body of the work, reference is made to King George as the reigning sovereign. The following paragraph is characteristic of its laudatory style throughout:

"Indeed, no Monarch in the World is so absolute as the Queen of the Bees; (which pleads very much with me, that Monarchy is founded in Nature, and approved by the great Ruler of Princes.) But oh, what Harmony, what lovely Order is there in the Government of the Bees. The Queen bee governs with Clemency and Sweetness, so doth Your Majesty; she is Obeyed and Defended, out of Choice and inclination by her Subjects, so is Your Majesty. And here I cannot but wish that all Your Majesty's Subjects were as unanimously loyal as the Subjects of the Queen Bee, in whose nature there is so strongly (as well as strangely) placed a Principle of Obedience, whereas I doubt here Your Majesty is not altogether so happy; for though all the thousands of your Brittannick Israel esteem your Majesty's Person as sacred, and scarce such a villain is among us, who would not lose his life in the defense of Your Majesty; yet I fear 'tis not hard to find some few unquiet Spirits, tho' 'tis not in their power, to trouble the serenity of your Government, or disturb the quiet of Your English Heart."

The opening chapter treats of the anatomy of the bee, in most details true to the description of the modern scientist. An exception is that regarding the eyes. The author evidently recognizes only the two composite eyes on either side of the head, and regards the bee's power of sight extremely limited. He writes: "Their eyes are very large, covered over with a thick horny membrane, which is the occasion of their being so dim-sighted." The extreme sense of touch in the antennae is, however fully recognized, and by means of these the insect is supposed to largely supply the wants which its attributed defective vision would render otherwise unattainable.

The description and anatomy of the drone is strikingly in advance of ideas then current; and he makes an earnest plea against their wholesale slaughter. The absurdity of the "Opinion that most prevails amongst the Country Bee Mistresses." is evidently as apparent to the author as to the modern bee keeper. "They are bees that have lost their sting, and so growing to that prodigious bigness out of all proportion to the other bees) they become Drones." Nor is the explanation offered by Mr. Rousden, the latest writer on the subject, deemed more tenable. "For, writes Mr. Warde, to prove the popular mistake, he tells a story much less probable, viz. that he is bred of animable matter gathered by the working bees, and cast into the Drone Comb, into which animable matter, the King Bee did cast his sperm, and so Drones are produced which is ridiculously false; for first, there is no animable matter gathered by bees, nor if there were, is there any King Bee to impregnate it by his feminal virtue."

He logically emphasizes these contradictions by simple directions for a dissection that will leave no doubt as to the sex of the drone, and states that this may sometimes be shown by mere pressure.

There are two arguments strenuously offered against the killing of drone, viz., his necessity in procreation, and his usefullness in "sitting upon and hatching the eggs, and by his great heat doth keep warm the brood when hatched, thereby giving the working bees the more liberty to follow their labors abroad, whilst they supply their place at home, by taking care of the young; so that the Male Bee is not only of great use, but of absolute necessity, not only to the being, but the well-being of the Colony of Bees. ''Again, on this same point, he notes that the drones are not suffered to leave the brood while the 'Honey Bees, or female,' are at work;" but about one or two o'clock, when the chief part of the day's work is done by the bees, most of them repairing home, take care of their own brood, and so give leave to these, their obedient masculine servants, to recreate themselves abroad, their heat now being no longer necessary within doors. Their emergence is vividly described, also the kindly welcome on return, until the breeding season is over.

Their physical inability to obtain nectar from the flowers has not escaped the author's eye. In fact, baring the comical idea regarding their aid in incubation, the chapter on drones would require little remodeling to bring it up to date.

The personal appearance of the queen, as he declares to be the true title of the so-called "King Bee,'' is truthfully described; and we can only wonder that the close study shown in so many instances did not result in dissection, and an establishment of her necessity in populating the hive. Her mission, however, as regarded by the author, is to rule and direct. And very interesting are some of his experiments proving the loyalty of her subjects, even unto death; the chaos caused among them by her temporary loss, and the immediate return to order on her restoration.

The metamorphoses taking place between the eggs and the adult state are in the main accurate. Twenty-one days are allowed for the complete process,—the egg being regarded as a product of the worker bee. "The egg is with all the care and exactness laid, with one end touching one of the six angles, or corners of the cell, that as it grows in length, as well as bigness, it may be the longer before it comes to touch the opposite angle with its other end, which otherwise would incommode the Embrion; for if it should have been laid against one of its flat sides, or squares, there would not have been so much room for its growth from square to square, as from corner to corner, so that always you find them, when first laid, with one end of the egg touching one of the corners, and the other end pointing against its opposite corner.'' Then comes the crescent form of the maggot, and subsequently changes as related in the modern text.

The limit of a bee's age is fixed at one year; and the fallacy of the good housewife's argument against letting a strong swarm stand for another season on the plea that ''it is two years old already, and if I should let it stand another year, the bees will be so old, that they will not be able to labour much next summer, and now we are sure of a good lump of honey,'' is clearly shown, and the regulation of nature for supplying new generations to take the place of the old ones is to a considerable degree understood. Though regarding bees as ''annuals,'' he suggests that some bred in the best months, May and June, may survive a month or two longer; yet that the bees are every year renewed, seems duly established. I fail to find that he makes any distinction as to longevity among the different classes. In experimenting with a new swarm, however, to test the loyalty of the bees to their queen, he found that she survived by several days her famished subjects, who clung to her, disabled by her inquisitive owner, and thus starved to death rather than to leave her.

It is a surprise to the author that they live so long, considering their numerous enemies.. The chief of these are mice, moths, earwigs, hornets, wasps, swallows and sparrows.

He recommends uniting swarms, but does it after night, trusting that in the darkneas neither swarm will leave the hive, but that before morning one of the queens will be killed or disabled and cast out (probable surrounded by two or three hundred of guards) while her host of subjects will be enlisted under the new ruler.

Breeding is recommended, but only in September and April, with cautions as to the means of avoiding robbers. Honey diluted with water is the only food recommended. The necessity of an abundance of water within reach of the bees is most emphatically explained, for ''They drink much, and fetch water often to mix up their Sandarach, or Bee Bread, to feed their young. especially in March, April and May. So that if they should be very far from water they would lose much time in their many journeys to fetch it.'' As a remedy, the author advises small troughs or boxes holding about one gallon, and placed near the hive. Fill with water and have floating on its surface small boards of deal, on which they may alight and obtain the moisture with no danger of being drowned.

A protest is made against the regulation method of taking honey by means of brimstone, and thus destroying the bees, and concise directings for making hives dispensing with this slaughter, are given. Though claiming no supernatural powers, he also tells with all seriousness, "How to raise dead bees to life." His cure is *warmpth,* and since he regards the two diseases besides old age that are fatal to be *hunger* and *cold,* his success in treatment is less miraculous in its nature than the chapter heading indicates.

While the musty little volume would scarcely appeal to the modern bee keeper as practical, it is certainly worthy of his perusal. Not so much in teaching him how to work as in showing him the vast amount of study to which modern apiculture is indebted. And still more fully will be realized the wisdom of the Creator who placed ''Such Wisdom, such Curious Art, such Fortitude and Foresight, so Polite a Government, and such indefatigable industry in Creatures so small as the bees.''

Moving Bees, Etc.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

From the number of inquiries in regard to moving bees that I have received of late, I am led to believe that thousands of bee-keepers are comparatively young in bee-keeping knowledge, and although one would think ihat this had been thoroughly absorbed many times, there are those who have fallen in line later, who have not yet been educated. There are thousands of bee-keepers who have never read a bee-paper, these are from time to time becoming subscribers for some bee-journal, and should have the same chances we had when we began. Have just had a little experience in moving a number of colonies late last evening. They were only moved about a mile and one half over fairly good roads and did not require a great deal of preparation. All I did was to tack a strip of wire screening over the entrance, then we proceeded to lead them, but be sure that you are more careful than I was in this case, and see that there are no other openings in the hive or cottom board that will leak bees. These bees were unloaded at their destination and left closed up until next evening, when they were liberated an hour or two before sun down, after first thoroughly shaking them up. Although at this distance, 1½ miles, I expect a number of bees to return to the old location, and to save their returning, I placed where the hive stood a small Nuclei hive with combs in them, these will again be taken away and kept confined for two days, when there will be very few to return. When the distance is greater, say 3 miles or more, no bee will return. In mooving bees this time of year, when the old bees are about all gone and the colony consists chiefly of young bees, there will not be many bees return to the old location. These bees were in a location where they were continually tampered with, which made it necessary to moove them. To moove bees only a short distance, say a few feet or rods as many do in the spring, all that will be necessary is to moove them a little at a time, the first two or three moves to be very little, after that the bees become accustomed to the moove, and a greater moove can be made. In uniting, moove the colonies close together, cage the queen you wish to remain and destroy the other, and proceed with the caged queen similar to the one you are introducing. Many pay no attention to the queens in uniting, but allow the bees to take their choice or the queens to fight it out, but occasionally both queens are lost by this method.

Steeleville, Ill.

The Two-Fold Mission of the Bee.

BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

In contemplating the advantages of keeping bees it too frequently occurs that the commercial value of apiary products forms the sole basis of computation, while the infinitely greater wealth which is derived indirectly through their work is entirely disregarded.

As an illustration of the important office which the bees serve, as a fecundating agent, in the floral world, we quote the following, by W. H. Gibson, from the Cosmopolitan magazine; who, in speaking of red clover, says:

"Not many years ago, the grangers of Australia and New Zealand determined to introduce the plant, in the hopes of establishing it as a regular forage crop. They imported the seed, and sowed it, with the result of a magnificent yield. The meadows were crimson with blossoms, and butterflies and moths revelled in their bountiful nectar. But when the harvest time arrived, and the crop was gathered for its seed, no seed were found. Why? What did it mean? It meant simply that those who brought the clover seed from America or Europe, had failed to consider the vital needs of the clover, and had left its affinity behind. The bumble-bee could have told them all, but he was not consulted in the matter. While there were butterflies in plenty in Australia and New Zealand, there happened to be no native bumble-bee; so our cloistered clover refused to be comforted, pined, and died without posterity. Each new crop could be insured only by importation of foreign seed. But the thrifty agriculturists, guided by Darwinian science, soon grasped the situation, and imported, and at length naturalized, the indispensable bumble-bee, and now the clover blossoms, and is content in its new home, where, during the last decade, both flower and bee have become thoroughly established."

The American Bee Journal of May 13, has this quotation from a foreign paper: "The bumble-bees have been a great success in Canterbury (New Zealand), and clover seed has been *exported* to England the last three or four years. It is estimated that the clover seed crop is worth 30,000 pounds sterling per annum to this Province, and this is entirely due to the successful importation of the bumble-bee."

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir:—I gave your paper the Am. Bee Keeper, Vol. VII, No. 4, to my neighbor, a brave old learned farmer, to read the article of Apis dorsata and asked him to give me his opinion about it, and here is his answer:

"All farmers will agree with the views of Mr. D. N. Ritchey on page 107, and hardly a single one will endorse the reasons of those 14 who were against importing this bee. For the two Sparrow men and those who said the Government had no business to import improved stock, forgot the Italian Bee. By its importation it gave many failures and the thing went very slowly, until the Government took it into their own hands. And a lame argument is that of a certain man who made experiments to breed a longer tongue in his bees. Now to introduce the Apis dorsata would be a positive damage to those who have a red clover strain of bees. How many of those bee-keepers are there, and shall the balance of the other bee-men wait some fifty years longer, and should the interests of a few bee-keepers stand before the general good? But they all forget the chief argument, in favor of Apis dorsata, it is this: The first cut of the red clover gives few clover seeds, because the bumble-bees are very few in the early spring, as the old mother-bee lives alone over winter and commences to build all cells alone and lay eggs and raise young ones, so in the summer there are many of them and they can carry the pollen from flower to flower and fructify theclover, so that the farmer can raise more clover seed. Therefore, the farmers will thank those bee-keepers who shall import a strain of bees which will help to double the thrashing of clover seed. If one will say, we don't know if Apis dorsata will work on red clover, we farmers will say: "That is just the reason that we should try it, then we could know it."

Yours truly, A Forward.

Santa Claus, Spencer Co., Ind., April 24, 1897.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co., Gentlemen: The goods ordered from you have been received and we think them very nice. The comb foundation is so fine that I would like to keep it to look at. Yours, &c.,

J. G. Todd.

Nunda, N. Y.

The W. T. Falconer M'f'g Co., Gentlemen: The goods received O. K. and I would say they are as near perfection as can be made. Have bought of seven different houses but yours is the best yet. I shall remember you in the future. Yours very truly, Wm. E. Close,

Stanwich, April 10th.

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir.—I have had a heavy winter loss amounting to about 50 per cent. of my bees, which leaves me with 70 colonies at the present time. I think that the skunks have been one of the principal causes of my heavy loss. They are now bothering my bees every night. I am now attempting to poison them, and how well I shall succeed remains to be seen. I lost one colony of choice full breed Italians which were packed in the best manner possible. Upon opening the hive this spring I found the combs dry and free from the faintest trace of mould, and the packing also was dry, but only about a double handful of bees were left which I thought were dead, but which began to revive as they were exposed to the rays of the sun.

I would like to know whether other bee keepers are bothered with skunks. They trouble me nearly every season more or less, but this seasan more than ever before.

I have just had an experience with an absconding swarm which is something new to me. Upon going out into the apiary the other afternoon, I noticed a swarm of bees in the air, which I readily recognized as an absconding one. Just at dusk they were hived in a hive with combs in it and about 15 or more pounds of honey. They have stayed all right and are working nicely, gathering pollen. Plum blossoms are just beginning to open to-day. Yours etc.,

G. F. Tubbs.

Annin Creek, May 10.

Garden Seeds as Premium.

We will send the American Bee Keeper one year and a box of choice garden seeds, retail value $1.60, for only 60 cents.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From New York Sun.)

THE VARIETIES OF HONEY.

A Gamut of Sweets Furnished by the Bees of the Land.

Adulteration of Honey and Devices to Assist the Bees in Making it--California's Big Honey Crop—The Differences in Honey Extracted from Various Blossoms.

Who is there among country bred people who has not at some time in his life revelled in the luxury of buckwheat cakes and honey? Not the "Brown three!" buckwheat cakes of the modern quick-lunch eating house, made of a sophisticated buckwheat flour deprived of nearly all the distinctive characteristics of the old-fashioned buckwheat and mixed with some sort of baking powder that does the raising while the cakes are cooking on the griddle: but cakes made of a buckwheat that was ground at a country mill whose power came from an old water wheel, or a long-armed sail. This buckwheat was made into a batter, the raising of which was the nightly care of the housewife, and was never just right unless the batter jar had been in steady use for at least a week after the first setting with baker's yeast. No little, thin, tasteless cakes like those of today came off the griddles then, but big, hearty brown beauties from which a breakfast could be made that would last a man while he did a hearty half-day's work between the eating of them and his dinner hour. Upon these cakes he was wont to spread butter or sweets, and the best of all the sweets was honey.

Buckwheat cakes came in honey time, for in those olden days it was a saying among country folks that the buckwheat was not fit to eat until heavy frosts had come, and by that time the honey had been gathered from the hives. Maybe to-day it is not possible to get such buckwheat flour except where country millers still grind it, but of honey one may have an abundance that could only be equalled in the old days when some great honeytree had been discovered and robbed of its hidden stores. And as for variety, one may enjoy more kinds than our forefathers conceived possible.

He who ate honey in New York city a generation ago was a lucky man, for at that time very little found its way into the markets. To-day every grocery has honey for sale, and many of them have it displayed in attractive packages in many forms, both strained clear from the comb, and in the comb just as it left the hives of the busy bees. When honey first became an important article of commerce in this country one big grocery house in New York became the principal handler of it. It was said in those days that the firm bought all the honey produced in the United States, and sold twice as much. There are houses still in the trade that sell a great deal more "honey" than they buy, but there are many others that deal only in pure goods.

Wandering into one of these the other day, a Sun reporter was astonished at the array of samples he found in the honey department. Before that time his idea of honey was a conventional one. Honey was honey, if it didn't happen to be something else, and, so far as he knew, there were but two kinds—white clover and buckwheat honey. The one was light in color, and the other dark. Here in the big wholesale house was a revelation. Before him stood a row of glass jars, two dozen maybe, and each contained a honey that differed in some important respect from all the others. Then it dawned upon him that honey resembled coffee in one respect. Coffee, as has been told in the Sun, comes from at least 100 different parts of the world, and the product of each place has its distinct qualities that the expert can recognize and distinguish; yet all of it finally finds its way into the household under the name of Java, Mocha, Maracaibo, Rio, or ground coffee. So with the honey. Let it come from where it may, and let it be gathered from whatever blossoms, the careless tradesman, indifferent to all but his own ease in making sales, labels it according to the easiest system, and sells the products of north, south, east and west, of flowers of all kinds, under the universal heads clover and buckwheat. Here were honeys from Canada, from New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida; from the Western States and from California. In each jar was a long wooden stick flattened at each lower end.

"Try them," said the reporter's conductor.

The reporter was embarrassed as to how this was to be done until his conductor gave him some slips of white paper and showed him how to drop a sample of the honey on one of these and taste the sample by licking it off the paper. Then he made a discriminating journey along the whole line of the jars. Words can tell but little of the gamut of sweets which he sounded, but there were some differences between the honey that can be described. Some were almost as colorless as water, and these, as a rule, were of the most delicate flavor. Some, again, were yellow, and one a golden hue, while the others were brown, and varying from the lighter shades to that of a good old Bass's ale. Some were limpid, and others were heavily charged with granulated sugar.

"Those with sugar in them are old crops," said the conductor. "Almost every honey will granulate as it gets old, and nothing will stop it. Many persons think that this is a sign of adulteration, but it is just the contrary. When the honey is all candied be sure it is pure.

"All these are samples of strained honey," he continued "and the only way in which you could be sure that you would get any of the stock which they represent in a pure state, when you bought it at retail packed in bottles, cruets, or tumblers, would be to buy only of the most reputable grocers whose word is a guarantee that can be relied upon. Glucose is the great adulterant used, and there is no way outside of a chemical test to determine its presence. You are liable to get so-called honey which contains anywhere from 10 per cent of glucose to 90 per cent, and nothing but a national pure food law will stop this adulteration. If you want to be absolutely sure of the purity of your honey buy it in the comb. Stories have gone floating around about the making of artificial comb and filling it with make-believe honey, but they are lies. Man is clever. but he has not yet been able to duplicate the work of the bee in honey and comb making. The nearest he comes to it is making an artificial base upon which the bees begin their work of cell making, and even this has to be made of pure beeswax, or the bees will have nothing to do with it."

Then he told how this artificial base of wax was made and used. In each of the little boxes of comb honey which one buys will be found approximately a pound of honey. It is held in two sets of cells which are built upon a foundation that runs through the centre of the glass faced box. Pressed between dies, the beeswax is poured into this foundation with just the beginnings of cells showing on each side, and this the bee-keeper cements with other wax in each box to save his bees work. It has been estimated that it takes a consumption of thirty pounds of honey by the wax making bees of a hive to enable them to produce one pound of wax. So, for every pound of wax that the bee-keeper saves them from making, he reaps a heavy return in honey.

The great producers of strained honey take a further and very interesting advantage of this fact. As soon as a frame is filled with honey and sealed over, they take it away, slice the tops off the cells, put the frame into a centrifugal wheel where the honey is all drained out as the wheel revolves and then put the emptied comb back for the bees to refill the cells and recap them. This makes so enormous an increase in the honey production of the bees that strained honey is quoted in the wholesale markets in this city at from 5 to 7 cents a pound, while honey in the comb is quoted at from 9 to 12 cents. Beeswax is worth about 27 cents a pound.

"California is now the largest honey producing State in the Union and perhaps in the world," said a member of one of the best known firms in this city dealing in honey alone, "and the great honey region of California is in the four extreme southern counties, San Diego, Riverside, Los Angeles and Ventura. One single bee-keeper there has produced from 80,000 to 100,000 pounds of honey in a season, and in the great honey year of 1895 San Diego county alone shipped about 200 carloads of honey. Ninety per cent of the California honey is sent to market strained and it is shipped in cans which hold five gallons or sixty pounds of honey, and two cans are packed together in a case. Last year was a bad one for blossoms, and San Diego hardly shipped ten car loads of honey. Plenty of rain in the late winter and spring and even weather in May and June make honey gathering possible, for the bees of southern California gather their sweets mostly from the white sage and sumach blossoms. Up in the San Joaquin valley they depend upon the alfalfa clover.

"New York comes next to California in production, and here the main part of the honey is sent to the market in the comb. Albany, Schoharie and Schenectady counties produce a great quantity, principally from buckwheat blossoms. There are many bee-keepers through the Mohawk

Valley and west of there to Buffalo, and there are honey producers nearly all over the state. In Otsego and Herkimer counties there are some bee-keepers who have as many as from 600 to 1,000 hives of bees each. In a good season each of these men will ship from 20,000 to 50,000 pounds of honey to the market. The greater part of the New York honey is produced from the bloom of white clover and linden or basswood trees. The bees work in the clover in the latter part of June and the first half of July, and then the linden begins to bloom. Vermont, Pennsylvania and the Western States all produce honey in considerable quantities, and principally from white clover and linden blossoms. About half of their product comes to the market strained, and the rest in the comb. Colorado, Utah and Arizona have taken to bee-keeping within five years, and twenty-five carloads of strained honey were shipped from Mariposa county, Arizona, last year. All of their honey is made from the alfalfa bloom.

"From the Apalachicola River region in Florida comes some of the finest honey in the world. It is gathered from the tupelo blossoms. It is golden yellow in color, and of a delicious flavor. Along the Indian River the bees work among the mangrove blossoms, and make a large amount of very white honey, but this has little flavor. Then there is honey from Cuba, but most of this is gathered wild, and it is not of high quality."

All the honey that comes to the market in the comb is sold for table use and a large quantity of the extracted honey is packed in glass and sold for the same purpose. The darker, coarser flavored honey is used in enormous quantities by cracker makers, bakers, confectioners, and druggists for fancy crackers, honey jumbles, candies and medicines.

Only an expert can detect the delicate differences between many of the honies. Those gathered from clover, alsike, alfalfa, white sage, thistle, raspberry, linden, mangrove and many of the other summer flowers are light in color. That from buckwheat is always dark and is the strongest of all in flavor. People of New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut like this, but it finds little sale for table use elsewhere. The yellow honey is gathered from the summach in California and in the Eastern and Middle States from apple blossoms, the golden rod, and many of the fall flowers.

The bees from a single hive will range over a space several miles in diameter, and where large numbers of hives are kept it is the custom to place them in clusters four or five miles apart. A hive of 20,000 bees, it is estimated, will gather and store one pound of honey a day. From eighty to one hundred pounds of honey to a hive is a good yield in good seasons, although there are bee-keepers in Florida and California who have gathered crops of 300 pounds to a hive. A conservative estimate of the number of bees that work to gather the yearly honey crop is three thousand millions, and to estimate the distances which they travel every summer while at their work would take one into figures such as only astronomers use. The work of the bees keeps many hundreds of men busy in attending the hives, handling and selling the honey and wax and manufacturing hives and the hundreds of thousands of honey boxes in which the comb honey comes to market, as well as in making the packages for the strained honey.

(From American Bee Journal).

"ARTIFICIAL" INCREASE, OR DIVIDING COLONIES.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A mania seems to have seized many of those keeping bees, for increase of colonies otherwise than by natural swarming, if my correspondence is any criterion to go by, for, at no time in my bee-keeping life, have I had so many enquiries in this matter as during the past three months; therefore, to save much private correspondence I will give some of the plans which I use successfully, even though it may be, to quite a large extent, matter which I have given before. But before doing so, I wish to say, that for this locality, I prefer natural swarming to any plan of artificial increase, where only one swarm is allowed from each old colony, and where said swarm will issue in time to prepare both old and new colonies in good condition for the honey harvest.

The first plan I will give for artificial increase is what is termed by some as the "nucleus plan." To be of the most value, the nucleus should be forced 18 or 20 days before the honey-harvest, by having enough bees in it to protect a frame two-thirds full of brood, the larger part of which should hatch during the first four or five days, while said comb should contain some eggs just laid, if possible. Besides this frame of brood and bees, the nucleus should contain a frame having a pound or two of honey in it, the whole being set in a hive and confined to one side of the same by means of a division board.

The next day after making, a nearly-mature queen cell should be given, or newly hatcht queen introduced. In about 10 days, if all proves favorable, the young queen will be laying, when I go to the hive from which I formed the nucleus and select a frame of brood, nearly all of which are gnawing out of the cells, and add this to the nucleus, always putting a frame of comb or comb foundation into the old colony to take the place of the one taken out, otherwise too much drone comb would be built; for colonies that are allowed to build comb under these conditions nearly always build drone comb.

I now wait four or five days, when I go to the old colony and take out four frames of brood, from which all the bees were shaken, as they were from the last mentioned frame, when I carry them to the nucleus. I now fill out each hive with empty comb or comb foundation, and put on the surplus arrangement.

By the above, each colony is made of about equal strength, and the brood is so taken out of the old hive that the colony does not have a desire to swarm. The old colony will have the most field bees for the first week or so, but the other will soon make the stronger colony of the two.

My second plan is to make one colony from each old one, on the principle of division of bees instead of division of brood, as in the above case. In using this plan we must have queen cells nearly mature by the time our first colonies are preparing to swarm. Having such cells on hand, I go to a colony preparing to swarm, or one that has its hive full of bees and brood, and move it one side of the old location, so as to put a new hive in its place. If a hive is not full of brood and bees, do not touch it; for it is useless to try to increase bees till such is the case.

I now look over the combs till I find the one having the queen on it, when I place that comb in the new hive. I next give them a frame having some honey it, and then fill out the hive with empty comb or foundation, when about two-thirds of the bees in the old hive are shaken in front of the new hive and allowed to run in. After this I arrange the frames back in the old hive, putting a division board in place of the frames taken out, when the old hive is carried to a new location where I wish to remain. After the bees thus removed have become reconciled to their queenless condition, I give them one of the nearly-mature cells, or a virgin queen which will soon be laying. In this way I have secured my new swarm, controlled all after swarming, and introduced my young queen, all to my liking, and with but little trouble.

My third plan is one which I use on the weaker colonies, or those which do not get ready to swarm up to 10 days or so before the honey harvest arrives, when I proceed to make colonies from them as follows:

A hive is filled with frames of empty comb, and placed upon the stand of one of those colonies which have not swarmed, and all the sections are taken off and placed thereon, then all the bees are shaken and brushed off their combs of brood and honey in front of the hive, into which thy will run as fast as shaken off. Thus I have a colony that is ready for the honey harvest, as they have the queen, bees and partly filled sections all in readiness to work. Previous to this, nuclei have been started, so I have plenty of laying queens to use as I need them.

I next take all the combs of brood from which the bees were brusht except one, arranging them in the hive the bees were shaken out of, and carry them to the stand of another colony which has not swarmed. I next take the comb of brood which was left out, go to one of the nuclei, take out the frame having the laying queen on it, and put the frame of brood in its place. Take the frame—bees, queen and all—and set it in the place left vacant for it when arranging the combs of brood. I now put on the sections, and, having all complete, I move the colony to a new stand and set the prepared hive in its place. Thus I have a laying queen and enough of her own bees to protect her, together with a hive filled with combs of brood, and all the field bees from the removed colony. The loss of bees to the removed colony stops the swarming impulse, and in about a week they have so regained their loss that they are ready for the sections again.

In this way I make one colony from two old ones, but have all the best possible condition to take advantage of the honey harvest which is soon upon us.

These plans all look toward a host of bees in time for the harvest, with no desire to swarm; and thus having them gives an assurance of a large crop of honey.

Onondaga Co., N. Y.

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EDITORIAL.

Notwithstanding the cold and backward spring weather that we have been experiencing in most northern localities during the past month, bees seem to be doing very well and the supply trade is better than it has been for several years before.

We notice that the Australian Bee Bulletin reprints largely from American bee publications, which is considerable of a complement to our bee wrrters, as the Bulletin is the only publication of its kind in Australia and has a large circulation.

The question is often asked, how long can brood comb be used in a hive before it becomes useless or "worn out." The answer is that it never wears out, but in time the cells become to small by constant accumulations on their sides, so they are not large enough for the proper developement of the young bees. This, however, does not occur until the comb has been in use for perhaps 20 years.

White clover is reported to be abundant in many parts of the country this spring and indicates a probable good honey harvest.

At the regular semi-annual meeting of the Utah State Bee-Keepers' Association, held recently at Salt Lake City, President Lovesy declared the present condition of bee-keeping of that state to be more favorable than at any other time within its history. Among their causes for rejoicing are mentioned the enactment of a foul brood law and the general discontinuance of the destructive practice of spraying fruit trees while in bloom, within the state.

Until recently sweet clover was upon the list of noxious weeds in Wisconsin, and a wholesale destruction of this fragrant, nectar-secreting plant followed in the wake of the Weed Commissioner. Through the efforts of Mr. N. E. France sweet clover has been dropped from the "obnoxious" [to bee-keepers] list, and a foul brood law enacted, which is said to be the most perfect bill in the world, dealing with this virulent disease. Wisconsin bee-keepers are nothing if not progressive.

A writer in the American Bee Journal, whose name is withheld, de-cries every form of bee space and ventilation in language most emphatic. Hear him: "Among the fruitful causes of success in bee-keeping, the centralization of heat is the chief point to be observed. I would not 'stick a pin there,' but I would plant a post on that point as big as the largest tree in the Yosemite valley, and tall enough to be seen by the bee-keepers all over the world. * * * I believe that the bee space craze has killed thousands of bushels of bee brood in the comb, in the spring, as well as many more mature bees between the combs in the winter. * * * The bee spaces act in the same way in a hive that a dozen or more holes would act in the bottom of a hen's nest." Etc., etc. There is no question as to the importance of heat retention within the brood nest at certain seasons, yet we think the writer quoted, goes to extremes in his (or her) denouncement of the bee space. It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that this writer and Mr. Taft, the ardent advocate of ventilation referred to elsewhere, are located in about the same degree of latitude; which clearly suggests the wisdom and safety of following the majority, by adopting standard hives and other appliances, and deviating only from their example as our own experience shall direct.

We have just gotten out a 16-page pamphlet entitled "Successful Bee Keeping," by W. Z. Hutchinson. It is well written and instructive, and is especially intended for those who are not very far advanced in bee keeping. We will send a copy postpaid for 6c in stamps.

Prof. J. W. Rouse, in the Progressive Beekeeper, under the heading "Mistaken ideas about bees," after citing several ludicrous incidents resulting from public ignorance of bees, remarks: "Let bee-keepers talk, write and keep on spreading information as to the habits of bees." There is no doubt but a substantial and general benefit to producers of honey would result from a united action of the advanced apiarists of America along this line. It is, perhaps not so important that the public should become conversant with the "habits of bees," as that the magnitude of our industry be generally understood, and the various uses of honey made known. We reproduce elsewhere in this number of the Bee Keeper an article from the New York Sun, of Feb. 26, '96, which is very accurate in general, and which will have a favorable influence as it tends to disseminate real knowledge of the goods we have to sell and we have no doubt it will be read with interest by many bee-keepers as well. There is no branch of our pursuit more important than the developement and maintainance of a profitable market, and the creation of a popular demand for our product depends wholly upon those interested in its success. Let us all contribute something during 1897 toward achieving the desired end.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Culled, Clipped and Condensed.

F.F. Bingham: "Wood for smoker fuel should always be kept under an old window or other glass covering in the sun."

A Tennessee bee keeper has in practical operation an electrical device which gives an alarm when a swarm issues.

W. L. Cogsshall of New York State, produced last year 78,000 pounds of honey. His favorite smoker fuel is old burlap or "gunny sack."

Section grooves may be neatly and rapidly moistened by using a new, ordinary machine oiler, with warm or hot water.

Novice, New Zealand: "The special food (royal jelly) which developes an ordinary worker egg into a queen, is a secretion from a gland in the head of young bees only."

Mr. Kinyon at the O. B. K convention, stated that native bee keepers of Cuba are in the business solely for the wax. Honey, he says, is so cheap that they do not even save it. The wax brings 22 cents per pound.

The editor of the Canadian Bee Journal has observed that when honey is coming in freely and the bees are crowded for room. a strong colony will slight the work of thinning and drawing out foundation. Better work is done, he says, by weaker stocks or when the wax workers are not hurried.

G. F. Merrian, an extensive grape grower and honey producer of California, in Gleanings, says: "My experience tallies exactly with that of the Dadants and others who own large vineyards—that bees never touch a fresh grape until the skin is broken by the birds or some other means."

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as will be charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

TO MAKE A GOOD WHITEWASH.

For a good whitewash for your bedroom ceiling put a piece of lime weighing about five pounds in a granite pan or bucket; pour on it a gallon of water, allow it to boil and slack until the steaming is over; take from this two quarts of the liquid lime, put it in a wooden or granite bucket, and add sufficient water to make it rather thin. Add a small amount of pure indigo, sufficient to give it the proper color; add a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of lampblack, stir well. This will give you a perfectly white ceiling; if you wish it colored add one of the colorings which you may purchase at any druggist's, stating that it is to be used with lime.—June Ladies' Home Journal.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

LOVE COMFORTLESS.

The child is in the night and rain
On whom no tenderest wind might blow,
And out alone in a hurricane.
Ah, no!
The child is safe in paradise!

The snow is on his gentle head,
His little feet are in the snow,
Oh, very cold is his small bed!
Ah, no!
Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!

Over the fields and out of sight,
Beside the lonely river's flow,
Lieth the child this bitter night.
Ah, no!
The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distressed
While I with fire and comfort go?
Oh, let me warm him in my breast!
Ah, no!
'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries!

—"A Lover's Breast Knot," by K. Tynan.

DUPED.

The big, white steamboat backs away from the wharf, swings about and goes slowly down the river sounding her whistle at intervals, for the fog is coming in rapidly.

The few loafers on the pier eye curiously the tall, elegant woman who has come ashore.

She, casting a half scornful glance about, approaches old Jed Rawson and puts this query:

"Can I hire any one to take me across the river?"

"I reckon not," declares old Jed, taking out his pipe to stare at her with astonishment. "The steamer goes into port jest below here ter wait fer the fog ter lift. Thar's no gittin across the river ternight, marm."

"Can you manage a boat, my good man?"

All the loafers smile at this. Old Jed breaks into a mellow laugh which sends a perfect network of wrinkles over his brown face.

"Why, leddy," he says, "there ain't nary a boy of 10 or up'ard alongshore as don't know how to handle a boat."

The lady laughs too. She is very charming, even old Jed realizes that. She takes a gold piece from her dainty purse and says:

"If you will take me and my trunk across the river, this shall be yours."

The trunk is a huge affair, and Jed looks at it with one eye closed and shakes his head.

"If it warn't fer the fog, marm, eny one on us 'ud take yer acrost fer nothing. But we couldn't see the boat's length tonight."

The lady utters a sharp exclamation, anger and disappointment clouding her features. A brown faced lad steps from the corner of the little red baggage house where he has been standing.

"If you dare to go, madam, I will take you," he says.

She gives him a radiant smile, at which he flushes to the roots of his fair, waving hair.

Jed and one or two of the other men remonstrate with him to no purpose. A small brown wherry is brought up to the flight of weather beaten steps leading down from one side of the wharf.

The big trunk is lowered into it, and the lady handed down by Andrew Russell, who is thrilled by the touch of her cool, satiny fingers. He pulls off into the fog bank while the loungers on the wharf make their comments.

"Mighty fine looking craft that."

"Carries too much sail."

"What can she want over the river?"

"P'rhaps she's bound for Barrington's."

"P'rhaps. She looks like his kind."

It is late in the evening when Andrew Russell returns. Old Jed meets him hurriyng up the village street.

"Well, Andrew, you got acrost all right?"

"Yes, I had a compass."

"Where'd she go?"

"I can't tell you," is the curt reply, as the boy passes on.

All subsequent inquiries elicit no further information than that Andrew landed her at the road which leads up by Barrington's, and that she expected some sort of conveyance to come for her there.

Barrington is reported to be immensely wealthy. He never mingles with the people there, and he lives in a lordly fashion. He brings his own company from distant parts, and there are stories of gay and wild doings at the great house which fill the unsophisticated natives with amazement.

He comes and goes as he likes and is

altogether very mysterious.

Andrew Russell has a sweetheart on that side of the river—pretty Jen Hardy, the fisherman's daughter.

It is only natural that frequently he should row across in his wherry. But Jen Hardy does not see him every time he goes during the next fortnight. He tramps through a strip of woodland across lots until he reaches a sheltered vale this side of Barrington's.

Here he meets the mysterious lady again and again. Andrew is 20—tall, strong and manly looking. Cars Ferris, as she calls herself, uses all her blandishments to complete his inthrallment. She tells him a pretty story—how that her uncle is determined to make a nun of her; that, Barrington being her cousin and friend she has come to him for protection, until she can get out of the country.

She wants to go to Europe, for as soon as her uncle discovered her hiding place he will follow her. She is apparently very confiding with Andrew, who is too innocent to see the flaws in her story. "Would he think she was 25?" she asked coquettishly.

Andrew returns a decided negative, never once dreaming that she is 10 years older. Jen Hardy is too proud to own that Andrew does not come to see her any more. Andrew has no mother, and his father, who is not a very clear sighted man, sees no change in his boy, who is moody or exalted by fits.

In two weeks' time Andrew imagines himself madly in love with this woman. He does not stop to reason over the absurdity of so brilliant a creature finding any attraction in an ignorant boy like himself.

One night he goes home intoxicated by the memory of a round, white arm about his neck and the pressure of soft, warm lips to his own. A week later, one hour before midnight, he crosses the river in his little brown wherry.

On the big rock which serves for a pier a man and a woman await him. Barrington carries a valise in each hand. They enter the wherry, and Andrew pulls swiftly and silently down the river. In about an hour they come to a small cove, where a commodious sailboat is tied to a ring in the rocky, shelving bank.

They go aboard this, the little wherry is fastened astern, the sails are unfurled and on they go, dancing lightly out into the waters of the bay.

At nightfall of the next day they come to a great city. Barrington and the lady go ashore. Some purchases are to be made here, and Barrington is to see a man who will buy the boat—this is what they have told Andrew. In the meantime he is to wait with the boat until their return, when they will all go aboard the great ocean steamship whose black funnels rise from a neighboring wharf.

Andrew is not particularly pleased that Barrington is to accompany them, but nothing can dampen the joy of his belief that she loves him, and he can never forget that her lips have touched his own. The poor boy is quite daft for the time and does not dream that he is being duped.

The city clocks are striking 10, when a ragged street gamin crosses the wharf and hails Andrew.

"Hi, there! Be your name Russell?"

Andrew nods, and the boy hands him a note.

. "A big swell up town sent this to yer."

Andrew takes the note and tears it open. He knows, of course, that the "big swell" is Barrington. The note reads as follows:

> When you read this, we shall be aboard an outward bound express. Goodby, my dear boy. Many thanks for your gallantry. Mr. Barrington makes you a present of the boat as a reward for your services. C. F.

For a moment Andrew stares at the note in dumb amazement. His brain reels. The letters dance blood red before his eyes. He staggers down into the little cabin and throws himself prostrate upon the floor. He breaks into great sobs which shake him from head to foot. To be fooled, played with, cast aside, when he had served their turn!

Oh, the bitterness, the grief and rage in the boy's hot heart as he rolls to and fro upon the cabin floor!

All night long he battles with this first great trouble. In the morning he rouses himself and goes up into the city to find a purchaser for his boat, for the sight of it is hateful to him, and he must have money to get home with. He sells it for $150, which is a pretty sum for a poor lad. At noon he has a sunstroke and is conveyed to the city hospital.

When he comes out of his stupor, he finds himself under arrest for being the accomplice of an adventuress. He learns, to his horror, that Cars Ferris is Madge Delaphine. That she engaged herself as companion to a little, miserly old woman. That she and Barrington, who is her lover, planned the old woman's murder, in order to obtain possession of the money and jewels which she hoarded about her. That Madge Delaphine accomplished the murder by means of a subtle poison, packed the body into a trunk and conveyed it to Barrington's house, where it was buried in the cellar.

The very trunk which Andrew ferried across the river! Andrew is taken before a magistrate, where he tells his story, omitting the love passages. But the magistrate is an astute old man and reads between the lines and pities the lad.

"The woman and her lover have been arrested. I want you to identify her."

He opens the door to an inner room and utters an exclamation of dismay. There, prostrate upon the floor, with her jeweled hairpin stuck through her heart, lies Madge Delaphine quite dead.

"Is this the woman?"

"Cars Ferris had dark hair," returns Andrew, who is white to his lips.

The magistrate lifts a wig of dark hair from a table near by.

"A very simple disguise," he says and motions Andrew back to the outer room, where, after a few more questions and some fatherly advice, he dismisses him. The misery of Andrew's journey home is boundless.

When he reaches the familiar spot, he is taken ill and for weeks is delirious with brain fever. Jen Hardy is his patient and faithful nurse. To Andrew it seems as if the memory of his folly must torture him forever, but as the months go by the shame and agony die away little by little.

Jen, faithful soul, believes in him and loves him. He is young and the world is fair and life is pleasant after all.

So, gradually he returns to his old allegiance, and it all ends as it should—with a wedding.—Dublin World.

Moscow, the ancient capital of the czars, is 4,466 miles from Washington.

He Abolished the Page.

For many years the Cincinnati Enquirer used to print a solid editorial page and employed an exclusive editorial staff of six writers, who wrote all their matter at night in order to keep abreast of the telegraphic news. One Fourth of July evening as they assembled to begin work somebody suggested a patriotic drink in honor of the occasion. They filed down to a restaurant near by, and, as they lined up at the bar, the door opened and Washington McLean, the presiding genius of the paper, came in. Mr. McLean did not drink often, but when he did he drank very hard. On this occasion he was celebrating the Fourth.

The result was that round after round of whisky was ordered, and nobody thought of the editorial page except one writer (who tells the story in the Chicago Times-Herald), who went back to the editorial rooms and sat down to write an editorial. He never got beyond the first sentence, "Yesterday was the Fourth of July." The next day, when the paper came out, on the editorial page there was just one line of editorial matter. At the top were the words, "Yesterday was the Fourth of July," and the rest of the page was filled with news. The reading public believed that the change was intentional, and Mr. McLean received so many congratulatory letters commending his enterprise in giving news preference over editorial that he abolished the editorial page permanently.

Needles.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

Opinions Differ.

Critic—That performance of yours last night was rare.

Manager—I can't agree with you. I think it was well done.

AN UNFORGOTTEN KISS.

The rain is rattling on the pane, the wind is sweeping by,
Now with discordant shriek, anon with melancholy cry.
A lonely man, I sit and read beside the dying fire
The daily tale of love and crime, of greed and vain desire.

The letters blur and fade, the room grows dim and disappears,
And in its stead old scenes come back across the waste of years,
And set in frame of golden hair a fair young face I see,
Whose two soft eyes of deepest blue look wistfully on me.

Once, on a memorable eve, when heart and hope were young,
Those luminous eyes upon my life a sudden glory flung.
As she was then I see her now, my young, my only choice,
The brightness on her sunny brow, the music in her voice.

One question, and but one, I ask, then for an answer wait.
My very heart is motionless, expectant of its fate.
A wondrous light—the light of love—glows in the tender eyes—
Her breath is warm upon my face—Oh, sweetest of replies!

But, bless my heart! The driving rain is coming in, I fear,
Or is that shining little drop upon the page a tear?
Well, who would think an old gray head could be so soft as this
When more than thirty years have fled since that fond, foolish kiss!

—John Scott in Chambers' Journal.

ONLY AN ACROBAT.

The first night of the season at the Hippodrome et Menagerie des Nations in that laughter loving and light hearted city of cities—Paris.

Well might the proprietor, the genial Artelio Milandri, hum a tune as he contentedly counted the "takings," for there was not a seat to spare. One simmering, sweltering mass of gay Parisians, patiently waiting the idol of every European capital, the one and the only, the inimitable Paolo.

Paolo, better known to his friends and associates as Bob Sinclair, was a young Englishman—a well set up, fresh colored, curly haired Yorkshire lad. Apprenticed as a tiny boy to the proprietor of a travelling circus, he had, willy-nilly gone through the mill, now horseman, now acrobat, now clown, now ringmaster, anything and everything. A day came at length when, taking advantage of the "strong man" craze, Bob's muscles, thews and sinews suddenly launched him into fame, and as "Paolo, the English Hercules," he blossomed into the sought after "star," whom the crowded houses had paid their hard earned francs to see.

When Paolo stepped into the ring, the public enthusiasm knew no bounds. It would be only taking up space to describe the "strong man" performance, which is now so familiar to everybody.

Though Paolo worked that night as cleverly as usual and without any apparent effort to the eyes of the onlookers, yet within himself he felt weighed down by a strange foreboding that something unusual was about to happen, and he felt really relieved when at last his performance was finished, and he was at liberty to return once more to his dressing room.

Scarce had the heavy velvet hangings separating the ring from the "back" of the house fallen behind him when his "dresser" rushed breathlessly up to him, his knees almost smiting together and terror contorting every feature of his countenance.

"Heaven help us, M. Paolo!" he gasped. "What shall we do? Scipio has got loose from his cage and is making for the arena. It is the only outlet were he can escape, and le bon Dieu alone can save us!"

Scipio was a huge lion, purchased as a cub by Milandri for exhibition to the patrons of his menagerie. Owing to some carelessness in the fastening of his cage door, the beast had managed to escape, and, attracted by the smell of the horses, was now making his way to the arena, on the opposite side of which the stables were situated. What could Paolo do?

Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead as he thought of the effects of a sudden stampede among that vast concourse; how in their wild alarm hundreds of women and children—aye, and strong men too—would be crushed and trampled to death.

"Where are Francois, Jean, Pierre and the rest?" he asked.

"All flown, m'sieur; all escaped!"

"Now listen," he said to the attendant. "You are the only one who has shown any pluck, and I won't forget you. Get through my dressing room window, run as fast as your legs can carry you to the barracks at the end of the road, tell the officer on duty what has happened and ask for help. In the meanwhile"—grimly—"I will do my best for Mr. Scipio."

As the last sound of the man's hurrying feet down the passage proclaimed him well on his way for help, Paolo hastily snatched up a small stiletto which had been used in a juggling trick during the evening and, concealing it in his vest, stepped once more, to the astonishment and delight of the audience, into the arena.

Whispering a few hasty directions into the ear of a clown who was filling in between the "turns" to stop the next artists from appearing and to close the stable entrances, Paolo made a bow and, holding up his hand for silence, announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot thank you sufficiently in words for the kindness with which you have received my efforts tonight, so as deeds speak louder than words I shall bring before you for the first time in public my famous trained lion. He and I will give an exhibition of wrestling. Ah, you hear him, I think, answering my challenge," as a loud roar burst from behind the curtains and caused a few of the more timid to move uneasily in their seats.

With one magnificent bound the noble beast was through the curtains and in the middle of the ring. There he lay crouching in the odorous tan, as though scarce realizing his unwonted freedom and struck by the strangeness of his surroundings, his bloodshot eyes rolling uneasily and his quick, gasping breath disturbing the dust beneath his dilated nostrils.

Paolo had braced his limbs to give himself a strong position in expectation of Scipio's onrush, his weapon concealed in the hollow of his hand, and as he stood in all the grace and strength of his magnificent manhood, every symptom of fear vanished, he felt within himself that he almost welcomed the moment that would bring to him victory or death.

Little time for thought, however, had Paolo. With one fell spring the mighty beast was at him, his open jaws dripping froth, his bloodshot eyes blazing with fury.

But not this time did he grasp his intended prey, for quick as thought the practiced eye of the acrobat detected the movement, and bending forward, head and knees almost touching the ground, he made a rapid shift in the opposite direction and avoided by almost a hairbreadth being crushed breathless beneath the lion's bulk.

Quick as lightning's flash the lion turned once more, crouching low in the dust, his eye warily seeking some weak spot in the armor of this strange antagonist, whose lithe limbs and sinuous movements puzzled him, and who showed less signs of fear facing him here in open fight than the crowds of frail humanity who had mocked and jeered at him so often from the safe side of his prison bars, but who shrank back affrighted when in his wrath he gave his awful battle roar.

This time, with catlike tread, he slowly advanced upon his adversary, striving, as though conscious of his power and strength, to drive him back and pen him helplessly and without chance of escape against the side of the ring, and then to seize him at his leisure.

Paolo was also thinking. When would the soldiers come? Could he survive to carry on the unequal struggle till they arrived? But while thinking not a muscle relaxed.

Seeing the lion's tactics, he gradually managed to skirmish toward the ring, though by so doing he passed within a few feet of his nose.

"Come on, Scipio," he said aloud, with a gay bravado he little felt, "this is not how lions fight." And he made a slight feint, as though playfully to touch his adversary on the head.

With a deep, hollow roar of anger Scipio reared aloft on his hind legs, and, throwing all prudence to the winds and realizing that the momentous struggle had come at last, Paolo rushed madly at him, man and beast closing in a terrible death grapple, the lion continuing erect, as though wishful to wrestle on equal terms with the brave biped.

In the swift onrush Paolo dropped his dagger, and now, weaponless but frenzied with rage and despair, he exerted every atom of his marvelous strength and with one giant upheaval overthrew the wild beast.

But Scipio's mighty claws were busy, and the blood lust was on him too. Crimson streaks through Paolo's tunic made it apparent to the fascinated beholders that this little wrestling bout was not all that it seemed, and many a timid heart, sickened by the sight of blood, edged furtively toward the nearest outlet.

But what sound is this that breaks the spell and causes the low whispers of inquiry to swell into a babel of tongues? In another moment the semisolitude of the arena is broken by the appearance of a body of soldiers from the neighboring barracks, all converging rapidly on one point where lay the doughty combatants.

The young officer in command, hastily disengaging a revolver from his belt, fires one, two, three shots into the prostrate brute's ear, and with one mighty groan the spirit of the erring Scipio returns to haunt the solitudes of the African deserts.

Tender hands lift Paolo, unconscious, bleeding and nigh to death. He is borne from the arena as the audience slowly files out of the building under the masterful direction of some of the soldiers told off for the purpose—silent, awe stricken, sobbing, praying, walking as in a trance.

In a peaceful little God's acre just outside the walls of Paris sleeps Paolo. His grave all the year round blooms with lovely flowers, and its fond tending shows that, though his body has passed away, his memory still flourishes as brightly as the blossoms that wave over him.—London Answers.

The Charm of a College Room.

A college room is a delightful place. Its occupant for the time being is its master. He can do as he will in it—lock his door and be not at home, admit all comers, sit alone and read or study, or sit with his congenial friend and talk out whatever he may have the good fortune to have in his mind. One Harvard graduate certainly, who found many pleasures of very varied sorts in college, remembers very few with such a sense of solid comfort duly taken as certain talks had in college rooms with good men, though young, about letters and life and people, the immediate environment and the greater world on the brink of which all college men stand. Music has charms, superlative charms, in college too.

In this same graduate's memory there are few musical associations more consoling than the memory of what he heard, half asleep in a chair before a fire, while a good musician who was his classmate sat at his piano in the corner. Some of the calmest and most peaceful memories of college are the best. The more boisterous pleasures we smile to recall and wonder as we remember them at the vigor and the folly of youth. But about those quieter streaks of happiness there was no folly and they involved no remorse.—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

The Congregation.

One fine Sunday morning a tourist arrived at a kirk in Argyllshire, intending to enter for the English service as soon as the Gaelic was over. "Is the Gaelic service over?" he inquired of the beadle.

"No, but it will not be fery long."

So the tourist strolled on into the churchyard, where the tombstones lay deep in the long grass. By and by he was recalled by the shouts of the beadle, who stood at the door waving to him.

"But is the Gaelic service over?" he asked, once more.

"Oh, aye, it will be over."

"But I have not seen the congregation. Which way did it go?"

The beadle directed his attention to a solitary figure slowly wending his way up the hill, and said, "That's him."—London Tit-Bits.

Two Points of View.

On one occasion, at a party given by Sir John Millais, Lady Halle rose to play the violin, when to her intense amusement she heard Landseer exclaim: "Good gracious! A woman playing the fiddle!" On the other hand, an old fashioned nobleman, when he saw a gentleman sit down to the piano, contemptuously remarked, "I wonder if the creature can sew."

WHAT HE LOVED.

I had a love. Dark haired was she.
  Her eyes were gray.
For sake of her across the sea
  I sailed away.

Death, sickness, tempest and defeat
  All passed me by.
With years came fortune fair and fleet,
  And rich was I.

Again for me the sun looked down
  Familiar skies.
I found my love; her locks had grown
  Gray as her eyes.

"Alas," she sighed, "forget me, now
  No longer fair!"
"I loved thy heart," I whispered low,
  "And not thy hair."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

A BURGLAR'S YARN.

"Aye, the Bermoodas is a verra nice place," said Archie.

Then he peered out of the window into the chill London mists and moodily watched the rain pattering against the panes.

"A verra nice place! This weather makes one think on 'em," he exclaimed in a minute or two, without turning round.

I fancy I heard him sigh.

There is a grim practicality about Archie though. Down I dropped from the clouds in one swift second.

"Yaller Jack verra busy when I paid my first visit," he said shortly and plumped himself down into his chair before the fire.

"Oh!"

"Aye; took off many on us."

"And you?"

"Me. Oh, he were a verra guid friend to me, were Yaller Jack. Aye, I've nowt but kind words for him."

Never before had I heard the praises of yellow fever sung. But Archie is original if he is anything at all.

"It were in this way:

"As usual, I were nearly always in hot water with my obstinate temper and my willful ways.

"The cat and me was well acquainted, likewise the dark cell, likewise cheens and rings, likewise bread and water.

"Things was gettin to a verra bad pass when Jack come to my rescue.

"But it were verra hard for a man to keep out o' difficulties.

"I'll tell you about Nat the stockman, fro' Leicester, who were doin seven year for settin fire to his house. Him and me was diggin the foundations of a cookhouse. Nat were down i' the hole and I were atop wheelin the muck away. One day it were pipin hot, and Nat were takin a speel-o. Comes up a warder—an old slave driver he were—and looks down at Nat. 'Now, then, get on with your work,' he sings out. Nat looks up and never moves. 'Now, then, stir, or I'll come down and make ye,' cries the warder.

"But old Nat only laughs. Then in goes Mr. Warder, and Nat knocks him down—silly—for meddlin—wi' his lang handed shovel.

"And would ye believe me? I don't say nothin about Nat—he was a bit short i' his temper—but they gives me 28 days bread and water for not interferin!

"'And you stood by, Sloss, and see him do it,' says the governor.

"'Do ye think I'm a fuil?' I cries, 'to meddle in other folks' affairs? Not me. I'll tell you what it is, sir. I've more business o' my own nor I can manage. They was man for man—and let 'em fight it out.'

"But it were no good argufyin.

"I only mentions it to show you what sort of a place Bermooda was i' my time.

"Afore I'd done my 28 days comes Yaller Jack. Ye should ha' seen their faces! Takes warders and all! Spares none! There was a fair panic. A man were full o' life in the mornin and food for the sharks by night time.

"But I didn't care for it. I cared for nowt—i' those days. I don't know as I do now—excep' for what's afore me."

Imagine a somber pause, full of significance.

"Well, Jack gets worse an worse.

"There was none lef' to tend the sick.

"The commander of the hospital ship comes ashore an calls for volunteers.

"'Hallo, Archie!' says I to myself. 'Here's a chance for a change. Lots o' grub and smook all day long. Ye may as well die here as anywheers else. Here goes.' So I holds up my hand and cries, 'I'm one.'

"He looks at me and begins to laff. 'You're fat and lusty, Sloss,' says he. 'You'll be the first to go.' For Jack were particular fond o' the lusty ones.

It were common talk how he like 'em.'

“But I didn't care—not me.

“‘Ye might be dead afore me, sir,’ says I. He were a hard nut, was Commander Jackson. I'd had four dozen from him once.

“‘Well, Sloss,’ says he, ‘I'll take ye. The devil will soon get his own.’ So off I goes down to the boat—me, three others and him—and were soon aboard the hospital ship.

“Sure enough, my words come true. That verra night Jack knocks at the cabin door of Commander Jackson.

“It were fair awful, that ship. I begins to think I'd best 'ave been satisfied wi' bread an water ashore. But I booked, and there was no gettin out o' the job. First he took ye in the legs, then he mounted upward, then he spread all over ye, till ye was all aches and pains. Then come the black vomit.”

Even now Archie shuddered at the thought of the awful scenes he took part in—men raving, men cursing, men mad, men tied down to their bunks, all yellow. Above, the sun burning and blistering; below, the odors of the sick, disinfectants. the croaking death rattle at their throats.

Such is yellow jack, according to Archie.

“He took Commander Jackson verra bad,” he went on. “He were a hard nut and had the name for it—it were a word and a blow wi' him. Many's the time I shook my fis' i' his old face all yaller—oh, he couldn't see me—thinkin o' the four dozen I'd had of him It were verra temptin to take my revenge. I could ha' killed him easy. Just like snuffin a candle. How? Leave his blankets off him. Let him lie naked and sweat. Then ‘quick march.’ But I didn't. Why? I don't know. It made me grin to think he were at my mercy, and I cared nowt for no man. ‘Your turn next, Archie,’ says I to myself, and I smooks away. The second night about four bells—light down—hot as hell—he wakes up and sees me smookin by his side and pourin vinegar on to his head, which were lapped round wi' bandages to keep it cool.

“‘Sloss,’ says he; ‘is that you, Sloss?’

“‘Aye, sir, it's me, right enough.’

“‘Sloss, your words has come true.’

“‘What was that, sir?’ says I, goin on wi' the lotion.

“‘Why, didn't ye say as I might be dead afore you?’

“‘What! D'ye mean to say as ye paid any heed to the likes o' me?’ says I, grinnin.

“‘Yes, I did, Archie.’

“‘More fuil ye then. It's fear as kills the half of yez. Now, don't get throwin them blankets off. D'ye hear? I'm commander i' this ship.’ I laffed out loud to see his face when he heard me speakin so sharp, like a governor.

“‘The tables is turned, sir.’

“Then he begins to curse awful. He was a verra hot tempered gentleman.

“‘Ye're my prisoner,’ I cries, jumps on him, fair smothers him wi' blankets, chucklin all the while to think I were his master.

“I tell ye we was a rough lot o' men. I've never seen many rougher.”

I could not refrain from smiling as I thought of Archie turned nurse. He is so grim.

“Well, the old commander gets the better o' Yaller Jack, though he'd a hard wrostle wi' him.

“‘Ye've had a narry squeak for it,’ says I when he gets on his legs again. He had to rest on me.

“‘Well, Sloss, I owes my life to ye,’ says he.

“‘To me!’

“‘Yes, Sloss. I'll never punish ye no more.’

“Oh, I've heard that tale afore.”

Then Archie gave a Rabelaisian chuckle at the memory, and I ventured to quote a famous couplet:

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

“Aye, that's it,” said Archie grimly. Then he went on with his story. “So I never give it another thought—indeed I'd no time. I were ta'en myself that afternoon. Yes, Jack taps me on the shoulder, and it were my turn. I baffles him, tho'—and when I comes round I finds myself ashore—the last patient. My, they soon has me to work agin wi' Nat—him diggin, me wheelin the muck away, and I never got so much as a look from the old commander who'd bin so grateful to me. Not a wink, not a word.

“I know'ed verra well how it 'ud be.

“So four months passes along, and I'd forgot all about Yaller Jack, till one Sunday mornin I were dozin in chapel, when I hears my name mentioned:

"'Archibald Sloss.'

"I starts up wit' a jump. I could hardly believe my ears. The chap in the big box, lookin down at me, says:

"The remainder of your sentence is remitted for your bravery in nursing Commander Jackson and those who were sick with the yellow fever."

* * * * * * *

"'Oh, glory, halleuiah!' I cries. I couldn't help it.

"And afore I'd been on old England's shores a week I were copped agin."—Westminster Budget.

A Story of Du Maurier.

One day, while taking his favorite walk about the heath, Du Maurier saw a gathering of people on the borders of the shallow pond which is a particular attraction to Hampstead. A thin coating of ice covered the water, excepting where a little dog had broken through and was ineffectually struggling to get out again. The ice was, however, so weak that whenever this little creature drew its front paws up over the edge it broke under his weight and forced him to repeat this painful operation again and again, until it looked as though the poor animal would become exhausted in his efforts.

Du Maurier was in delicate health at the time, and, knowing that the water was nowhere more than three feet deep, called to the idlers in the crowd, "Here's half a crown for the man who fetches that dog ashore." The offer was not accepted, at least not soon enough to satisfy the mercurial artist. So, despite the doctor, into the pond rushed Du Maurier, breaking his way through the thin ice until he reached the drowning doggie, which he seized in his arms and brought ashore, amid the cheers of the bystanders.

His only thought now was to run home rapidly in order to prevent a chill. He was overtaken, however, by a man, who pressed him to accept a piece of money by way of reward. Du Maurier declined, with thanks, and pressed on with renewed vigor. The man, however, would not be discouraged in his charitable intention, but repeatedly urged our artist to accept a tip for his trouble. The annoyance at length grew beyond even Du Maurier's fondness for a joke, for the well meaning patron insisted upon putting a tip into Du Maurier's hands while he was fumbling for his doorkey on the front steps of his own house.

Between this and the miserable chilliness of his garments Du Maurier finally forgot that courtliness which was his distinguishing mark and snapped out, "Damn it, go to the devil!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!" said the now blushing persecutor. "I did not know you was a gentleman."—Harper's Weekly.

There Are Others.

"What is your husband's politics?" asked the new neighbor.

"Jim?" said the lady addressed. "Jim? He's a anti."

"Anti what?"

"No; not anti what; jist a anti. He's ag'in anything that happens to be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Man of Resource.

A good story is told of the late Count Gleichen when he was an embassador in London. At a dinner party it was his hard luck to have to conduct to table a lady of a taciturn and unresponsive nature.

To all his polite nothings she answered never a word. Nothing daunted, he continued to ply her with small talk, till at last she slowly turned her head toward him and deliberately yawned.

The count was equal to the occasion.

"Ah, madam," he said loudly, "I also have gold in my teeth."—Strand Magazine.

More Competent.

Gussie—Really, mamma, I don't know which one I love best—Reggy or Jack.

Mamma—Why not leave the choice to some competent judge?

Gussie—Some one versed in the arts of love?

Mamma—Dear, no! Some one well up in Bradstreet's.—New York Journal.

The oldest tree in England is the yew tree at Braburn, in Kent, which is said to be 3,000 years old, while at Fortignal, in Perthshire, is one nearly as old. At Ankerwyke House, near Staines, is a yew tree which was famous at the date of the signing of Magna Charta.

PARTNERS.

Love took chambers on our street
Opposite to mine.
On his door he tacked a neat,
Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great,
For his sign read so:
"Hearts united while you wait.
Step in. Love & Co."

Much I wondered who was "Co."
In Love's partnership.
Thought across the street I'd go—
Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went, and since that day
Life is hard for me.
I was bunkoed! (By the way,
"Co." is Jealousy.)

—Ellis Parker Butler in Century.

A BIKE FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a queen who was so advanced that the king was quite out of it. She set an example of female independence to her subjects by going long journeys on her bicycle, unincumbered by any court train. She became so enthusiastic about female wheeling that she built three bicycle tracks. On the first there was a hedge 100 yards thick, on the second a pond 100 yards wide, and on the third a ladder 100 yards high, and she decreed that no girl should marry the crown prince unless she rode her bike through the hedge, across the pond and up and down the ladder. Many girls tried, but all failed; the crown prince remained single, and at last the tracks were overgrown with weeds for want of use.

One day the queen went out on her bicycle alone, as usual, and lost her way. Night came on, and she was glad to find shelter in a lonely cottage where dwelt a woman and her daughter. The daughter was very beautiful—a wise woman had foretold that she would ride over the three tracks and marry the crown prince, but she had once met a handsome young huntsman in the forest and vowed she would never marry any one but him, so she refused to learn to bike at all.

The mother was a clever and ambitious woman. She knew the queen at once by her profile, which was on all the penny pieces, and besides she wore the great seal on her finger to prevent the king from misusing it in her absence. But the mother kept her own counsel and treated the queen as a stranger, setting before her the best food there was in the house for supper.

When the queen had finished her meal, she noticed how lovely the girl was and said to the mother, "Is your daughter fit for anything?" The woman replied, "She is the champion lady bicyclist of the whole world." "Oh, indeed," said the queen, "and, pray, why does she not ride over the three tracks and win the hand of the crown prince?" "Because," answered the mother, "she is too independent to run after any man." "I never thought of that," observed the queen, and pulling a cigarette out of her case she fell a-smoking.

When the girl went out to wash up the supper things, the queen asked, "Can't you persuade your daughter to ride over the three tracks just to show how superior we women are?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "but she must have three things." "Name them," said the queen. "She must have a pavilion built, opening on to the tracks, from which she must start and to which she must return after each round, without any one being allowed to speak to her."

"Why?" asked the queen. "Because every man that speaks to her wants her to speak to him, and she despises such a waste of time," replied the mother. "Oh!" said the queen. "Next she must have three riding suits, one for each track, and each suit must have a veil to match, for her to wear when she rides."

"Why?" asked the queen. "Because every man who looks at her and sees how beautiful she is tries to make her look at him," replied the mother. "Hum!" said the queen. "Lastly, I must go with her, and so must her three uncles."

"Why?" asked the queen. "Because she will have to ride so hard that she will wear out a bicycle on each track, and she must have always a fresh one ready, with an uncle to oil it and to have it in good working order."

"Ha!" said the queen. "Do you know, my good woman, that I am your rightful sovereign?" "I never thought of that," replied the mother. "But it is so," said the queen, "and I command you to bring your daughter to my three tracks this day week, when everything you ask for shall be granted."

"It shall be as your majesty commands," replied the woman.

So on a day the mother and daughter started for the tracks, and the girl walked first, singing as she went for the very joy of life.

Presently they met a man riding on a bicycle with his eyes shut. "Good morning, uncle!" cried the girl. But the woman asked, "Why do you ride with your eyes shut?" And the man answered, "Because I am so keen of sight that I cannot help seeing my way through the tiniest crack on the ground, and if I keep my eyes open I should go down to the very center of the earth." "That is good," said the mother. "Will you help my daughter to win the crown prince for a husband?" "That will I," said the man, "for no girl ever called me uncle before."

Soon they met another man riding a bicycle with his feet on the forks. "Good morning, uncle!" cried the girl. But the mother asked, "Why do you ride with your feet on the forks?" And the man answered, "Because I pedal so fast that I skim over the ground, and no one could get out of my way if I put my feet on the treadles." "That is better," said the mother. "Will you help my daughter to win the crown prince for a husband?" "That will I," said the man, "for no girl ever called me uncle before."

Before long they met a third man riding a bicycle, with his hands in his pockets. "Good morning, uncle," cried the girl. But the mother asked, "Why do you ride with your hands in your pockets?" And the man answered, "Because my grip is so strong that I should lift my bike over the trees and up and down the telegraph posts if I used my hands." "That is best," said the mother. "Will you help my daughter to win the crown prince for a husband?" "That will I," said the man, "for no girl ever called me uncle before."

"Now I have enough uncles," said the girl. "The next stranger I meet shall be my cousin." But they met no one else, for all the world had gone to the tracks. Only when they reached the pavilion they saw a smart young soldier pacing up and down. "Good morning, cousin," cried the girl. "Good morning, cousin," replied the smart young soldier, and he gave her a hearty kiss. "How dare you?" cried the mother in a rage. "Cousins always kiss," replied the smart young soldier. The uncles looked at each other and said, "We never thought of that." But the girl blushed and said nothing, for the smart young soldier was the same handsome young huntsman whom she had vowed should be her husband. "And now I must leave you," said the smart young soldier, and he marched off, whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Then they prepared for the first ride and dressed the first uncle in a crimson suit and put on him a veil of gold embroidery that glittered like the sun. The signal sounded, and they opened the pavilion door, and the first uncle sped out like the wind and kept his eyes shut till he came to the hedge that was 100 yards thick, and there he opened them and saw his way through in a trice, and so, shutting his eyes again, he sped round the track to the other door of the pavilion.

Now they dressed the second uncle in a suit of dark blue and put on him a suit of silver filigree work that glistened like moonbeams. And he flew out of the door like a bird and kept his feet on the forks till he came to the pond that was 100 yards across, but then he put his feet on the treadles and skimmed over the water without even splashing it, and so, coming to the other side, he put his feet on the forks again and flew around the track to the other door of the pavilion.

The third uncle had a suit of black velvet, but as there were no pockets for him to put his hands into they were forced to cut a slit on either side instead. His veil was of black lace, spangled with diamonds which sparkled like the stars on a frosty night, and when the door of the pavilion opened he shot forth like lightning, with his hands in the slits of his suit, but as soon as he came to the ladder that was 100 yards high he took hold of the handles and darted up and down the ladder in a twinkling, and so, putting his hands in the slits again, he whirled round the track to the other door of the pavilion.

You may be sure there was a great shouting and a mighty rush of people toward the pavilion of the champion lady bicyclist of the world, but a line of soldiers barred the way, and only fell back to let the crown prince and his retinue gallop past.

And when he got to the door, ever so much before his followers, he found the mother standing and watching. She saw at a glance that he was the smart young soldier who had met them in the morning, but she pretended not to know him. Little he cared as, leaping from his horse, he rushed into the room, where he found the girl dressed in her ordinary clothes and looking more beautiful than ever.

The retinue crowded in and stood by the door, but the prince ran up to her and, opening his arms, cried: "Dearest, I have loved you ever since we met in the forest. Will you be my bride?" The girl hung her head, for she was frightened when she saw all this grandeur and knew that her lover was a prince. But her mother said, "Kings always caress." "I never thought of that," said the girl, and fell into the prince's embrace.

So they were married, and of course the three uncles were asked to the feast, and then for the first time the prince looked away from his bride and saw how odd looking they were, and he asked the first uncle, "How did you get such projecting eyes and that hard, fixed gaze?" And the first uncle answered, "By skimming, by skimming, by skimming." Then the prince asked the second uncle, "How did you get that monstrous flat foot?" And the second uncle replied, "By scorching, by scorching, by scorching." Then the prince asked the third uncle, "How did you get that hideous, huge hand?" And the third uncle answered, "By skopping, by skopping, by skopping." "Skimming, scorching, skopping!" said the prince. "I don't know what you mean."

Then the mother explained: "May it please your royal highness, my eldest brother has the cycle eye, that comes from always looking miles ahead, which is called skimming; my second brother has the cycle foot, which comes from always pedaling as hard as he can, which is called scorching, and my youngest brother has the cycle hand, which comes of always steadying the machine over ups and downs, which, as it is something between skipping and hopping, is called skopping. Some people who bicycle a very great deal have all these three peculiarities." "I never thought of that," said the prince, and, turning to his bride and seeing how beautiful she was, he cried, "You shall never ride a bicycle again."

And they lived happy ever after.—St. James Budget.

British Modesty.

The Duke of Teck having asked the Canadian government to allow him and his chartered company to govern the Canadian gold regions in the Yukon river territory, The British Columbian Press says, "This is the most paralyzing proposition ever presented to any modern government—to hand the government of Canadians and Americans over to a chartered company, as if they were so many Hottentots."

At the Back Door.

Tramp—Have you anything, madam, to spare for a poor wayfarer this morning?

Madam—Yes. You can go right out to the wood shed and indulge in cold chops and cuts to your heart's content.—Boston Courier.

Easy Proof.

Prospective Purchaser—You say he's a savage watchdog?

Owner—Yes, indeed.

"But how am I to know that?"

'Try 'im. Jes' go outside with me and climb in at that winder."—Chicago Record.

Ennui.

"We have found out why Nora breaks so much china."

"Why is it?"

"She says she gets so dead tired washing the same old dishes over and over and over."—Detroit Free Press.

Knights' Chargers.

During the middle ages so heavily burdened were the horses of the knights with their own armor and that of their riders that only the largest and strongest animals could be employed. Froissart says that between 600 and 700 pounds weight was carried by a knight's charger.

The Bells.

Bells were well known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold, alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not." Hand bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest curfew was rung at nightfall to rid the neighborhood of the village or town and church of demons.

Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened, and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit before the elevation. By the command of Pope John IX church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning. The monument of Porsena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clothaire raised the siege of Sens on account of a panic occasioned among the men by a sudden chime from the bells of St. Stephen's church. The largest bell in the world is in the Kremlin at Moscow. Its weight is 250 tons, and the value of the bell metal alone, not counting the gold and silver ornaments which were thrown into the pots as votive offerings, is estimated at £66,565, or about $332,825.

A Novel Device.

"When people are suffering from thirst, they will resort to all kinds of means to get water," remarked a gentleman who was at one time a member of the United States geological and surveying expedition in the Indian Territory. "For some time we had been without water and were suffering greatly. Among our number was an old trapper who was as keen on the scent for water as is a hound on the trail of a deer. Finally he paused at a place and stopped.

" 'I think there's water here, if we could dig a well,' he observed.

" 'But we can't,' I replied.

" 'No, but we can do something else,' he said.

"With that he cut a reed, tying some moss on the end of it. Then he dug into the earth, placed his reed in the hole and packed the earth around the reed. He waited for a few moments.

" 'Do you mean to say you can suck water out of that thing?' I asked.

" 'Yes, if, as I think, there's water near the surface.'

"He drew strongly at it with much satisfaction.

" 'Good,' he remarked. 'Would you like to try it?'

"With little confidence in the result, I sucked at the reed with the surprising result of getting plenty of clear, pure water. To my parched tongue it seemed the very nectar of the gods.

" 'It's as clear as the water of a spring,' I said.

" 'Yes, the moss is our filter,' he replied.

"We pursued our journey much refreshed, and I never forgot the old trapper's advice."—Detroit Free Press.

Shoes.

Shoes are in every part machine made. It is said by scientific authority that there is no department of human industry in which machinery and the subdivision of labor have been brought to greater perfection than in the manufacture of shoes. In the great shoe factories there are women employed whose business the year round is to sew one seam and one only. Even the metal eyelets are placed in position and clamped by a mechanical device.

Careful.

"My dear," said Mrs. Darley, "could you leave me about $25 this morning?"

"My sweetness," replied Darley, "a bank cashier has just died from the effect of handling paper money, and I'm afraid to expose you to the danger. Can you wait until I can procure gold for you?"—Harper's Bazar.

Congressmen and Bribes.

A man who has been defeated for re-election is not in a fit frame of mind to legislate for his people. There is a sting in defeat that tends to engender the feeling of resentment which often finds expression in the vote of such members against wholesome legislation. That same feeling often produces such a want of interest in proceedings as to cause the member to be absent nearly all the second session.

Congressmen are not usually men of means. Their congressional career has resulted in the destruction of their clientage or business. To a defeated member who has relied upon his salary for support the future looks dark and gloomy. It is then some are open to propositions which they would never think of entertaining if they were to go before the people for re-election. It is then that the attorneyship of some corporation is often tendered and a vote is afterward found in the record in favor of legislation of a general or special character favoring the corporation. If an affirmative vote cannot be had, it is often just as important that the member should be absent. If there is ever a time in the history of the man when he will directly or indirectly accept a bribe, it is then. There is less chance of detection. He is no longer a political factor. His political enemies no longer watch his course. The opposition newspapers no longer criticise his conduct—"the secret is his own and it is safe."

There are many upright men in congress who would not be influenced by defeat. But in as large a body as the house of representatives there must always be some who would yield to temptation. It is a fact that nearly all, if not all, of the legislation that is claimed to have been passed by corrupt influences was enacted during these second regular sessions of congress.—Hon. J. F. Shafroth in North American Review.

A Toothless Emperor.

Jaroslaf I of Russia had no teeth, having lost these valuable adjuncts to happiness by a blow from a Turkish mace. An English traveler in his country says it was commonly reported that the king's chewing was done by the queen, who masticated all the royal food and transferred it from her mouth to his majesty's with a spoon.

You have noticed when you have been in England that all the bank notes are always clean and fresh or that most of them are. Well, the reason is that the Bank of England burns the ones received and issues new ones. The average life of a bank note is only five or six days.

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"With regard to Dr. James' Headache Powders, I have no hesitation in commending them to sufferers from headache. They relieve the pain speedily, and I have never known anyone to be harmed by their use. I have been a great sufferer from headache in my life but have almost gotten rid of it by the constant use of hot water and fruit, and by doing without coffee. The Dr. James Headache Powders have, however, greatly relieved me at times, and I never allow myself to be without them, and have recommended them to others freely.

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We do not know a better mount on either side of the Atlantic.—*The Queen.*

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

CINCINNATI, O., May. 23. 1897.—The demand for honey is fair. Fair supply. Price of extracted 3½ to 6c per pound. Fair demand for beeswax; fair supply; price 22 to 25c per pound for good to choice yellow on arrival

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., May. 31, 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 7 to 12c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c. Good demand for beeswax; prices 24 to 25c. per lb. There is lots of honey in the commission houses and some wfll be carried over.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch. Mich.

BOSTON, MASS, May 29. 1897.—Light demand for honey; supply ample. Price of comb 11 to 13c per pound; extracted 5 to 8c per pound. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply; prices 25 to 26c per pound.

E. E. BLAKE & CO., 57 Chatham St.

KANSAS CITY, MO., June 1. 1897.—Fair demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 10 to 12½c. per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c. per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply; price 22 to 25c per lb.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS 514 Walnut St.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 31. 1897.—Fancy white 12 to 13c. No. 1, 11 to 12c. Fancy amber, 9 to 10c. No. 1. 8 to 9c. Fancy dark, 7 to 8c. No. 1, 6 to 7c. Extracted white, 5 to 6c. Dark 3½c to 4c. Demand is all that could be expected at this season. Stock on hand small.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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How Far Will Bees Go For Honey?

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes thus: "I see by a late number of The American Bee Journal that Dr. E. Gallup argues that bees will go from four to six miles in search of honey, which is contrary to the teachings of A. I. Root, Henry Alley, and others. I had always supposed that the latter were right in claiming that bees seldom went more than one to one and one half miles from home for honey, and when they did go two miles, the distance was so great that no headway was made at storing honey, and a great waste of bees was the result, through the extra exertion used. I should be pleased to see something from your pen on the subject, either in the American Bee Journal or the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER, as I take both." I know that many seem to think that bees will not go over one and one-half to two miles for honey, some even claiming that bees will perish and die for want of food within three miles of good pasture, and as this is a matter of interest to all, I will acquiesce in the correspondents wish, and give some facts which have come under my observation, going to prove that what Dr. Gallup wrote in the American Bee Journal was not out of the way. If bees went only two miles in search of food it would take but a limited conception to see that a very few colonies would overstock many localities where now large apiaries are kept. This matter of overstocking my location with bees used to worry me quite a little when I had from 20 to 40 colonies, but when I became convinced that bees went from three to five miles *from choice* for honey, I ceased to worry about the matter. When I had been keeping bees about two years, with fully 150 colonies of black bees in my bee yard and immediate neighborhood, I went into the orchard to watch the bees work on the apple blossoms. The spring before this the first Italian bees had been introduced into an adjoining town and were increased to 25 colonies, the increase being made wholly by division, so there could have been no stray swarms of Italian bees in the woods. These bees were about three and one-half miles from me in a straight line, and as I then believed, as do some at the present day, regarding this less than two miles theory, you can imagine my surprise when almost the first bee I saw proved to be an Italian. Upon examination I found that on an average one bee in five was Italian which were at work on the apple bloom, and this with apple blossoms in profusion everywhere. Still later on this same season, I was cutting a field of red clover one mile from home, or more than four miles from these Italian bees, when I saw bees at work on the clover. As I had read previous to this, about the Italians working on red clover, I stopped the horses, got off the mowing machine, and to my surprise counted five Italians to two blacks, and this with fields red with clover everywhere. I was now convinced that there was little need of my fearing that I would not be able to keep 100 colonies without overstocking my pasturage, as that was the number I had a desire to keep. But so far I had only proved that bees would go at least over four miles from home to work, but could not say whether they could work to advantage that distance or not. In the latter part of August one year, I ascertained that the bees were securing honey from buckwheat by the odor which greeted me from the bee yard. As there was not a field of buckwheat in sight of the apiary, I was curious to know where the honey came from. At two miles from home I found a small field of about three acres, and a mile further on was another field of about the same size, while at a distance of about five miles there was in the neighborhood of 100 acres in full bloom. The result of the buckwheat season showed that from about 60 colonies I sold nearly 1000 pounds of buckwheat comb honey, while the bees had not far from double that amount to winter on of the same kind of honey, as the hives were nearly destitute of honey before, and at the end of the buckwheat season they had a great abundance of stores for winter. Again, seyen miles to the southeast of my apiary is a hill which is the highest point in our county, it being 800 feet higher than where I reside. After a distance of one mile there is a gradual rise till the top of the hill is reached. There is from ten days to two weeks difference in the time of the basswood bloom between that at the top of the hill and the same near my apiary. During several seasons I have known the bees to work, apparently to just as good advantage, as far as I could see, for nearly a week after the basswood bloom was all gone, at three miles distant, as they did when it was in bloom near the apiary, and found that very good work was being done in the sections when there was no bloom nearer than six miles from home. Of course, as the sections would all be nearly completed at the end of the season, what was obtained counted more in finishing up than would the same amount near the beginning of the season. However, there is one thing which I must note in this connection, if I would be perfectly fair, which is, that if a continuous good yield is to be secured at this latter distance, it is necessary to have continued good weather, for if two or three days of rainy weather should occur when the bloom had receded five miles or so, (thus allowing the bloom to entirely fail for a distance of a mile or more beyond where the bees had gathered honey the last time before the rain,) they never go to the hill top, be the honey ever so plenty there. The solution seems to be that after the rain, they go to the trees where they last procured honey, and finding none, nor any near by, conclude that the harvest is over without going over the strip where the honey has failed to that which is beyond. I could give other illustrations in this matter, by way of the bees working on teasel fields four to six miles to the north of the apiary, but it seems to me that the above should be sufficient to convince any one that bees do labor to advantage from four to seven miles from their hives.

Borodino, N. Y.

Ventilation.

BY H. E. HILL.

In the Southland Queen, J. W. Taft of Erie county, N. Y., has been conducting a sort of serial story, or, at least, a very protracted and laudatory series of articles regarding a new hive which he calls the "Acme." The prime object of its construction appears to be an ample supply of pure air for the bees, and his writings might lead the inexperienced to predict a general revolution in the world of apiculture, through its introduction. Here are a very few of the great many things which he says in behalf of his theory and its offspring—the "Acme" hive: "Fresh air enters the hive at the entrance, passes into the ventiducts that are formed by the division boards and the outer walls of the hive, up and over the surplus tray (super) and out by way of the holes in the cover. The greater the heat outside the hive the swifter the circulation. This draws out of the brood nest the carbonic acid gas, the amonia and other poisonous gases during both summer and winter. Pure air means strong, healthy bees. A tight hive cannot possibly be a sanitary habitation for a bee, being ventilated only at the entrance. They become a veritable mine of microbe germs, a breeding place for bacteria, and offer an invitation to further produce foul brood, bee paralysis, spring dwindling, dysentery, etc. It would be difficult to imagine a better storehouse for those poisons which are so deleterious to the bee than a tight hive." Like other instances, in this case theory appears quite plausible, yet such excessive ventilation as that recommended by Mr. Taft, would be dangerous in other than the most expert hands, and such extremes should be avoided except as employed in experimental work. Pure air is good, but a free and direct current through a hive is quite too much of a good thing, and the lower the temperature without, the more rapidly would the heat of the colony ascend; the new philosophy of Mr. Taft to the contrary notwithstanding. Thus the purpose of this "sanitary" arrangement is defeated, as its direct influence is more deadly than the bacteria which it is designed to carry off, and the brood thus chilled affords a breeding place for putrifective germs within the hive; while it is an established fact that foul brood germs are not thrown off into the air, nor is their generation a result of deoxygenated atmosphere. As to the theory regarding the beneficial effect of ventilation upon paralysis and spring dwindling, it will find few if any supporters among men of experience. In the case of dysentery, which effects bees only during winter confinement, a very slight ventilation, combined with an absorbant to arrest the humidity, is all that is essential, according to the general experience of successful bee keepers. Experience alone can determine for us individually, not only the uses and value of ventilation and heat retention, but the point at which each ceases to be a benefit, and becomes a positive detriment to the wellbeing of the colony.

Spruce Bluff, Fla.

Natural or Artificial Increase.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

A reader of THE AMERICAN BEE KEEPER desires me to give my experience on the above topic through the columns of THE BEE KEEPER. Well to tell the truth I have had very little swarming for a number of years. I have some three-hundred colonies, and many neighboring bee-keepers when they call at my apiaries, think that I surely must have an immense lot of swarms from the number of colonies and from the roar the bees make on the wing; but pretty nearly all my bees are used in queen rearing, and they are divided up into nuclei to such an extent that they rarely think of swarming. Years ago when I was producing honey, I practiced both natural and artificial increase and could not see a great deal of difference in results, but believe if anything the natural swarms gave a little the best results. They appeared to start in more in earnest from the start. To divide a colony is right if done at the right time and in the right way, but unless you have had considerable experience with bees, you had better allow them to swarm naturally. You see in a natural swarm there are bees of all ages, both young and old. The bees are in condition to go right to work building comb. Now unless you know something about bees you are liable to make a division when they are not at all in condition to produce wax, build comb, etc. To my mind any kind of a division is all right, where you get the bees divided very nearly as in natural swarming. If I were now producing honey I believe I would allow my bees to swarm naturally, but I would surely clip all my queens. In this way I might loose a few queens during a season, but hardly any swarms. At any rate if you try dividing and you allow your bees to rear their own queens, or in other words if you are not intending to supply them with laying queens, you should have queen cells nearly ready to hatch; so that the queenless portion may have a young queen within two or three days after the division is made. By this method you will in a short time have a laying queen in both colonies.

Steeleville, Ill.

Apis Dorsata.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
Some bee keepers are peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain."

An attempt to domesticate *apis dorsata* in its native land by missionaries, even though *one* may have "been a subscriber to Gleanings, for a *year or so*," if it was not liable to deceive a few thoughtless individuals, would be hardly worthy of notice.

The place for Americans to domesticate and acclimate *apis dorsata*, is in America. We are told by experienced and reliable students of apiculture that in the tropics, *apis mellifica*, is controled with difficulty, they are quite liable to leave their hives and decamp. What then could you expect of *dorsata*, in the hands of a missionary, though "a subscriber to Gleanings, for a *year or so*." Even if the missionary was competent, when would we get results that were anyways reliable and useful to us as Americans? It is a wellknown fact, that climate and other surroundings, have great influence over the habits and disposition of all living things; that which would be easy and natural to accomplish at home in our own country, might be very difficult in the Orient.

If you were going to Americanize and acclimate an Irishman or a German, would you go to Ireland or Germany to do it? Would you get satisfactory results if you did? Could you not accomplish it better and cheaper with your subject in America?

This talk of first experimenting with *dorsata* in the native land is a miserable subterfuge, and is brought forward to delay and defeat the very object for which it is *supposed* to be laboring.

Apis dorsata should be secured and introduced into the subtropical portions of our country, with the least possible delay, where we can test them in our own way, time and climate.

Is there a bee keeper "whose heart hath ne'er within him burned" when viewing the narrow and spiteful attempts to obstruct all progress in this line, unless it serves the selfish ends of certain, self-styled, "leaders in apiculture." There never has been any great enterprise undertaken but has been opposed by this very class. "And so it has been through all ages past, since the cycles of thought first began."

"Which is why I remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
Some bee keepers are pecular,
  Which the same I am free to
    maintain."

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Gleanings).

EXTRACTED HONEY.

How We Run Our Bees to Produce It.

BY F. A. SNELL.

Each bee-keeper has his own favorite way,and I will give ours. In the extracting-supers we use the same comb-frames, or those of the same size as used in the brood-chambers. We make it a point to remove from the brood-chambers all frames containing a large amount of drone comb, and put in their place good worker combs. By so doing we have but a small number of drones reared, or not more than desired. These drone combs are used in the supers. Just before the surplus-honey season opens we look over all these supers and see that no spider-webs or any thing objectionable is present. The bits of comb, if any, are removed, frames are put back in place, and these are ready for the bess. Our queen-excluders are brought from the store-room. The smoker is lighted; the bees are given a little smoke, the excluders placed over the brood chambers, and one super or story is put on over an excluder on all colonies to be run for extracted honey that are strong enough to need extra room. Later, as other colonies become more numerous they are given a super each.

Many years ago we practiced equaling brood to some extent in the spring, with a view to uniformity in strength, but have not done so for about twenty years. We do not believe in pulling down a good colony to help a weaker one, only to save a queen that we may prize. After the honey-flow fairly opens we make it a rule to see what is being done in the supers or colonies not yet having extra room, so that, if more room is needed, it may be given at once, never allowing a shortage of room for storing. In doing so, two objects are desired. One is to discourage swarming from overcrowding; the other to secure the greatest amount of surplus honey. We run all colonies two and three stories high. or one or two supers on each hive of full-depth combs during good honey flows. When the shaking-off plan is is practiced we have two men in the bee yard. Extra empty combs are at hand. Man No. 1 opens the top super or the one with the well-ripened honey; removes the combs and hands them to No. 2, who shakes off the bees at the hive-entrance, brushing off a few remaining ones with a brush made of asparagus-tops; places the honey in an empty hive-body on the cart. The one who opens the hive removes the filled combs and places empty ones on the hives, and stands behind the hives, the other in front. As soon as the bees are shaken off at hive-entrance he steps back a few feet and puts the combs in the empty story. When the honey from the first hive is on the cart it is run to the honey-room door, and the honey carried in. Man No. 1, after filling the first super with empty combs, shuts up the hive and opens the next hive. This man keeps the bees under control by using a little smoke as needed. The cart is run back to hive No. 2, with a set of empty combs, and so the work proceeds in the yard. The one in the honey-room removes the combs from the filled supers, which was placed when brought in on a bench about 18 inches high, with two one inch strips running lengthwise at each side on top, on which the supers are placed, giving room for the fingers in placing and removing under the sides of supers. Three supers singletier, or six double-tier, can be so placed if it is desired.

The one in the honey-room does the uncapping, extracting, and pours the honey into the large cans or barrels, using a cloth strainer at all times, which excludes all except the honey. We use an uncapping can in principle like the Dadant. When the apiary has been gone over, third stories are placed on all the stronger colonies. As stated in a former article, I now prefer to use the escapes as there mentioned to the shaking off herein described.

To those not experienced, and who have no escapes, the hints here given may be of some value. In a small apiary the bee keepers can readily do all this work where his time is nearly all devoted to his bees.

The use of a great amount of smoke in handling bees should be avoided. A little at a time is usually sufficient. A great amount of smoke will injure the flavor of the honey. With escapes, very little if any need be blown on the combs when extracting, which is another point in favor of their use.

Milledgeville, Ill.

(From American Bee Journal).

HOW TO CURE FOUL BROOD AMONG BEES.

BY WM. M'EVOY.

Official Foul Brood Inspector for Ontario, Can.

The disease has destroyed hundreds of apiaries at all times, in almost every land where bees have been kept and it is today making its deadly march unchecked through the bee yards of the world.

For 17 years I have warned the bee-keepers to keep all dead and putrid matter out of their colonies, so as not to cause foul brood, and while I have been warning and holding up Death's head and the cross-bones, the professional guessers, who were not practical bee-keepers, have been encouraging the wholesale spread of the disease by saying that rotten brood in hives of bees would not cause foul brood. Such teaching as that has caused thousands of bee-keepers to be very careless, and when the disease has broken out in their bee-yards, it was left to run its course to the ruin of their apiaries, and all others in the same localities. It is only the very few among many thousands of bee-keepers that have succeeded in curing their apiaries of foul brood after it got a good start in their bee yards, and the owners left to themselves to manage the curing.

I will now give my methods of curing foul brood, which cannot fail when followed exactly as I order.

In the honey season, when the bees are gathering honey freely, remove the combs, and shake the bees back into their own hives in the evening; give comb foundation starters, and let them build combs for four days. In the evening of the fourth day, remove the comb, and give foundation to work out, and then the cure will be complete. Fill and empty two-story hive with the combs of foul brood that have been removed from two or more diseased colonies, close them up for two days, and shade them from the sun; after that open the entrance, and when most of the brood is hatcht, remove those combs, and give the bees starters of foundation in a single hive, and let them build combs for four days. Then in the evening of the fourth day, take out those new combs, and give them foundation to work out.

Let it be remembered that all of these operations should be done in the evening, so that the bees will become settled down nicely before morning.

Before extracting from the diseased combs, all the combs that were not sealed *must be cut out* of the frame, or some of the decayed brood will be thrown out with the honey. Then after cutting out the unsealed comb, uncap the sealed honey, extract it, and bring it to a boil.

All the foul combs, and the new combs that were built in the four days, must be made into wax, and the dross from the wax extractor, *must be buried*, because what runs with the wax would not be heated enough to kill the spores, and if it was thrown out where the bees could get at it, it would start the disease again.

When the diseased brood that was placed in the two-story hive is hatcht and the bees are give full sheets of foundation, then they should at once be given a queen-cell ready to hatch out, or a young queen; then everything will be all right.

The empty hives need no boiling, scalding or disinfecting in any way, and are perfectly safe to use, no matter how bad the disease may have been in them; and I have always got the curing done in the same hives. But as the frames get more or less daubed with the diseased honey when the combs are cut out of them, I always order the frames burned as soon as the combs are cut out, because it doesn't pay to waste valuable time fussing and cleaning old frames when new, nice ones are so cheap.

Where an apiary is diseased so badly that the colonies have become weak, then all the combs both in and out of the hives, should be made into wax at once, and all the colonies doubled up at the same time, as it won't pay any person to waste time with weak colonies.

In some bee-yards I have put three and four colonies in one, to get fair-sized colonies to start on.

When the curing is to be done before or after the honey season, the greatest caution is to be used so as not start robbing. The curing can be done just as well before as after the honey season by feeding plenty of sugar syrup in the evenings, so the bees will work out the starters of foundation, and store the diseased honey in them, that they took from the old, deceased combs; and when the new combs are removed the fourth evening, and the foundation given, the feeding must be continued to get foundation worked out and filled with plenty of good stores for winter.

When I find apiaries of foul brood at the close of the honey season, I get the queens caged in all the weakest colonies for about ten days, so that no brood can be started to become foul. I then get the owners to take the brood out of the strong colonies and tier it up on the weak colonies with the caged queens. Then give the colonies starters as soon as the combs are removed and feed sugar syrup in the evenings for four days; then remove the starters for foundation. Then at the end of ten days get all the combs taken from the weak colonies that have the caged queens, and shake the bees into a single hive, give starters of foundation, let the queens out of the cages, and feed sugar syrup in the evenings and remove the new combs the fourth evening for full sheets of foundation, and continue the feeding until all is in good condition. The colonies that were weak when the brood of other colonies was tiered up on them will be very strong from the quantity of bees hatched out during the ten days.

I have to use considerable judgment in curing many foul-broody apiaries, so as to make the cure as profitable as possible, and have every colony a good, strong one when the season closes.

It is a very easy thing for one to cure a foul-broody apiary and soon put it in good order, no matter how bad it was when I started to fix it up in good shape to cure it. But I have found it a very hard thing to handle all sorts of men so that they would cure and do as I ordered them.

When a few colonies in an apiary are found with foul brood at the close of the season, the owner can very easily fix them up all right by removing the combs in an *evening* in October, when the queens *have done laying* and giving *sealed* combs from *sound colonies*. If the owner has no sealed combs, he must feed until the bees in the sound colonies seal them for that purpose, and then when given to the foul colony the bees won't have any place to store the foul honey they took from the diseased combs, and then they will have to keep it until they consume it; and with no place to start brood, the queen stops laying, and cold weather coming on, the bees will have gotten rid of the diseased honey long before brood is started again. Every bee-keeper should have every fall plenty of combs sealed over like the best of section honey. I have hundreds of them every fall.

I know of many failures in Ontario where the drug system has been tried, and I have many private letters from several localities in the United States where it has been a complete failure. I never knew one cure made by the drug system and why any man should speak of it as a cure when it is always a failure, is something I can't understand.

I will warn all men not to waste their time in tinkering with any kind of drugs in a bee-yard; the best place for such drugs would be in the sea—only it might be a sorry time for the fishes.

The D. A. Jones' starvation plan will cure every time, but it is too hard on the bees, and completely unfits them for comb-building for a time, by making the bees very thin, lean and poor; and the starving sometimes almost ruins some of the queens for life.

Ontario, Canada.

(From Gleanings)

MARKETING HONEY.

A Valuable Article.

BY R. C. AIKIN.

This is another subject much written upon and talked about. However much has been said, the subject is by no means exhausted, and comes up at every convention and will not settle.

Go with me into any grocery and look at the goods there handled. Every thing in the way of liquids, except perhaps vinegar, sorghum and honey are so put up that they can be handled by the piece. All solids are either in package form or in such shape that they can very quickly be weighed or counted out. Vinegar, coal oil, and such are measured out it is true; but there is of necessity a vessel in each household for these things and the vessel is taken to be filled again when empty. Just think tt over for yourself and answer the question: Is there a single article in the grocer's line so awkwardly handled as extracted honey? I have no particular criticism to make in regard to retailing comb honey but I must say that extracted is very poorly marketed.

We put our extracted honey in 60 lb cans, barrels, etc., and ship it to the wholesale or commission dealer. These in turn sell it out to the retail men in small lots; and when they come to get out the honey they find it candied. Even if it did not candy, it is a hard article to retail in this way, because it must be kept warm or else the dealer must spend much time waiting on it to run out. I have retailed a number of tons of extracted honey and I know what kind of a job it is. If you were a storekeeper and had your choice of selling maple and other syrups in regular packages, or honey drawn out into the customer's vessel, would you not choose the regular package? I am sure you would, and that is just what is done.

But how are we to get it into regular packages? There is the rub. We have no suitable regular packages—in fact no regular retail package. The Root establishment is supposed to carry about everything of value going and I will just look over this list. First I find glass vessels. There are the Pouder and Muth jars. One-pound size costs about 4 cents each by the 100. Other glass packages of one-pound capacity from 2½ cents to nearly 5 cents each. These are the prices *there*, not delivered to the producer. We must pay the freight on these, and then we must be at the expense of casing or crating them in some safe way to ship. The result is that by the time the honey is ready to go to the wholesale market it has cost us about 5 or 6 cents per pound for packages alone. If the honey is worth 5 and the packing 5 more, there is 10 cents right at your honey-house; and by the time we add freight and commissions to both wholesale and retail dealer, say 1 cent freight and 25 per cent for commissions, it costs twice as much as the best sugar.

Of tin packages, first comes the 60 lb. can. These are wholesale packages and cost us the can and freight, ⅔ of a cent per pound on the honey put in them. Next comes the 12-pound square screw-nozzel cans. These will come at about 1¼ cents per pound—possibly a little more. Then there is the "Jones honey-pails with screw-cap," that the catalogue says "are the most convenient pails that we know of that are suitable for shipping liquid honey in." One-pound size comes at 4½ cents—all of 5 cents by the time we get it; five-pound pails at almost 2 cents per pound. There are next "tin pails with raised covers," but these do not seal, and will not answer. The last on the list is "Record's tight-seal cover pail." These are not made for honey, but for butter and lard. I don't know whether they will shut tight enough to risk shipping honey in them when they are stood on their heads or in any position other than right side up. The cost of these is a trifle less than the others.

These vessels are not crated or boxed ready to ship full of honey. Even if the cost were low enough, every apiarist is not fixed for crating them. By the time we crate them we have put the cost of packages considerably above the foregoing figures—just about what the honey now brings at wholesale in 60-lb. cans and barrels.

We can not put honey in packages that cost as much as the honey alone will bring. Suppose the honey worth 4 cts. and the packing 4, then the freights, etc., on that and "where are we at?" Do not forget that I am not talking about the local retail trade from our honey-houses, but the general markets.

We must have a regular package. We have a standard for comb honey, sections of certain weight, and so many in a case. A dealer can order so many cases of 12 or 24 pound size; and when he retails it he sells it out by the piece or pound, and no bother; but here we are with extracted honey in all sorts of vessels of wood, tin or glass, some of the packages costing more than the honey itself can be bought for. The only way a retail dealer can get extracted honey to his customers is to get it put up for him by a local apiarist, or buy it in wholesale packages and then repack it, and run the cost to or above comb, or draw it out into the purchaser's pail. If we are to sell to bakers or manufactures, then the large can or barrel is all right; but we want to sell for table use too, and the purpose of this article is to tell why we do not, and how we can get the table trade.

Extracted honey is not nearly so largely used as it should and would be, because it is not put up so that the people can get it as they do the competitive sweets. I know that Mr. C. F. Muth and some others are doing work; but Muth cannot handle all the honey. What we must do is to get our goods in shape so that when it is once packed it is there *to stay till the consumer gets it.* Other syrups and sweets are so put up that the packages are regular, go from packer to wholesale house, and through the regular channels of trade, in unbroken cases till the local grocer gets it, when the case is broken and the original can sold to the consumer.

But how are we to get it so? At present I see but one way. We must co-operate. We can establish packing houses at suitable places to receive the product in its vicinity. This house (or association) can have its trade-mark or label; buy its cans in car lots; can, case and market the goods in a regular way. You will say, "Why not each apiarist pack his own honey, get his cans from the general house or depot and pack at home?" The reason why this will not work is plain. Suppose the apiarists about Denver would undertake this. Perhaps no two of them would grade just alike. Perhaps one out of 10, 25 or 50 would ignorantly or willfully pack a lot of off-grade honey. It would, of course, go out with the rest, and eventually damage the reputation of the association or firm which guaranteed it. No; it must be packed by an experienced packer who knows his business. The farmer may just as well pack his own pork, or the fruit man his own apples; but these and other products must go to the regular packer. We may pack for local trade or special customers, but we can not do this for the general trade.

One difficulty that meets us here is that there is not enough honey produced. There, now, won't I catch it? The idea of saying there is not enough honey produced when we can not sell what we have! Yes, I say it, and it is a fact. If there were ten times as much produced there would besome inducement for capalists to start packing-houses, depots, or honey headquarters in every city, so that when we have honey to sell, we should have a place to put it. Let me illustrate this: I am supposed to be writing this in Colorado; but I am really writing it in Iowa. Well, Iowa is a corn, hog and cattle country. There are here always corn, hogs and cattle; and since these things are always here, and in abundance, there are always places to market them. Buyers ride the country hunting up the products. In Colorado where I live, wheat is the main product, and hogs are scarce. Well, Colorado has its wheat-elevators everywhere, so there is always a place to put wheat; but if you want to market a hog you must hunt a buyer. Now don't you see the point? Our honey is always hunting a market, like the Colorado hog.

Since, then, we do not produce in quantities that will cause the market to come to us, we must take measures to help it to come. We can organize in some way that we may have market-places that take our honey, put it into suitable shape and find customers. There is all the work of "introducing our goods," that the small producer can not do; but if it were packed in regular cases and weights, so that the traveling salesmen can represent the goods and take orders just as they do for other lines, honey might be sold sa as to make a demand that we know nothing about now. Thousands upon thousands who never eat honey would do so if it were to be had as conveniently as maple syrup. I see no reason why honey may not be put up in cheap cans as fruit is now put up. Put up in this way it might go into the homes of the poor people who never see honey. We have been working the fancy trade by the use of glass and other expensive packages at such prices that it must be a luxury, while the poor people and laborers have been left out.

There is yet the question of honey candying, local markets, etc., that will receive attention in our next article.

Loveland, Col.

[This, I am free to say, is one of the best articles we have received this season. It discusses this very important subject of marketing extracted honey, not in the old stereotyped ways,. but on lines that are both sensible and feasible, and I hope every reader will take pains to peruse it carefully.

Before discussing some of the points I would state that friend Aikin, either because of error in figuring or because he had got hold of an old catalogue, has put the price of retail honey-packages too high. The Pouder and Muth jars, in lots of 100, cost a little over 3 cts., instead of 4, as Mr. A. has it. Then there are some other reductions that should be made on the other figures. Square cans, in ten box lots, cost about ½ cent per lb. for the honey, not including freight, and the same can be shipped from Chicago, St. Louis or New Orleans. Two-thirds of a cent per lb., including the freight from a locality in Central Colorado, would not be very far from correct. But very few would have to pay such freight.

I grant that the self-sealing honey-packages seem rather expensive; but they are designed for a fancy city trade. Some of the self-sealing devices are patented, and that makes the packages expensive. Perhaps the most popular honey-package is the Mason jar. The 3 lb. size (1 quart) in gross lots, costs about 1¼ cts. per lb., and the consumer rarely objects to the expense of this jar, because it has an intrinsic value in every household. In the case of any other package, with the possible exception of the jelly-tumblers, the package itself is of no particular value after the honey is out of it.

I have said that self-sealing devices made the ordinary screw-top packages expensive. In the case of some, the price is 2 and 3 cts. per lb. Without it, it would be less than half. It has occured to me, in view of what Mr. Aikin has said in the last paragraph, that we as bee-keepers ought to make use of some standard tin package, such as is used for canned tomatoes, peaches, etc. Fruit growers have long since come to the conclusion that a 3 lb. tin can made of light tin, having the fruit itself *soldered* in, is the cheapest of any package they could get. This same 3-lb. package would hold about 4½ lbs. of honey, and would cost the bee-keeper, who bought it in a large way, probably not to exceed a cent a pound for the honey they would hold. But, you say, bee-keepers are not skillful enough to solder these fruit cans when filled with honey. Perhaps; but I know a good many who are. We will suppose, for instance, that Mr. A. has bought 500 cans, each can to hold about 4½ lbs. of honey when filled. We will say that he has filled them, and is now ready to have them soldered. I venture to say he can get his tinsmith to solder the whole batch in about one day's time; and the cost ought not to succeed $2.50, or half a cent a can. Honey put up in this shape can be put in standard packages; and, when neatly labled, said label going clear around the can, will compare favorably with any other goods on the markets. They can be tipped upside down, any way, and there will be no danger of leaking. I grant that this idea of tin fruit-cans for honey is not new; but I am of the opinion that it has not received the recognition it deserves.

But it would be no very great trick to do the soldering oneself. Soldering-kits are furnished very cheaply now, and the directions that go with them make the whole thing plain. I have known of a number of instances in California where the bee-keepers soldered all their own square cans.

In Mr. Aikin's last paragraph he touches upon a point that is by no means a visionary scheme. The California Bee-keepers' Exchange is organized, if I am not mistaken, for the very purpose of seeking and outlet for the honey from its members; that is to say, it is to take the annual crops of honey from bee-keepers, in the bulk, and put them in uniform packages or various sizes for the general market. Such a scheme ought to be favorably considered by the bee-keepers of the East, and I believe it would be well for the United States Bee keepers' Union to discuss the matter at its next meeting.

Let us now consider some of the advantages. One large packing house or, if you please, several of them, scattered at strategic points, could buy up the honey from bee-keepers in every direction, in the bulk form. If uniform packages were agreed upon, and this honey were put into such packages, with neat labels, and a guarantee of absolute purity, it would do much to help bee-keepers secure better prices. I know of one large under-buyer who mixes his strong-flavored honey with that which is milder flavored, thus making a honey that is both uniform and pleasant. One honey-buyer mixes alfalfa and strong basswood, and calls it "lincerne." The alfalfa alone sometimes has a flavor that is too mild, and the basswood is sometimes too strong. Combining the two makes a flavor that is just right. You see the point is here: A large packing-house could take the honey from several sections of the country, and combine them in such a way as to make one kind of honey of uniform flavor, and thus it would bring a good price. I do not mean to say that buckwheat should be mixed with clover, but that two or three grades of amber might be mixed, *or* two or three grades of white honey, and both the white and the amber would be much the better. I hope this question will be thoroughly discussed.—Ed.]

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EDITORIAL.

It is a matter of great regret to us (and loss) that there are so many rightdown dead beats and swindlers among those who pose as bee keepers and queen breeders. We have a lovely list of such which we are tempted to publish sometimes. We are sure our readers would be surprised to read some of the names, for there are some that are often seen in bee literature. There is one especially who claims to be the biggest queen breeder in the south, whom we have found certainly to be the biggest beat on our books. We believe that it would be a good thing if all the bee magazines would publish each issue a list of such as they know to be dead beats, cheats and swindlers It certainly would have a wholesome effect on the delinquents, and would protect honest bee keepers from being taken in by such persons. We think we will begin publishing a list at an early date whether others do or not.

We have just gotten out a 16-page pamphlet entitled "Successful Bee Keeping," by W. Z. Hutchinson. It is well written and instructive, and is especially intended for those who are not very far advanced in bee keeping. We will send a copy postpaid for 6c in stamps.

S. A. Deacon, in the American Bee Journal, says that in South Africa, South America, Australia and India, as a result of deep meteorological research, marked climate changes may now be predicted with certainty; thus enabling "the inhabitants thereof" to gaze with lucid vision into the future, which to Americans is obscure and uncertain. He says "it is a most incontrovertible fact that seasons of drouth and of abnormally abundant rains possess an unfailing periodicity," and suggests that the scientific and studiously inclined bee keepers of the United States undertake to establish for North America a similar basis of prediction, by a careful study of the rainfall and other meteorological records of the past. Any system that would enable us to foretell the general character of future years would be of greater advantage to no branch of husbandry than bee keeping.

"How to Manage Bees" is a 50c book for beginners in bee keeping. We will send it postpaid for 25c.

Two bee-spaces instead of one, between the outside rows of sections and the super side, with a divider of some material like an ordinary seperator, is a recent device of S. T. Pettit, a prominent bee keeper of Canada, to induce the bees to complete the outside rows of sections as perfectly as those in the centre. The scheme is said to accomplish the end sought.

Experiments conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College, have shown a horizontal space of ¼ in. through the brood nest to be of great advantage in wintering. Permitting as it does, the expansion and contraction of the cluster without breaking.

Prof. F. C. Harrison of Guelph, Ont., is making foul brood the subject or special study. He invites specimens of dead brood from every source. Anyone suspecting the presence of foul brood or other disease in their bees may avail themselves of expert advice by sending a sample of the effected brood.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Every mail brings to us news of the excellent honey flow that is being gathered in almost every section of the country. Not for several years have such reports been so numerous, nor have our orders for supplies been so large and numerous. Two or three such seasons would make bee keeping much more popular and increase the number of bee keepers many fold. There is no industry that pays better for the amount of labor and expense required than that of bee keeping, but there are too many who seem to think bees require no attention whatever to be profitable and such bee keepers in consequence of their negligence to give their colonies proper attention, receive no profit from them. Like any other successful business, bee keeping requires careful and intelligent attention.

There are a number of queen breeders and others who do not properly and securely cage their queens when mailing them to customers. This is a matter that should be given the most careful attention, otherwise the mailing privileges now allowed by the postal authorities will be withdrawn and the result would be the cutting off of almost the entire business of every queen breeder in this country.

Down in South Florida there grows a very ornamental shrub known locally as "fly catcher." Its profusion of variegated, pink and white bloom dot the landscape during the months of May and June. Upon its clusters or buds and petals an adhesive, tasteless secretion sparkles like diamonds in the sunlight; and woe unto the unwary bee who is beguiled by its fragrance to alight upon the tenacious mass. Once fairly in contact, her doom is sealed. Every effort to release herself only tends to strengthen the cruel grasp. As one looks upon the scores of victims, in the throes of death, whose senses have been charmed by deceitful beauty, and hears the plaintive hum emitted by their vain efforts to extricate themselves; besides having a significant application, as an object lesson, in the animal kingdom, he must acknowledge that as in the case of jessamine and (perhaps) laurel, there are some questionable links in nature's chain of harmony.

In Pretoria, Johannesburg and other places in South Africa where there is any demand for honey, the price is quite high. Comb honey which is somewhat of a novelty, most bee keepers producing extracted only, has been selling of late for 40c a pound. There is very little bee pasturage, excepting what may be found in cultivated gardens.

We are receiving a great many new subscribers and renewals, but our subscription book is large and we are far from satisfied. We are endeavoring to provide for our readers articles by the best talent, and we believe every one will receive the full value of their subscription.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as will be charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

The Ways of Indian Medicine Men.

Major A. E. Woodson, agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians of Oklahoma, says that the reign of the medicine men is one of the greatest outrages of the present day, and as a direct result of their pernicious practice one-third of the children born of Indian parents die every year.

Two of Black Coyote's children were taken sick, and, instead of taking them to the government hospital, he sent for the medicine man, who blew a green powder into the lungs, ears and the nostrils of one of the little patients. That medicine failing, the medicine man made an incision with his knife under the tongue of the child, with the result that death soon followed. When the green powder failed to restore the child to health, the medicine man declared that there was a ghost under the child's tongue, and it was to kill the ghost that he made the incision.

The medicine man then adopted heroic measures in order to save the other child. He took it into a tent, stripped it naked and laid it on a cot. He then heated a big pile of rocks in the tent and when they were hot he threw water on them, filling the tent with steam and causing the child to sweat copiously. When the child was covered with perspiration, he took it out in the cold air and sent it home without having taken any precaution to keep it from getting cold. Next morning the child was dead. This is only one of the hundreds of such outrages against the health and life of innocent people. The big medicine man of the Cheyennes is Little Man, who lives near Cantonement. He makes his medicines every year and distributes them to the other medicine men.—Boston Transcript.

Political Prejudices.

"Say," observed the shade of Sir Walter Raleigh, "why didn't you finish that game of poker with Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry?"

"Because," answered the shade of George III, "I couldn't stand Pat."—New York Press.

In the Near Future.

First Doctor—Good photograph, isn't it?

Second Doctor—Fairly good. Flatters the left lung a little, I think.

LOVE'S ROSARY.

Sweet names, the rosary of my evening prayer,
Told on my lips like kisses of good night
To friends who go a little from my sight,
And some through distant years shine clear and fair.
So this dear burden that I daily bear
Nightly God taketh and doth loose me quite,
And soft I sink in slumbers pure and light
With thoughts of human love and heavenly care.

But when I mark how into shadow slips
My manhood's prime and weep fast passing friends,
And heaven's riches making poor my lips,
And think how in the dust love's labor ends,
Then, where the cluster of my hearthstone shone,
"Bid me not live," I sigh, "till all be gone."
—G. E. Woodberry in Harper's Magazine.

THE BIG POLICEMAN.

The big policeman felt unusually pleasant this morning notwithstanding the fact that a disagreeable rain was falling—mean spring rain, which had mixed itself up with a cold rain in such a manner that when it came dashing around the street corner it caused profane pedestrians to say words which would look ill if printed, and the "other kind" to say "My goodness," or something equally relieving to pent up indignation.

Looking down, the big policeman saw a little woman, attired in some kind of gray stuff and with big pathetic eyes, standing beside him, and somehow she seemed frightened at the crowd, the passing vehicles, the clanging street car bells, and the constant passing of the cars themselves. She was white and shivering, and her garments, wet through, clung about her in a hindering fashion, which kept her from rapid movement, and as she stepped close beside the big policeman he felt a curious desire to take her up, much as one would take up a child, and carry her to a place of safety. She hesitated a moment and then she attempted to go forward, but, alas, whether the rain blinded her or she just then remembered that she was in haste and must at any risk go on her way, she attempted to cross over the track just in front of a swiftly moving car. In vain did the gripman shout, in vain did the bell ring. The little gray clad figure fluttered on and the crowd just behind her, feeling that a tragedy was about to be enacted, was hushed into instant silence. The big policeman also comprehended the awful danger of the woman and his teeth came together with a snap and his fine eyes flashed as he sprang after her, his hand outstretched in a frantic effort to reach, grasp and pull her back. The car was almost upon him, the noise of the grinding wheels filled his ears, he knew, as men know whose wits are ever on the alert, that it was risking his life for the life of a stranger, but a mighty effort, the flinging of his body forward, and the deed was done, the woman was drawn out of the reach of the cruel wheels; but the big policeman's left leg gave the passengers in the car a sickening jar as the wheels passed over it and the tragedy for the crowd had been furnished.

Nobody noticed the woman, who, unhurt, mingled with the crowd and went her way, but had they done so they would have seen her crying behind her veil and every now and then clutching her fingers together as if in mortal misery. And she was miserable, poor little Marie Denton, who was only a dressmaker's assistant and who had lost her mother, her only known relative, only a few weeks before. She had cried so much in the little room she called home at night that sleep went away from her and she was so exhausted when morning came that she could hardly eat her meager breakfast, and it was late when she started for the down town establishment where she was employed.

It was this thought that impelled her when she tried to cross the street and which had resulted in such a disastrous fashion for the big policeman. Marie remembered that his glance had fallen upon her kindly, and while she had made no effort to push her way to where ready but tender hands were caring for the brave fellow who had risked his life to save hers, yet she registered a vow in her heart that she would never rest until she had told him how grieved she was at his hurt and how much she appreciated his heroism.

He might hate her for being the cause, but Marie was a brave little woman when her duty confronted her, and she knew as well now as later on that she must do what she could to atone to the poor fellow who was enduring the torture of an awful hurt.

All day she worked in silence, but she saw the picture of the kind eyes ever before her, and she resolved that she would buy an evening paper and in the account of the accident would ascertain the name of the man who at one bound was raised to the dignity of a hero and who was a hero, too, as great as any of those whose names were blazoned on fame's banner. What if he was only a policeman and the saving of life was in the line of his duty? No man is required to risk his own life to save that of another, and as Marie remembered that, save a bruise or two, she had escaped without injury while her rescuer was suffering, and all for her sake, she whispered low to her heart not "the hero," or "a hero," but "my hero." And she blushed a little as she said it, but somehow it was so much like music to her that she did not drive it away, but kept it near her and around it wove dreams.

When she started home in the evening, from the first newsboy she came across she bought a paper and with rare good fortune finding a seat in the car which bore her homeward she quickly unfolded the paper and began to scan the headlines. There were big, double headlines on the first page, but there was nothing about the affair which was of such vital interest to her, and she turned the paper over, and—there it was, "The Deed of a Hero," and the big policeman—whose name was William Smith, nothing but plain William Smith—was much praised for his noble deed in "saving the life of a foolish woman"—and here Marie nodded her head in assent—and the "story" went on to say that, "while he would not lose his leg, yet the officer would be crippled for life," etc. But what Marie wanted to know was where the hurt man was to be found, and this the newspaper story failed to tell beyond the fact that he had been taken to a hospital.

Marie sighed and puckered her white forehead into a frown, while she thought of a "way," and then at the next corner she climbed off the car and waited for a policeman. She asked him if he knew where Officer William Smith, who was hurt by a cable car that morning, had been taken, but the policeman did not know anything about the accident, and he did not know Officer William Smith, and, being a gruff fellow and tired of the mud and other disagreeable things which follow a rainy day, he added he "didn't care." Marie was also tired, and it was past her dinner time, but she went on until she found another wearer of the star, and to him she put the same query regarding Officer Smith. This time she was given the desired information, and she boarded another car, with a heart which held in it a determined purpose.

The next morning she went to work as usual, but when it was time to return home she asked her employer for a "day off," and because of the unusual request readily secured permission to be away the whole of the next day. That night when Marie reached home she carried somewhere next to her innocent heart a crisp, new $1 bill, and this she placed inside of her worn little pocketbook.

Yes, she meant to do it—she meant to buy some flowers and some fruit and take them to her "hero," and that night she did not feel so lonely as she had done when she remembered that her mother was lying in the grave far from her own sunny France, for a new interest had taken possession of her, and a new purpose had been evolved in her brain through a sense of justice. She carefully brushed the pretty brown hair the next morning and tacked a little fresh lace in her collar and mended a very small hole in her best gloves before putting them on, and then, when she was quite neat and very, very sweet, she went forth in search of flowers. She bought a single pink rose and a few ferns and a half dozen white carnations, and then she bought a tiny basket of pinkish green grapes, and she was ready to find the hospital.

It was a long ride, but not a very long walk, and finally Marie, with her heart fluttering like a bird in its cage, found herself in the presence of the man who but yesterday was strong and well, but who today was as helpless as an infant. His eyes did not shrink when Marie stood beside his narrow cot, but looked at her with the same kindly light which they had worn when she stood beside him at that fatal crossing, and there was a strange sweetness in the thought which came to Marie that at least he did not hate her for the misery she had brought upon him.

She began to say in a hesitating fashion how sorry she was for the accident, but, as was said, she was brave in what she considered her duty, and presently she grew calm and, with only the encouragement of the kindly eyes, went on and confessed that she meant to do what she could to atone for her heedless conduct, and that she "had begun by bringing him some flowers and a bit of fruit." The big officer held out his hand to the little woman, and without any hesitancy she placed hers in it, and a kind of a compact was thus sealed. He said in a gentle way he "was glad he saved her life," and when she had promised to come again and had gone the flowers were laid against the mustached lips, and there was a feeling in the big heart for the little woman that was very tender and very sweet.

Well, of course the little woman came again, and of course the big policeman was glad to see her, and as the days went on the old story was again new for these two people, who had been so near to death together, and when the blessed day came that Officer William Smith was released from the hospital almost well and not so very lame, either, it was understood that there was to be a wedding, by which Miss Marie Denton was to become "Mrs. Officer William Smith." And, sure enough, the wedding came off in due time, and the big policeman's chief was present, besides many of his brother policemen, and among the gifts was a gold medal, which was bestowed on the groom in a neat speech by the chief and which bore the inscription, "For bravery," and there is a pretty little home in one of the quieter streets which bears upon its simple brass door plate the name "Smith," but at which nobody thinks of asking for the big policeman for all that. He has a rival—a pretty, pink cheeked, round, rollicking baby, which the neighbors, as well as the silly parents, call the "little policeman," and which looks enough like the big policeman to be called "a chip off the old block."—Rosa Pearle in Chicago Tribune.

Japanese Looms.

According to reliable statistics, there were in Japan in 1896 949,123 looms in operation, distributed among 660,408 different establishments, giving an average of less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ looms for each establishment. This average shows that the weaving industry of Japan is still to a very great extent a home industry and is far from having reached that degree of centralization which it has in this country. The number of persons employed in the weaving industry of Japan last year was 57,850 males and 985,016 females, and the total estimated production for 1896 was 96,187,235 yen, including silk cloth amounting to 46,471,401 yen; silk and cotton amounting to 10,281,272 yen; cotton cloth amounting to 37,083,757 yen, the balance being hemp and sundries.—Dry Goods Economist.

A Witty Bishop.

A good story is told of a war of words between the paradoxical Oscar Wilde and a witty bishop whom he met at a social gathering. Church and stage crossed swords, and it was not the church that bit the dust.

"I am yours, my lord," said Mr. Wilde, bowing low and smiling ironically, "to my shoe buckles."

"I am yours," said the courtly bishop, "to the ground."

The author of "An Ideal Husband" continued:

"I am yours to the center of the earth."

The pillar of the church quickly responded:

"I am yours to the antipodes."

Oscar Wilde began to feel decidedly nettled. Indignant at his defeat by a mere clergyman and a man of piety he exclaimed, as a last thrust:

"I am yours to the lowest pit of destruction!"

"There, Mr. Wilde," responded the divine, "I think I'd better leave you!" —Exchange

Vaccination as a preventive of [illegible] pox is said to have been practiced in China 1000 B. C. It was [illegible] into England by Lady Wortley [illegible] tagu in 1721.

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield
At night when the sun went down.
One held a lock of thin gray hair,
And one held a lock of brown.

One thought of his sweetheart back at home,
Happy and young and gay,
And one of his mother left alone,
Feeble and old and gray.

Each in the thought that a woman cared
Murmured a prayer to God,
Lifting his gaze to the blue above,
There on the battle sod.

Each in the joy of a woman's love
Smiled through the pain of death,
Murmured the sound of a woman's name,
Though with his parting breath.

Pale grew the dying lips of each.
Then, as the sun went down,
One kissed a lock of thin gray hair,
And one kissed a lock of brown.

—Town Talk.

THE DEMAINE DYE.

"Tell," the girl pleaded coaxingly, with her soft cheek against his.

"Ask me anything but that and I will grant it," answered her lover. "That is a matter which concerns my honor, and so not even for you can I"—

"Oh," she interrupted pettishly. "I am sick of hearing that cant about your honor. You only promised your father, and I am sure if he had known me he would have told me, but you—you are as hard as adamant. You can't care for me properly, or you would do what I ask you—the very first thing I have ever asked you," she ended pettishly.

Alan Demaine smiled at the pretty exhibition of childish wrath. Then he said gravely, yet firmly:

"It is no use, Elsie. You are causing both yourself and me needless pain by constantly teasing me on this matter. Once and for all I cannot tell you, so now let us talk of something pleasant. What is the last new gown like?" he ended, smiling lovingly down at her.

The girl looked at him, a curious glance, half menace, half malice, then, veiling her eyes, drooping before his ardent glance, she allowed herself to be coaxed, flattered and petted into a seemingly forgetful mood.

"I wonder why the little witch is so eager to know the secret—a trade secret too?" thought Demaine to himself that night as he smoked a quiet cigar. "A childish whim, I suppose, or woman's curiosity."

And, so thinking, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

But he would not have dismissed it quite so easily if he could have looked into a distant chamber in another part of the house and seen a little fury excitedly pacing the floor and murmuring to herself:

"I will get to know it yet, whether by fair means or foul it matters little, but I will get it, and then"—

"I must be off to the works at once," Alan said next morning to his mother and sisters. "Tell Elsie, when she comes down, that I am awfully sorry not to be able to take her for a drive, as we arranged yesterday, but something unexpected has turned up, and I am compelled to attend to it. No eye like the master's—eh, mother?" he finished laughingly.

Mrs. Demaine looked fondly at her son.

"You are just like your father," she said proudly. "It was aye duty before pleasure with him, but I'll tell the lassie, Alan, and maybe you'll be home by dinner time."

"I can't say, mother," he answered cheerily; "only wait for me."

And then they heard the hall door close and knew he was off. The day wore away. Elsie declined Enid Demaine's offer to drive her in place of Alan and went off for a long walk by herself. Enid and Cicely looked curiously after her as she walked down the drive, and then Cicely said half dreamily:

"I do think there is something odd about Elsie. I wish Alan had not fallen in love with her. Do you know," lowering her voice to an awestricken whisper, "I'm afraid she is not trustworthy."

When Alan came home that evening, he seemed in uproariously good spirits. He laughed and chatted and joked and teased until his mother declared that he was "fey." After dinner he invited Elsie out on to the terrace, to "see the moonlight," he declared mendaciously.

Very fair and sweet the girl looked

in her pretty white gown of some shimmering material, and so her lover evidently thought, for he suddenly caught her to his breast and rained passionate kisses on her brow and lips. Then, just as suddenly, he thrust her from him and stood facing her in the moonlight. The girl was half frightened at his manner.

"What is the matter, Alan?" she asked timidly.

"Nothing, my pet," he replied in his old manner; "only you looked so bewitching I think I lost my senses."

"I think you did," she retorted coquettishly. "Alan," she continued earnestly, "do you really and truly love me?"

He looked at her curiously, then, recollecting himself, replied:

"What a foolish question to ask! How many hundreds of times have I told you the old, old story?"

"But," she persisted, raising her face to his, "I never, never can believe it until you tell me that secret."

His face darkened at her words.

"Did I not tell you last night that your persistency was worse than useless?" he retorted, looking coldly down at her.

"Well, then," she answered passionately, "until you do tell me I will never marry you—never!"

There was a long silence between them. Finally the man broke it.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked in a low, tense voice.

"Certainly," she responded in a hard, determined tone. Then, changing her manner to one of winning sweetness: "But I know you will tell me. You could never, never be so cruel as to refuse."

He turned away and began pacing the lawn in an undecided, wavering fashion, quite unlike his usual firm step. The girl followed him and laid one hand on his arm.

"Tell me," she whispered beseechingly. Then she raised herself on tiptoe and kissed him.

"I cannot resist," he murmured, then stooped suddenly and whispered something into her ear.

"Is that all?" she asked, in evident surprise. He nodded.

The next afternoon Elsie refused all offers of companionship and went off for a solitary stroll. As she approached a little wooded copse about half a mile from the house a young man sauntered slowly toward her.

"Well, what success this time?" he demanded, without troubling to make any preliminary greeting.

"Wait a minute, Hugh," the girl answered. "I am quite breathless with hurrying. That tiresome Enid wanted to come with me. And I wasn't at all sure of Alan not coming too."

The man stood for a minute or two in silence, then glanced at his companion impatiently.

"I have got it," she answered quietly, returning his glance.

His whole face changed and glowed with triumph.

"You little darling, you clever little darling," he exclaimed, and then took her in his arms and kissed her passionately. She lay quite passive in his embrace, her dark eyes gleaming with tenderest love.

"Now we can marry," he whispered. "But you have not told me yet, Elsie. Are you sure you have got the exact details?"

"It is all written here, word for word, as Alan repeated it to me," she replied.

He read the paper greedily which she handed to him, then placed it in his pocketbook and drew a deep breath of relief.

"So that is all the secret of Demaine's wonderful purple dye," he said. "Well, I rather think now that the monopoly is destroyed. Won't the old fashioned firm be astonished when they find themselves undersold in the market by a dye exactly like their own." And he laughed a cruel laugh of triumph. "I always hated Demaine," he continued, "always. This will be splendid revenge, besides making all our fortunes. But come, Elsie," he added, "it is time we were moving. I'll see you to the park gates, and then I must get back to town."

A month passed away, and Elsie was still visiting the Demaines, still outwardly engaged to Alan, of whom nevertheless she saw very little.

"Hugh," Elsie said to her lover one evening, "don't you think"— and then she stopped in confusion.

"Think what?" said Hugh idly, without looking at her.

"That it is not very nice or pleasant for me to be staying in Alan's home, when I have—betrayed him?" she ended bravely.

"I don't see what else you can do," retorted Hugh lazily, "unless you go back to your aunt's."

The girl crimsoned to her brow.

"Couldn't we be married now?" she whispered in shamed tones.

He looked at her sharply, then replied: "Look here, Elsie, it is best to be straightforward, so we may as well end this farce at once. I am engaged to my cousin Marian, and we are to be married next month."

There was a long silence. Up in the bright blue heavens a bird was caroling merrily, and in a strange, mechanical manner Elsie counted five daisies which were in a cluster at her feet. Then she spoke:

"So you just used me as a tool, Hugh?"

"Yes," he acquiesced shamefacedly.

She laughed—a strange, hard laugh.

"It does not hurt very much after all—not very much," she repeated piteously, and then without another word turned and left him.

When Alan Demaine reached home that night, his mother and sisters met him with the news that Elsie had been suddenly summoned to meet her aunt. "Though when she got the letter I'm sure I don't know," added Enid suspiciously. Her brother made no reply, but went straight to his own room, and there, on the toilet table, lay a tear stained note.

"I have been a wicked, deceitful girl," the letter ran, "and now the greatest punishment I have to bear is the knowledge that I have brought ruin upon you." Then followed an explanation concerning her curiosity about the dye, and the note ended with a plea for forgiveness.

In reply Alan wrote as follows: "My forgiveness you have fully and freely, and I sincerely wish you every happiness in the future. You must not distress yourself about 'ruining me,' as the 'secret' (?) which I told you concerning the purple dye is no secret at all, but a very ordinary chemical preparation well known in the trade. Forgive me for deceiving you. I overheard your conversation with the scamp who used you as his tool, and I could not resist my little piece of revenge. The Demaine dye is a secret still, so you may cease fretting about that. My mother, who knows nothing, sends you her love. In a day or two I shall simply tell her that the engagement is dissolved."

Three months after the dispatch of this letter Alan's manager ceased from troubling, for the new firm failed irretrievably.

"Hang it all!" said Hugh to his confidential assistant. "We have got the correct ingredients, man. It must be in the mixing that we fail."

And when his speech found its way to Alan's ears he simply laughed. "It was Delilah who failed," he said to himself, "not the mixing." And then, with a new, glad hope springing in his heart, he joined his sisters and his sisters' friend Monica in the drawing room.—London Sun.

A Bad Sign.

A Welsh county court judge recently had before him a case in which a printer sued a pork butcher for the value of a large parcel of paper bags with the latter's advertisement printed thereon. The printer, having no suitable illustration to embellish the work, thought he improved the occasion by putting an elaborate royal arms above the man's name and address, but ultimately the latter refused to pay.

The judge, looking over a specimen, observed that for his part he thought the lion and unicorn were much nicer than an old fat pig.

"Oh, well," answered the butcher, "perhaps your honor likes to eat animals like that, but my customers don't. I don't kill lions and unicorns. I only kill fat pigs."

Verdict for defendant.—London Answers.

At the beginning of this century there were 31,450,000 persons in the world using French as a spoken language, and in 1890 the number had increased to 51,200,000.

Every president of the United States has been either a lawyer or a soldier or both.

ON AN ACTRESS.

Aye, she played rarely, though it had been
played
A hundred times, and some of more renown
Have played it worse, but she bewitched the
town.
Dowered with ethereal loveliness, she swayed
All hearts to love, while music lent soft aid.
She moved, she spoke, and, when she would.
drew down
Laughter unquenchable, the player's crown,
Symbol that all her frolic rule obeyed.
Aye, she played happily, but myself, who knew
What grief had gripped her in its chill embrace,
Could hear dumb weeping in her words, and
through
Her every pose the anguished soul could trace
And pierce the frippery of art unto
The pallor shining in her perfect face.
—London World.

THE NAZIM'S JEM.

I had been ill with fever. They tell me that it was a severe illness and that the outcome was for many days in doubt. Twice, they said, my feet pressed on the verge of the dark valley, and twice was I drawn back. I know little of this personally. For two weeks or more I was either delirious or unconscious. Then, one bright May morning, I came back from the land of shadows.

It seemed to me, as I lay there, that my mind was unnaturally acute. I fancied that my enfeebled physical condition accentuated the action of my brain. It seemed as if the rest I had given it—the rest, at least, from lucid action—had reinvigorated it. I remember that I threw a great deal of thought into the construction of the first connected sentence I addressed to my man. This is what I said:

"Any letters, George?"

He started up hastily.

"Letters, sir? Yes, sir, letters and a telegram."

"Read the telegram," I said, after another spell of thought.

He tore open the yellow envelope.

"Just heard of your illness. Start for home today. Mary."

Mary is my promised wife. I recalled that she was at Colorado Springs with her invalid mother when I fell ill. I looked at George. He must have read my question. He seemed to make a momentary calculation.

"If all goes well, sir, she should be here today."

Mary was coming. The thought acted on me like a tonic. I wanted to throw aside the blankets and leap to the floor. Gods! And I couldn't even raise my arm.

"Get flowers, George," I murmured. "Let in the sunlight. Hide these bottles."

He smiled and smoothed the blankets above me.

"Everything shall be as presentable as possible, sir," he said.

As presentable as possible? That note of exception must mean me. Never mind, Mary was coming, Mary loved me too well to take offense at my changed appearance.

"George," I said, "the world is still outside there, I suppose. Read the newspaper."

He read to me for half an hour or more, read the news just as it came to hand—telegraph, local, political. For a time his voice has simply a lulling effect. Then I began to take notice of the substance of what he read. When I had heard all I wanted, I bade him stop and let the substance of his reading filter through my brain. As I strove to recall it all there was an item that seemed to hold my fancy in a peculiar way. It was a telegram which told that a nizam of far Hindustan had been robbed of an almost priceless diamond which it was understood he meant to present to Queen Victoria at the time of the coming jubilee. This story, I say, seemed to fascinate me—the diamond of the nizam, filched from its oriental owner, gleaming mayhap from the dusky corner of some squalid hut when it should be eclipsing the jewels of a queen. And Mary was coming. What a gift for Mary that diamond would be—Mary, my queen! There was a strange humming in my head, but out of it all came one clear thought—I would get that diamond and give it to Mary When I had determined on this, I seemed to grow cool and calculating. I realized how helpless I was physically, but my will power, thank God, was still left me. I would concentrate my mind on the thief. I would will him to come to me.

I had read somewhere that the soul in a body purified by the fire of disease rises above the restrictions of common clay. Was not my soul so purified? I fixed my thought upon the nizam's diamond.

Red clouds rolling rapidly; out of them a touch of blue sky, a whirl of yellow dust, a sun that beat down fiercely from midheaven; the walls of a city, a city with queer minarets and towers, and strange palaces; a city with a huge gateway through which passed in and out a motley array of strange garbed people; bullocks and carts, and then a lumbering elephant, and red coated soldiers, and white turbaned men with brown faces. And the air was hot and dry, and a strange odor came to my nostrils.

Then in a corner by the huge portals I noted a crouching figure—a turbaned native with strange rings in his ears and an eye that gleamed with a startling whiteness. And on him my thought centered. Then he arose from his bent position and slunk forth. As he passed amid the snarling dogs that fought and yelped beyond the city walls I noticed that in the folds of his garments he held a long, keen knife. Ever and anon he looked over his shoulder as he slouched along. And the sun glared, and the desert spread before him, and the dust arose in yellow puffs.

Then came two native soldiers riding on weary horses, and they cried out at sight of the footman. And when they dismounted to seize him the knife flashed, and one soldier lay silent at his feet, and the other fled across the gleaming desert, and the knife was red.

There were clouds and confused scenes, and out from them all the man with the red knife pressed on, in his eyes a strange light, a gleam, half terror, half desperation, the look of a haunted man, whose fate impels him forward. Then another city, a city of whitewashed walls and many huts and few palaces and stretches of the sea and the masts of ships.

The swish of waves, and the roaring of the wind, and the rattle of cordage, and in the midst of the ship the brown faced man calmly indifferent to the tempest.

More clouds and long blanks of chaotic nothingness. My eyes find themselves gazing at the wall of my room, and presently it opens and through it steps the man who crouched by the city gates. Step by step he comes to my bedside, and his eye glistens and his knife is red, and my eye never leaves his.

Then he pauses and bends low with his arms outstretched.

"Sahib," he murmurs, and his voice is singularly low and gentle, "I am here."

"The diamond!" I hoarsely murmur.

He removes his turban and slowly unwinds its many folds. As he does so the room seems filled with the rustle of garments, and a strange, sweet perfume comes to me. There are whispers, too, and a sound like a stifled sob.

Slowly the stranger unfolds his turban, and suddenly out of it leaps a great white pebble. He lifts it before me betwixt his lean brown thumb and forefinger, and I know that in his other hand he holds the red knife.

"The diamond of the nizam, sahib," he murmurs.

As he speaks a sudden ray of sunlight falls upon the white pebble and a mighty glory seems to fill the room.

My eyelids drop before that glare. I see the brown face of the Indian bend lower. I see his fingers clutching at his knife. The room grows dark and yet darker. I seem to be slipping away, slipping away.

"John!"

Is that my name? Is somebody calling me? What is this that holds my hand and draws me back? No, no; let me go.

"John!"

Surely somebody is calling me.

I open my eyes slowly, so slowly. Across the level of my bed I see the face of George leaning forward, his features in the shadow, his eyes gleaming with frightened anxiety, in his hand a tiny medicine glass that catches a dazzling ray of sunlight. Somebody else is there, somebody who holds my hand tightly, somebody who calls again:

"John, dear!"

I raise my eyes a little higher. Another face is bending over me, a white, tear stained face.

"John!"

It is Mary.

And so I came back.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO ONE THAT CHID HIM FOR GATHERING THE LATEST ROSES.

As fickle as an April morn,
October with his driving rain
Now smote the garden paths forlorn,
Now broke in smiles again,

Crying, "We tarry all too late."
Each other flower drooped her head.
But dauntless still they kept their state,
The roses white and red.

And, "We shall reign," they said, "for long."
I gathered them for your delight.
"Nay, then, you did them cruel wrong,
The roses red and white.

"For they had gladdened many a day,
Defying still the somber time,
Amid the whirling leaves' decay
Recalling summer's prime."

Then I: "How sorrowful their lot,
Who queened it at the garden's court,
To linger on when joy is not,
To be the mad wind's sport;

"To feel their draggled petals fall,
Each after other, drenched and cold,
Till now the blast has dashed them all
Upon the chilly mold.

"A royal sepulture they crave—
Refuse not thou a last behest—
One hour to live in beauty brave,
Then die upon thy breast."
—H. C. Minchin in Spectator.

FORGIVEN.

Dusk was beginning to fall, and as I looked round over the long level of marsh land that surrounded us and saw no sign of any of our party I felt the first thrill of a not unpleasant uneasiness. I glanced at my companion. She was walking quite contentedly by my side, apparently secure in the assumption that I knew my way. As a matter of fact, I had the gravest doubt about it and there seemed no possibility of making sure. For miles on either hand the marshes stretched to the low horizon. The dry tracks were few and ill defined and already a light white mist was rising over the numerous straight waterways. I looked at Miss Pascoe again, and my uneasiness gave place to a kind of expectant pleasure. Even supposing we were lost, there was no actual danger, and the great sense of solitude that hung about us gave me a feeling of possession that was keenly delightful. Miss Pascoe, unconscious of my doubtful cogitations, still walked on as though her feet were upon a familiar road, and indeed, as far as I could judge, we were making in the right direction. To have stopped would have been like a confession of incompetence on my part, and this to an unavowed lover was out of the question, at any rate until circumstances unquestionably had me at a disadvantage. So we went on, and the twilight deepened, and the mist trailed in denser wisps across the shivering reed beds.

Suddenly she turned to me.

"What a queer place this would be to get lost in," she said.

I think the serious possibility of such a thing had not occurred to her at all. She threw out the remark merely as a contribution to a flagging conversation.

"Yes," I said. "But you're not afraid, are you?"

"Oh, no; not at all! Of course you know the way, and that makes all the difference."

"Of course it does," I answered, with a glimmering sense of shame.

"How far are we from home now?" she asked after a pause, in which the darkness had perceptibly increased.

"Three miles, I dare say," I said at a blind hazard.

"That's nothing," she said. "I thought we must be quite four."

"Are you sure you're not tired?" I asked. "Wouldn't you like to rest?" But she persisted in walking on at that swinging pace of hers.

"Even if I wanted to rest there's nothing to rest on," she said.

"I'm sure I could find a fence somewhere," I said.

"I don't believe you could," she said, "but I'm not going to let you try. I'd much rather get home."

We walked on silently for another five minutes, and then Miss Pascoe stopped and listened, leaning forward slightly, with her hair blowing about her face.

"Is that the sea?" she asked.

It was the sea unmistakably, the slow roll mingled with the rustle of the wind over the rushes. And then it became quite obvious to me that I had woefully gone astray, for the sea was before us instead of almost at our backs.

"It must be the sea," I said, after a show of hard listening.

"But it shouldn't be there," she said.

"Why not?" I answered rather feebly in order to gain time. "It always has been there, I suppose."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "You know what I mean. We must have got on the wrong path. Mr. Thirlmere," she cried, "how could you have been so careless?"

"My dear Miss Pascoe," I said, "if I have made a mistake, I am very sorry."

"And you said all along that you knew the way," she pouted, trying to shoot condemnation from her eyes at me in the darkness.

"You see," I said, "I got my directions from your brother—from Jim—and he's often so very inaccurate, isn't he?"

"Absurdly inaccurate," she admitted. "If I'd known you were relying upon Jim, I wouldn't have come at all."

"And then I should have missed the most delightful walk I ever had."

She turned away from me a little, with a petulant movement of the shoulders that pleased me mightily.

"I wish we had Jim here," she said with pretty fierceness.

"I don't," I said.

"Then, perhaps you'll be good enough to find the right path. We can't stay here."

"There don't seem to be any conveniences for camping out," I said. "Will you stay here for a moment while I explore to the right? I may get up to my knees in the marsh. You will be safer here."

"Don't be long, will you?" she said.

"Oh, no!" I said cheerfully. "I shall find the path in no time."

I started off, carefully exploring the ground before me with my stick as I went. There was no sign of a path, and I began to be seriously alarmed for Miss Pascoe's comfort. On consideration I came to the conclusion that I had made rather an ass of myself. Another hundred yards, and still no path. I paused and looked back. I could see a slight, dark figure moving toward me very carefully and slowly.

"Is that you?" I said.

Miss Pascoe's voice answered: "Yes. I'd rather come with you if you don't mind. When you left me, I felt so lonely that I was almost afraid."

"I am more sorry than I can tell you," I said, "to have got you into such an awkward fix. Pick your way very carefully. Ah!" She had stepped with one foot into a patch of wet moss.

"Take my hand," I said. "It is quite firm where I am standing. Will you ever forgive me for this?" She took my outstretched hand, and I guided her to safety. But because the danger might be renewed at any moment I still retained my hold of her slim fingers, and we went forward together in that pleasant, companionable way.

"Don't talk to me about forgiveness until you have found the path and made restitution," she said. My fingers tightened upon hers instinctively, partly because it was so pleasant to have them resting so unreservedly in my hand and partly because her voice was very low and without any hint of disapproval in it.

"For myself," I said, "I cannot pretend to be sorry for this adventure. For your sake, of course, I am, but it has been so pleasant to have you to myself for so long that when we hit upon the path I shall be almost in despair."

"We haven't hit upon it yet," she said. The ground under our feet seemed quite firm by this time. The moon was just rising, swimming upward through the low lying vapor in a wide luminous circle of misty silver. Right above us a star or two blinked.

"I suppose," I said, striking a match to look at my watch, "that the second dinner bell has rung by this time. In another hour there will be a hue and cry after us." I was sorry for this a moment later, because in order to strike my match I had had to relinquish her hand. We had both paused and read the face of the watch together in the flickering light. Then it was blown out by a gust of wind, and darkness succeeded. I possessed myself of her hand again.

"Well," she said, "shall we go on?"

"If you like," I said.

"I suppose we ought to," she said.

"It would be rather fun to let them find us here, wouldn't it?" I said. "Think how pretty the lanterns would look, coming glinting over the marshes."

"But they might miss us," she said, turning her face quickly toward me. I saw the gleam of her eyes and the oval shadow of her face, and all at once I realized that there was only one thing I could do at that precise moment in my life. I stooped down and kissed her.

"Forgive me for that as well, if you can," I said. "It means that I love you. I suppose now I have trespassed beyond all hope?"

For a moment she was quite still, and I cursed myself for such blind precipitation, but the circumstances and the time and place had all forced me to this inevitable result.

"You think," she said, after this pause, "that you may as well pile up all your offenses at once and be forgiven or condemned on all counts at one time?"

"Precisely," I said. "I am entirely in your hands."

"I will forgive you," she said very sweetly, "when you have found the path."

"It's a bargain, then," I said. I took a step forward and brought my foot sharply against something white that stood a few inches above the ground.

"Why," I cried, bending to examine it, "this must be the broken post that Jim told me to look out for. What a close observer your brother is! This is the path that leads straight for home."

"You knew it all the time," she said reproachfully.

"No," I said. "I assure you that I had no idea of it. We shall be in just as the rescue party is preparing to set out." I turned to her and held out my hands. "I claim your forgiveness," I said.

And she forgave me.—Black and White.

Innocuous Vanity.

As gold is never put into circulation without some alloy, so perhaps for this world's use some alloy is needed in the gold of character. The only questions are what alloy and how much? I shall try to answer the question as to kind and leave to individual discretion the question as to quantity.

A great actor once said that all men have vanity, but some conceal it more successfully than others. If vanity be a universal trait, we may take it as that alloy which is necessary to our active and circulating usefulness.

It is decried by all moralists, preached against in all pulpits, and everywhere believed to be as undesirable as it is universal. Nevertheless, in youth at least, a certain degree of it may be necessary.

Vanity is like the kindly cloud which shelters us from the all piercing and too brilliant sun of truth, for it may be doubted whether any of us can bear the truth unveiled. The melancholy Dane who had revealed to him unqualified truth, both as regards this life and the next, was not by that revelation incited to action. Hamlet found the truth withering, not stimulating; it paralyzed rather than nerved. And it may be so with all truth. Most of us are ordinary people, but happily most of us do not find this out, at least not in our first youth.—Lippincott's.

Settling a Bet.

The quiet of the room in which the answers to queries editor sat was disturbed by the entrance of two half grown boys.

One of them pulled off his hat and addressed him:

"Me and this feller have made a bet," he said, "and we've agreed to leave it to you. He bets that if all the turkeys that was ett last Christmas was placed in a line they would reach around the world, and I bet they wouldn't. Who's lost?"

"You have, my son," answered the man in the chair. "They might be placed a mile apart and they would still be in a line, you know."

As they turned and went out of the room the boy who had acted as spokesman was seen to hand a small coin over to the other with great reluctance, and distinctly heard to say:

"Well, I can lick you, anyhow."

"Bet you a nickel on that, too," replied the other boy.—Chicago Tribune.

While strolling in the neighborhood of Brunton, England, a short time ago, a tourist noticed suspended on the branches of a tree an old paint can of medium size. On making an examination he found that the can contained the nest of a house sparrow, with young.

Religion In New England Life.

If one examines the history of New England character, he will find it hard to exaggerate the part which religion has played in its development. In former days even the irreligious had, in the background of their lives, a severe and self denying standard of living which it was impossible for them to ignore. Sin itself was invested with a fearful dignity, and surely no dream of human perfection ever so exalted the nature of man as did that stern theology which taught him that the stars and planets were only lights to light him at night; that for his benefit or for his punishment God might at any moment interrupt the course of the universe, and finally that he had within himself the momentous power of choosing eternal punishment or eternal happiness. Under that religious belief there grew up men and women—some of them are still living—who constituted little reservoirs of moral strength upon which the community or even the nation itself could draw in times of necessity.

What influence will take the place of that old belief? What moral force will curb the passions, chasten the lives, stimulate the energy of the rude people who are born in these remote towns? Whence shall they derive the discipline and the self control without which their primeval strength will be as useless as the undammed waters of a mountain torrent? I confess that these thoughts fill me with apprehension for the future, and sometimes I am even led to think that New England character reached its culmination in the heroic sacrifices of the civil war and entered thereafter upon a long and gradual course of sure decay. All this, however, may be—and I trust that it is—simply the pessimism of an old man.—Philip Morgan in Atlantic.

Toxines and Antitoxines.

The opinion that distinct toxines require distinct antitoxines would appear to require some modification. Dr. Calmette has shown that anti snake venomous serum protects against scorpion poison. Roux and Calmette have shown that rabbits vaccinated against rabies acquire remarkable powers of resisting the action of cobra venom. Again, animals vaccinated against tetanus and anthrax, respectively, not only elaborate antitetanic and antianthrax serum, but such serums have also been found to be in some cases capable of counteracting the effects of cobra venom. Calmette has also shown that antidiphtheria, antitetanus, antianthrax and anticholera serums possess decided immunizing powers with regard to the vegetable toxine of abrine. Dr. Memmo, working in the Hygienic institute of the University of Rome, has observed that a distinct, although slight, curative action is produced by antidiphtheria serum in cases of tetanus.

Some extremely interesting investigations by Dr. Marriotti-Bianchi, dealing with the action of normal serums from various sources on different bacterial toxines, also tend to confirm the above observations. Bianchi has also been able to reproduce all the phenomena claimed by Pfeiffer to be specific in respect to the behavior of cholera vibrios in anticholera serum by placing these vibrios in normal serum derived from dogs and cats respectively. It would appear that not only may various antitoxines modify one and the same toxine, but normal serums may also produce in some cases protection against toxines. This latter point has been specially dwelt upon by Bianchi in his memoir.—Nature.

He Got the Votes.

The late Governor Albert G. Porter of Indiana was a good campaigner. In one of his stumping tours he was to speak in Morgan county. A number of fine carriages were at the station as the train drew up to carry Mr. Porter and the persons who were with him to the place of speaking. Off at one side was an old fashioned "carryall," with ragged oilcloth curtains, wheels incrusted with mud, presenting a sadly dilapidated appearance. Mr. Porter looked beyond the carriages to this conveyance, and his clear blue eye lighted with pleasure as he recognized the driver, who was a well known mossbacked Democrat. "Why, George," said Mr. Porter, extending his hand, "I'm glad you're here. Gentlemen," turning to the persons at the carriages, who were awaiting him, "never mind me. I'm going to ride over with my old friend George." His "old friend George" had four grown sons, all Democrats, but every vote in the family was given to the handsome young man who could mix with the plain people, and who had ridden with "dad" to the place of meeting."—New York Tribune.

Better Than Orthography.

The old man had given his son a very fair education and had taken him into his shop. The young fellow was over-nice about a great many things, but the father made no comment. One day an order came in from a customer.

"I wish to goodness," exclaimed the son, "that Gibson would learn to spell!"

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the father cheerfully.

"Why, he spells coffee with a 'k.'"

"No, does he? I never noticed it."

"Of course you never did," said the son pettishly. "You never notice anything like that."

"Perhaps not, my son," replied the old man gently, "but there is one thing I do notice, which you will learn by and by, and that is that Gibson pays cash."—London Tit-Bits.

Cause For Laughter.

First Little Boy — What are you laughin at?

Second Little Boy—Father's scoldin everybody in the house 'cause he says he can't lay a thing down a minute without some one pickin it up an losin it—he, he, he!

"What's he lost?"

"His pencil."

"Where is it?"

"Behind his ear all the time."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Toastmaster's Nervousness.

Years and years ago, when the Press club, of more or less blessed memory, was in existence, a British newspaper man—only they call it a journalist on the other side—was at the club one evening. He had been in Washington for some time and was leaving next day. Mr. Karl Decker made a speech to him.

"Mr. Soandso," he said, "you have spent some time with us, and you have made many friends. We have become attached to you. You are going away tomorrow and we may never see you again, but in order that you may always have something by which to remember us, on behalf of the Press club I present you this ring."

And then he struck the call bell on the reading table near him. The Englishman looked just a trifle bewildered for a bit, then he reached out his hand, thanked the club and pocketed the bell. And—bless his simple English heart—next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press club had been to him and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

"Mr. Decker must have been awfully nervous, you know," he said, "though he didn't show it, for he said, 'I present you this ring,' and, don't ye know, it wasn't a ring at all; it was a bell."—Washington Post.

Outdoor Air.

Few persons stop to think of the great difference between indoor and outdoor air. In every dwelling a portion of the air has already entered the lungs and is in the nature of excrement. The outdoor air alone is tolerably pure, but perfectly so only at high altitudes and away from cities.

We talk about climate cure, about going to Florida or Nice for health, but we venture to assert that any invalid may secure a greater improvement with regard to the air he breathes by proper ventilation of his dwelling room and by living out of doors most of the time than he can by going to any new climate and neglecting these conditions. Many a poor invalid's salvation might be found in his own garden, while he may go to the ends of the earth in search of health and die in the closed room to which he has retreated in the fear of outdoor air.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SHORT RANGE.

George W. Smalley will contribute an article on "The Personal Side of the Prince of Wales" to the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is said that Mr. Smalley gives a uniquely interesting, close view of the Prince, touching in detail upon his great personal popularity in England, and the reasons therefor, his love of sports, his pastimes, his social duties and diversions, and showing him as an affectionate son, a devoted husband, a loving father and brother.

Sincerity.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away, but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has possession of him.—James Russell Lowell.

Freckles.

The nose is very apt to freckle, even when no other part of the face is affected in the same way. These little brown spots can be removed by putting on the nose this lotion: Lemon juice, 3 ounces; vinegar, 1 ounce; rosewater, 1 ounce; Jamaica rum, 1 ounce. Apply this with a sponge several times a day.

Loud Talkers and Low Speakers.

"Funny writers and stage comedians make the mistake of representing country people as very loud talkers," remarked Colonel Leonard Ainsworth of Arkansas. "As a matter of fact, persons who are accustomed to the quiet and solitude of rural life speak in a very low tone of voice, while those who live in the constant din and nerve racking noises of the city naturally acquire the habit of talking loudly. The reason for the difference is plain. When you city folks meet on the street, you have to elevate your voices to a high pitch in order to make yourselves heard. I never come to St. Louis or visit any other large city that I don't soon get a sore throat from overexerting my voice. Of course, you who live here are used to the strain on your voice and don't suffer from it as I do.

"If you ever heard an Indian talk, you will realize the force of what I say. I never saw a real Indian that spoke much above a whisper. He illustrates exactly what I mean. The Indian lives in quiet and solitude. His atmosphere is not filled with noises and tympanum piercing sounds. Consequently he does not have to elevate his voice in carrying on conversation. Your city arab, the counterpart of the Indian, talks loud enough when he comes to Arkansas to be heard in the next county."

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

Cincinnati, O., June. 20. 1897.—There is a fair demand for extracted honey at 3½ and 6c per lb , according to quality. The demand for comb honey is slow at 8 to 13c per lb. Considerable of the new crop of extracted honey is arriving for the last two or three weeks and finds a pretty ready sale. The demand for beeswax is fair at 22 and 25c per lb for good to choice yellow.

Chas. F. Muth & Son.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

Detroit, Mich., June. 22, 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 8 to 12c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 25 to 27c. per lb. There will be some old honey left on arrival of the new crop but most of it is undesirable.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch. Mich.

Boston. Mass., June 21. 1897.—The demand for honey is light. Supply ample. Price of comb 11 to 13c per lb. Extracted 5 to 8c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Very light supply. Prices 26 to 27c per lb.

E. E. Blake & Co., 57 Chatham St.

Kansas City, Mo., June 21. 1897.—Light demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 13c. per lb. Price of extracted 5 to 6½c. per lb. Light supply for beeswax. Good demand; price 25c per lb. We are cleaned up on comb and extracted. New crop will be on the market within ten days. Prospects for this part of the state are good. Large crop reported.

Hamblin & Bearss. 514 Walnut St.

Albany, N. Y., June 24, 1897.—The demand for honey is moderate; supply light; price of buckwheat comb honey 6 to 7c per lb. Very good demand for beeswax. Small supply; prices 26 to 27c per lb. No new honey on our market yet. Bees said to be doing finely in this section.

Chas. W. McCollough & Co., 380 Broadway.

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Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours ; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is a positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

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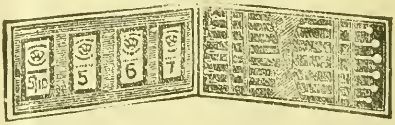

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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Clipped Queens and Swarming

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes thus: "Will you please tell us in the AMERICAN BEE KEEPER how you manage swarms having queens with their wings clipped? As I believe you favor the clipping of queens. I have had so many swarms go away this year where the queens were not clipped, that if I were sure I could manage my apiary in the swarming season with the wings to my queens clipped, I would clip the wings of every queen as soon as fertile."

The above carries me back twenty-seven years, to the time when I resolved something similar to what the correspondent has, after loosing some of the best swarms of that year, though I decided, management or no management, not another swarm should run away, from the queen being allowed to have her wings so she could use them in flying off with the first or prime swarm; and as to after-swarms, I long ago decided that they were a nuisance, and they should not be allowed to come at all, in any well kept apiary. Having the wing of every queen clipped in 1871, I now went about to find out the best plan of management during the swarming season, and have kept experimenting ever since, whenever anything new came up in my own thoughts or in the writings of others, and have settled down to the use of the following as being the best of anything that I know of up to date: I first get some light strong poles from 10 to 18 feet long, finding that the nicest thing in the pole line can be had where anyone resides near a basswood thicket, by going in the month of June and selecting such as are suitable and pealing the bark off, which is readily done at this season of the year, when they will dry through in three or four days, making something nice and light to use forever afterward, if kept housed when not in use. Having the poles of different length, a suitable sized hole is bored in the small end of each so as to take the Manum swarm catcher, which is easily slipped into the one having the right length to reach the clustering swarm. We next want a wire-cloth cage about an inch in diameter and six inches long, with a permanent stopper in one end and a movable one in the other. Having these things in readiness, as soon as I see a swarm issuing, I step to one side of the front of the hive and stand about five feet away, so I can take a view of the whole front of the hive, and two or three feet of the ground in front of the entrance at a glance. when if the queen is out, I almost instantly see her, and if not out I see her as soon as she issues. I used to get close to the entrance to look for her, and often looked a long time before I found her, owing to the short range of vision which contracted the breadth of the field seen at one time. When the queen is seen, put the open end of the wire-cloth cage down so she can crawl into it, which she will at once do. Now hold it so the open end is down which will prompt her to climb to the top, or away from the open end, and as she is nearing the upper end hold the open end at the entrance to the hive till twenty-five to fifty bees have run in it, as they run swarming out of the hive, when the queen and bees are to be secured by putting in the novable stopper. Now put the cage in the Manum swarm catcher, and the catcher in one of the poles, when the queen and catcher is held in the midst of the flying bees. By so doing they do not scatter over so large a field as do bees when swarming and not having a queen with them, as they will often alight on the swarm catcher, beside. If they begin to alight on a tree instead of the catcher, wait a little till a part have clustered, when by putting the catcher under those clustered and giving the limb a little jar by pushing on the pole, they are dislodged into the catcher, when the door to it is closed by pulling it against a limb. Now set up the pole so that the catcher comes within a foot or two of where the bees began to cluster, when the whole swarm will cluster on the outside of the catcher from the hum of "queen is found," which comes from the bees inside. While the bees are clustering I get the hive in position to receive them, if this has not already been done, when they are carried where I wish them, hiving them the same as any swarm is hived, allowing the queen to run in with them by unstopping the cage. As the season advances, and it becomes too late for both the old and new swarm to do good work in the sections, I use this plan: Proceed to catch the queen as before, and as soon as you have her, get your new hive and bring it to the old stand. Now set your old hive off a little, or turn it half-way around so it faces an opposite direction, and place the new one just where the old hive stood, when I place the cage with the queen it it endwise to the entrance till the swarm returns. As soon as the bees miss their queen, which will be anywhere from five to thirty minutes, the swarm will come pouring back by the thousand into the hive. When three-fourths, or such a matter are in, take the cage, giving it a little jerk to shake the bees off from it, immediately removing the stopper, when, as soon as the queen runs to the open end, hold it down to the entrance, and she will go in with the bees the same as she would have done had she had her wings and the swarm been hived in the regulation manner of our fathers. If two or more swarms come out at once I always let them alight on the catcher as first given, when I can carry them were I wish, placing half of the bees in front of the hive I wish them to occupy, and carrying the rest to the hive I wish them in also. Now let one of the queens run in with one part and the other with the other, the whole thing being done without any worry or uncertainty, as was always the case where the queens had their wings. In this way it is no more trouble to manage several swarms where they come out together than it is to hive them if they come out single, while we are complete masters of the situation. I consider the clipping of the queens wings one of the improvements of the age, scarcely second to any of the many others made within the past half a century.

Borodino, N. Y.

Ventilation, Shading Boards, Etc.

BY CHAS. H. THIES.

I have just had a little experience in combs melting down, and while I should have known better than to meet with such results, I was careless enough to allow it to occur. In Southern Illinois the heat is not usually so great as to melt our combs of honey in the hive, but on certain occasions they will melt. I often, in forming nuclei, close the entrance to keep the bees all in the hive until late in the evening, when the entrances are opened and the bees are allowed to fly out. Now I find that this is all right with old tough combs, and when the weather is not too hot. But in hot weather and with new combs, look out. Not more than two hours after a number of nuclei had been formed, containing new comb pretty well filled with honey, I noticed honey running out at the entrance, and upon examining I found that combs, honey and bees were all in one mass. This is very disagreeable, so look out and don't make the same mistake. These nuclei were not out in the sun, but were in the shade. For that reason I did not expect to meet with such results. All my hives that are exposed to the rays of the sun any portion of the day are covered with shading boards, which are raised an inch or two from the top of hive cover. This is not only of benefit to the bees, but to the bee keeper as well, as I find when thus protected they do not cluster on outside of the hive to such an extent, but remain out in the field at work. Bees have been booming and are still doing well. We have just had a nice rain, which will extend the honey flow some. White clover here has produced or secreted more nectar this spring than in several years past, and should we have as good a fall flow, we will be able to call this one of the good old years in Southern Illinois.

Co-Operation Between Bees and Blossoms.

BY BESSIE L. PUTNAM.

"Scarce less the cleft-born wild flower seems
to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets."—Bryant.

To this the poet might have added that between bees and blossoms there is oftimes a mutual admiration, an inter-dependence; and a severing of their alliance would result disastrously to both.

The culminating point in a plant's glory is reached in the perfection of its seed. This can never be attained unless pollen has been transferred from the stamens, where it is produced, to the stigma, *and this at the proper time*. It has also been shown by experimental science that the best results are obtained when a flower is fertilized with pollen from some other plant of the same species. This is known among botanists as *cross-fertilization*.

Many are the curious adaptations of nature for securing this result; and though when Sprengel first called attention to the subject in 1793, his crude attempts were passed by lightly, modern investigation has revealed therein the germs of a most wonderful system. His statement that "nature seems to have wished that no flower should be fertilized by its own pollen," a little too sweeping, has been modified by Darwin to, "nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization," and in this form it has met with no objection.

Sometimes the staminate or pollen-bearing flowers are on a seperate plant; it is evident that these can only be fertilized by the aid of insects or the wind. Others with stamens and pistils in the same flower are so arranged relatively that the pollen will not reach the stigma unless aided; while many still further guard against accident of such undesirable union by maturing stamens before the stigma is receptive or *vice versr*.

The wind-fertilized or *anemophilous* flowers are characterized by their lack of bright colors, odor or nectar, and by the superabundance of light pollen. Many of our forest trees—in fact all with blossoms in catkins excepting the willow belong to this class. It will be seen that even though trees mostly bloom before in full leaf, thus rendering the pollen more certain of being carried to its destination. There must be an immense amount of waste in depending upon so indiscriminating an agency as the wind. And in the insect-fertilized or anemophilous blossoms is realized a more certain and economical as well as an infinitely more skillful means of accomplishing the desired end.

The latter class of flowers are shrewd advertisers, and attractive colors, odor or the presence of nectar, or a combination of two or more of these allurements are frequently used. White or yellow is a favorite color among night bloomers, as the evening primrose; these being more readily discerned in the darkness than any other hues. Frequently there are lines of another shade or color termed "honey guides," all pointing directly to the store-house of nectar. These are especially prominent in the trumpet vine. Again, the corolla may be of irregular form, as in most of the legumes. And no wonder so many of these are favorites with the bees; for the protruding lip makes a most convenient resting place from which they can sip at their ease from the bounteous store of sweets. Sometimes the flowers are too small to be recognized at a distance. Here comes the value of co-operation among florets. Hence we have gay dandelions, each head of which contains many tiny florets; plumose heads of golden-rod, each containing innumerable individuals; and asters in circular heads of tiny flowers, each cluster encircled by a row of purple or white rayed larger flowers, which are sure to attract attention.

But of what use all this display! A bee comes along, scrambles into the depths of the first blossom, brushes inadvertently some of the pollen over its hairy coat, and searches eagerly for sweets in another flower, bearing on its dusty coat germs which ultimately brushed upon the stigma of the second flower perform the all important office in fertilization.

The locust is an excellent illustration of this method. The style for some distance below the stigma is bearded. The anthers, which are enclosed with it in the keel, discharge their contents, which are caught by the beards of the style. The oblique motion of the bee as it alights upon each flower is to bring its body first into contact with the stigma and then with the pollen clinging to the style below. Some of this naturally adheres to its coat, to be brushed off upon the stigma of the flower next visited. Thus the process is repeated many, many times a day, each visit ading in the exchange of pollen.

The stamens of the mountain laurel present their anthers neatly fitted into pocket-like depressions in the corolla. There they remain until past their prime if unmolested. But if a bee comes along and jostles the flower they spring up with such force as to throw part of their pollen from the terminal chink in the anther over the bee if not upon the stigma. Then as before, the winged messenger bears it to another flower.

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He "Took First."

INTRIGUE OF A CANADIAN BEE-KEEPER WHO MET A DIFFICULT EMERGENCY. "ONE ON THE JUDGES."

BY A. K. NUCK.

The proverbial ingenuity of the "Yankee" has become too thoroughly established, perhaps, to suffer materially through open competition with any other people on earth; yet a little incident which occurred a few years ago on the other side of our northern boundary, opens the question as to whether the American or the Canadian is ahead in the "tricks of our own trade." The reader must judge for himself.

The management of the Canadian Industrial exposition, in its prize list, had offered a nice cash premium for the greatest variety of extracted honey in glass packages; same to be the product of exhibitor.

A Western Ontario bee-keeper, when filling out his "blank" with other entries, took inventory of his stock which might compete also for this prize. There was a very complete line of the native varieties of honey. Some, of course, of previous seasons' gathering, but what of that, they were all of his own production. The only kind that seemed necessary to complete the full list, was a sample of buckwheat. Under the provisions, however, this was very essential, as it would count for just as much as the finest jar of raspberry or clover.

Here was the "poser," also the evidence of determination and ingenuity to cope with any adverse conditions. With the addition of a jar of buckwheat, he left sure he could capture first. It would be of no use to compete without it, he must. A jar was filled with basswood honey, and by means of a neat little paddle, a wad of soot and creosote, sometimes called "smoker juice," was extracted from the nozzle of the smoker, and enough of it thoroughly mixed with the honey to give it the rich brown color of the desired article.

"But," suggested an accomplish, "what of the flavor? That will never do."

"Don't worry about the flavor," promptly responded the chief, "the judges are not agoing to eat buckwheat honey, with lots of finer and more palatable grades at their disposal."

The entry was made and the exhibit presented a very attractive appearance in the apiarian building. By the harmonious contrasts of the several varieties, a very artistic effect was created, though to the owner, that "buckwheat" seemed to be unduly conspicuous; especially so, as the judges filed into the building and proceeded to taste and in subdued tones, discuss the relative merits of competing exhibits. As this collection was finally reached, and one jar after another was freely "sampled," it seemed highly improbable that the fraud could escape detection under such thorough official scrutiny. Yet a faint hope lingered, until Mr. Corneil reached for the "buckwheat," and after holding the package for an instant it passed to the hand of Judge McKnight, who promptly removed his pipe and placed his hand upon the screw top, as if to open it, then turning suddenly to give the contents an admiring (?) glance by transmitted light, he replaced it upon the table.

During the remaining days of the exhibition a red ticket which proclaimed "First Prize," in bold faced type, adorned a jar of honey, creosote and tar.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

ED. AM. BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir.—Please inform me in the BEE KEEPER what was the cause of the following strange action of my bees. I had a swarm come off and in about a half hour they returned. I cut out all the queen cells but one. Two weeks afterward I found a young queen in front of the hive. I put her back in the entrance. A week after we had a big rain in the evening and in the morning following I found piles of dead bees in front of the hive. I found no queen or brood in the hive. I gave them brood, but they were killing bees and rolling them out all day. I smoked them but it made no difference. Yours, etc.,

MRS. M. HAAS,
Clintonville, Pa., July 21, '97.

[Without any further knowledge of the conditions than those above given which are rather meager, we could not state the cause definitely. The following solution however suggests itself and is probably correct: The swarm in some way lost its queen, hence the return to the hive. The young queen was out for her flight when found outside, a second attempt may have resulted in her loss. Colonies in such abnormal conditions, frequently become the victims of robbers, especially immediately after a heavy rain, as in this case, which temporarily cuts off legitimate honey gathering in the field. Assuming that it was a case of early morning robbers, the use of smoke was fatal, as it is the one known thing of which bees are afraid, and its use during a siege of robbers gives the invaders every advantage.—ED.]

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal.

SOME BEE-KEEPING ERRORS CORRECTED.

BY C. B. BANKSTON.

It is indeed easy for man to sit in his office and imagine things about bees, and write his imagination for the books and papers. But actual experience is what the novice needs, as much or more than he does book-learning. In every pursuit there is a class who has a special slight with the pen. These fellows do a great deal of good and a great deal of harm. While they do not teach us much about the real truth of the secrets hid beneath the hive-cover, we learn to theorize from reading their long-winded articles. I regret to say that there is a great deal taught about bees in the books and periodicals which is not akin to the truth. Many of the bee-keepers who know the most write the least.

When a lie becomes popular it is all the harder for the truth to suppress it. I will mention a few things which have been going the rounds, and which I very much desire to have set aright. I will not mention any writer's name, but simply refer to the thing said.

LAYING QUEENS FIGHTING.

Whoever saw laying queens fight? I never did. This coming from one of our best writers was easily believed by the inexperienced. I had not kept bees six months before I learned that laying queens would fight to a finish as soon as the opportunity is presented. One man had a fine Italian queen killed just from the conclusion he had drawn from reading this statement.

MEETING OF THE QUEEN AND DRONE.

The queen and drone meet in the air; in falling to the ground the male organ is twisted in two, and the drone and queen are thus separated. This is imagination. Here is the truth: They meet in the air and fall to the ground; the queen gnaws the organ in two, and returns to the hive.

REARING QUEENS FROM TWO TO THREE DAYS LARVÆ.

Good queens can be reared from two to three days' larvæ. This is imagination. Experience says that good queens can be reared from two to ten hour old larvæ.

QUEENLESSNESS, NOT WEB-WORMS.

"The web-worms destroyed several colonies for me during the season." Imagination. Experience: I lost several colonies from queenlessness and starvation.

THREE-BANDED WORKER-BEES.

A 5-banded queen mated to a black drone will produce 3-banded workers. Straight imagination. Truth: The workers will be at least one-third black.

QUEENS PASSING THROUGH BEE-ZINC.

A virgin queen can go through a space 5 32 of an inch. As soon as laying, she cannot pass. Imagination. Truth: A laying queen can pass through any space that she could when a virgin. Impregnation does not enlarge any part of her except the abdomen. And space which will admit the thorax is sufficiently large for the whole queen to pass through.

PURE DRONES FROM MISMATED QUEEN.

A mismated queen will produce pure drones, as to the mother's stock. Imagination. Truth: Italian queens mated to black drones will produce some black drones, which is sufficient proof that they too get some of the black blood of the father.

HARD TO CHANGE OLD IDEAS.

If men would write their experience instead of what they imagine, and the knowledge they glean from the reading of books, the errors of our fathers would soon be corrected. When ideas are once stampt on a man's brains it is a very difficult matter to get him to even consider anything contradictory to them. To illustrate: When I was a boy my oldest brother and I went hunting. He carried the gun, and about a mile from home we saw two deer. Brother shot and killed them both. I was very anxious to kill a deer, but never succeeded. I began to persuade brother to let us tell the folks at home that I killed one and he killed the other. Agreed. So the lie was manufactured and put into operation. I received more praise than he did, because I was the least. From year to year we would tell this; the idea was finally stampt on my brain, that I did kill the deer, and was ready to kick like a bay steer when brother said that I did not.

Should one of those gentlemen who made the errors mentioned above, chance to pick this article up, and begin to read, he would drop it like a hot rock, because it conflicts with the ideas he has advanced or contracted from reading books which were written by men when modern bee-keeping was in its infancy, and before many of the secrets of the bee hive were revealed to the human mind. Oh, if we could only be content to write what we knew to be actual facts, instead of poisoning the minds of the seekers after knowledge with our imaginations, we would be a blessing instead of a curse to humanity. There is no pursuit about which people are so ignorant as that of bee-keeping, and most people can recollect things told them about anything else better than things told them about bees.

There is an old gentlemen with whom I am well acquainted, who began studying bee-keeping. He procured some of the best books on the subject. I heard him tell a lot of clabber-headed fellows one day that he learned from one of the books that queens were often reared from larvæ three days old. I told the old fellow the book he got that out of was just guessing at it. He insisted that the man who wrote the book knew what he was talking about. I begged the old man to let me prove to him that a queen could not be reared from a larvæ three days old. "Oh," said he, "it could be done." I offered $10 for every queen he could rear from a larvæ three days old. He began to experiment a little, and finally he agreed that it could not be done.

Some bee-writers say that good queens cannot be reared from larvæ three days old. I say, and will prove to any sensible man, that no kind of a queen can be reared from a larvæ so old. And I believe that G. M. Doolittle and Henry Alley will bear me out in it.

I love the bee-books and bee-papers; I take and read them all. I love the good men who write them, but the unvarnisht truth is dearer to me than them all.

Milam Co., Texas.

(From American Bee Journal.)

SEVERAL BEE NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

BY MRS. L. C. AXTELL.

Bees Quiet in Spring.—It seems to me the more quiet that bees can be kept in the spring the better it is for them.

Feeding for Pollen.—We used to feed our bees bushels of ground oats, rye and corn meal; also flour, but have come to the conclusion that it is an injury to them, as they get plenty of natural pollen from the maple and willow trees in all weather fit for bees to fly.

Retards the "Set."—Moving chickens even from one pen or house to another in the spring retards their wanting to sit.

Wintering Blacks vs. Italians.—The old black bees in their box-hives winter even better than our fine pure Italians on the old, let-alone principle. But the Italians, if cared for in moveable frame hives,and properly protected, go far ahead of the blacks.

Proper Care for Bees.–Any race of bees properly cared for will do much better for their owner than if left alone to shift for themselves; but unless a person understands bees, he would better not handle them much. Even on the let-alone principle bees pay their owners full for all money invested in them.

putting on Supers.—If colonies are strong, supers may be put on some weeks before the main honey harvest. Last year we had about 100 hives in one corner of the apiary that I overlooked, and supposed I had put supers on until one threw off a swarm. Then I hastened and put supers on all, but every one swarmed, and had the swarming-fever the worst kind. They gave but little surplus, compared with those I put on supers a month or two weeks earlier.

Shading and Ventilation Hives.—Bees out in the sun, with no tree to shade them, should be protected by a shadeboard and a large entrance in front. If in a hive that can be opened at a side, a larger entrance may be given by opening at the side. But when swarming, and the queen is clipt, it bothers much to have the bees pouring out at both the front and side of the hive, and the queen is oftener lost.

Selling Honey Near Home.—It pays to sell more of our honey near home, direct to consumers. It should be graded, too. The very whitest and prettiest should be sold for a cent or more than the medium, and the rough and dark should be cheaper. It is not fair to hold it all at one price. We should let a poor person have our nice honey at the same price as the rich and fashionable, and not try to put the dark, rough honey on any one who did not choose it.

Warren Co., Ill.

(From Pacific Bee Journal).

REMOVING COMB HONEY FROM THE HIVE.

BY A. B. MELLEN.

After the bees have made a really fine article of comb honey, it is often materially injured by the inexperienced bee-keeper in removing it from the hive and packing it in the shipping cases. The first move in taking off honey is generally to smoke the bees. Smoke is all right, but please bear in mind that a little smoke will drive the bees while too much only confuses them. I generally blow a little smoke on the alighting board—just enough to divert the guards at the entrance of the hive—then remove the cover, and as I raise the painted cloth which covers the sections I blow smoke across the top of the sections (against the wind if there is any.) This allows just enough cold smoke to drift into the sections to send the bees scampering below. Now, turn the super quickly on its edge, so that the wind will blow through the super from the top, as it is set on the hive and, with a Coggshall's bee brush, quickly brush the bees from the bottom of the super into the next one below, or into the hive. In this nway early all of the bees will be gotten out of the super at the start. Now, pile the supers up six or eight high, if you have that many to take off at one time. and place a double cone bee escape on top of the pile; then just watch those six or eight different families of bees hustle each other out of those sections and make a bee line for their own hive,

While the Porter bee escape works very well on the hive, I prefer the above plan, as it saves one handling of the supers full of honey. Then, again, the honey is all piled in good shape to run into the honey house at sundown. The cone escapes never get clogged with dead bees or propolis.

I have sometimes noticed a beekeeper taking off comb honey—and he was old enough to know better—approach the hive and give the bees a drastic smoking at the entrance, thereby driving a large portion of the bees into the top super. Then he would yank off the hive cover with a snap—a cloth on top of the sections was only a nuisance to him; then in went another deluge of smoke, among the white capping of the section honey Next, off came the super of honey, just boiling full of bees. He then tried the "shake out" procees, generally accompanied with a sort of war dance, with exclamations that sounded like "bad Injin" talk. The super would then be set up edgewise on the ground, while the nozzle of the smoker was applied to the openings on one side, while the bee brush got in its work on the other side, and the apiarist (?) pumped smoke through the nice, white honey, until it looked, tasted and smelled as if it had been the very last thing rescued from a burning barn

Late in the season the bees are loth to leave the sections, even after they have been piled up in the bee yard for several hours; but if the supers can be left out over night the bees will either get out early in the morning or cluster in a few sections, when they can be lifted out and shaken on the ground, after which they will soon find their way home. All leaking or uncapped sections can be returned to the hive for the bees to finish during the working season, or packed as second class. If not filled well enough to sell they can be extracted, and used for baits next season. In fact, I try to have the bees draw foundation as late in the season as possible, in order to have a lot of drawn combs to start the next season with.

While on this subject, under the good of the order, I might be permitted to say a few words about packing and marketing the honey. Since the advent of the deep-cell foundation, the cheerful idiot is again cavorting on his hobby of bogus comb honey, filled with glucose, sugar, syrup, etc., *ad nausium.* Life is too short to make a personal matter of it with those chattering Jack-er-daws, and some of the honey is packed in such a slovenly manner as to justify the bees in disowning it. Therefore, to my mind, the best thing for a self-respecting comb honey producer to do is to see that his honey is put in proper shape, and then label each section, stating thereon that it contains "Pure Honey," and adding his name and address as a guarantee that it is the unmixed product of the bees. Section labels, printed in four colors, cost only 75 cents a thousand, and can be had for less in larger lots. This is only 7½ cents for labels enough to label 100 lbs. of honey. To put them on rapidly, just brush the paste on the sections after they are all packed, then lay the labels on and smooth with a clean, dry cloth.

The middle man generally does not like to see the sections labelled with the producer's name, but, under the existing circumstances, it seems necessary, and will not interfere with his calling in the least, for as long as we allow a few private individuals and corporations to own and control our money, we will be confronted with a restricted market and falling prices, which makes the middleman a necessity. And when we mount on that wave of prosperity (let her wave) we will need him just the same, for then the producer cannot afford to take the time to hunt a purchaser for his products.

Acton, Cal.

HIVING A SWARM.

A strange and interesting sight attracted the attention of people on Exchange street, between Main street and the canal, at noon today. The air was full of bees, which were evidently about to swarm. Where they came from nobody seems to know. The bees themselves were uncommunicative as to their intentions.

Standing in front of the Trust building was an express wagon. The bees circled about this wagon and the horse. It looked for a time as though they were all going to light on the animal's back. Some few, indeed, did and it was only by vigorous use of his tail that the beast kept himself free.

When the wagon was driven away the bees seemed a little disconcerted. The queen was not doing her duty, and the swarm skirmished in disordered ranks. Finally they moved up to Exchange street bridge. A few tried the telegraph post in front of Conolly's store. It was satisfactory, and the rest followed. In a few minutes the entire top of the pole and the crosspiece was black with the insects.

Then somebody suggested getting a barrel or a box and hiving them. These were Italian honey bees. A swarm the size of the one on Exchange street would be of considerable value. They probably came from some hive in the country, perhaps many miles away.

Henry Tucker of Honeoye Falls climbed up the telegraph pole, where the bees had all gathered. He had a bandage about his head to guard against stings. He carried a large box into which he expected to induce the swarm to go. The crowd cheered when Tucker reached the bees. He placed the box on the cross beam and started down the pole, but one of the insects in an ugly mood stung him just out of spite. Tucker, however, was not seriously damaged.

But when he reached the ground it was discovered that the bees covered his back. A small boy in the crowd made a pass at them with a switch. The bees began to buzz and stir and fly about Tucker's ears. "Quit that, you idiot," shrieked Tucker.

Then somebody suggested that Tucker be let down into the canal and the bees drowned. Tucker thought that might take considerable time, he didn't want to get wet anyhow. But the insects on his back had quieted down again and he slipped off his coat.

Meanwhile the box on top of the pole was filling with the insects and W. G. Bargy volunteered to go up and get it. When he found that there were more bees still on the post than in the box he shouted down for some other receptacle. The crowd sent up a keg and a brush broom. Bargy could hardly be seen from the ground, the honey makers were so thick about him. "There's one on your ear," howled an urchin. "Put salt on their tails," sung out another.

But Bargy was not going to be fooled and he swept a handful of bees into the keg. Pretty soon he had a load and came down. Then he procured a smaller box in which he placed some sugar. This he set on top of the post and gently urged the bees with the broom. After an hour's work the bees had nearly all collected in the box.

On the ground was the keg and other boxes and it was a question how to transfer them all to the keg. It was finally done with the brush broom and Bargy and Tucker marched off with their prize.

When bees are swarming it is claimed that they do not sting. At this season of the year swarms are common, especially in the country. The swarm is led by the queen bee which calls the rest where and when it strikes her fancy. If the queen is killed the bees are disorganized.

A few weeks ago a huge swarm clustered on the limb of a tree in the grounds of the university. They were captured.—Exchange.

(From American Bee Journal.)

APIS DORSATA.

For many years I have taken a deep interest in plans for the introduction of this variety of bees into America. The late Mr. Woodbury of Exter, England, and myself, were in correspondence upon this subject. Learning from me the steps I proposed to take for securing it, he requested as a favor that I should wait until the results of his efforts could be seen; offering in the most generous manner to give me the benefit of all his knowledgd and facilities, if I thought best not to postpone my efforts. As he was the first to plan for its importation from its native habitation, and as my knowledge of it came mainly from his writings, I felt that it was due to him that I should comply with his request.

His death, so sudden and unexpected, was a great loss to the bee-keeping world; and I have never been able to carry out my plans for introducing *Apis Dorsata* to this country Just when apiarians were hoping to see the work accomplished by such men as Dr. E. Parmly and others, the whole thing seems to have been abandoned, and the stamp of worthlessness to have been put upon *Apis Dorsata* itself.

Writing this article away from my library, I am not as sure as I could wish to be of some of my statements; but am almost certain that Mr. Woodbury, either in a private letter to me, or in some communication, says that he has seen the comb of this bee, and that while the cells are *deeper* than those of the black or Italian varieties, they have *about the same diameter!* If this is so it is evident that our bees could utilize their combs, by piercing out the cells, so that the possession of a single queen might give us the means of propagating the race.

That this bee does not confine itself to building upon trees, is certain from this fact given to me by Mr. Woodbury: At Galle, on the Island of Ceylon, from which the English steamers start on their voyage to the Isthmus of Suez, a colony of Dorsata (as he was informed) had established itself in one of the sheds of the steamship company!

My plan for testing and securing it would be substantially this: Send to Ceylon a thoroughly reliable and energetic bee-keeper. He should learn at what season the propagation of these bees might be most safely undertaken; should have all needed hives and other appliances made here and carefully packed so as to occupy the smallest space, and be put together when he reaches his place of destination. He should take with him some colonies of Italian bees, well prepared for a long journey—obtaining them as near to the Isthmus as possible, in order to make their transport the safer.

On his arrival at the port on the Red Sea (Aden) where the steamers sail for Galle, he should lay over, one steamer, to give them a purifying flight, thus preparing them for the long sea voyage. Arriving at Galle, he should carry them to some place where Dorsata was in full work, honey gathering, swarming, etc. Here he could easily learn whether this variety could be domesticated, and if so, he could breed his queens on the spot. If he found it incapable of domestication, or for any reason not a desirable bee, he could ascertain if a cross between it and the Italian race, might not prove to be the long-desired coming bee. I need not enlarge. In 1859, Mr. A. J. Bigelow, at my suggestion, stopped over, one steamer, at Panama, and thus made the most successful importation that was ever made, of black bees in California, Adopting the same plan, he carried 113 small colonies of Italian bees the next season, to San Francisco, his bees arriving in admirable condition, only two or three queens having died on the passage, and the colonies having as many bees as when they left New York. With such an expert as Bigelow, Dorsata, if capable of domestication, or any other variety of bee, might be brought here from almost any part of the globe.

Gerstaker, seems first to have suggested the value of Dorsata, thinking that from the size of its proboscis and power of flight, it might prove to be a better bee than any now in Europe. The manner in which the natives secure its comb, as described by Mr. Wallace, demonstrates that it can be controlled by man, by the use of smoke.

Will our American bee-keepers raise a fund and obtain the services of some bee-keeper, not too old, strong, wise and of indomitable energy, to test this matter?

If our different missionary societies would, through their missionaries in India, China and other parts of the world, as they so easily might, send specimens of working-bees, preserved in alchohol, to A. J. Cook, Professor of Entomology in the Agricultural College at Lansing, Michigan, much might be done to advance the cause of practical apiculture. His full and accurate knowledge of bees, and his great skill as an entomologist, would enable him to examine thoroughly the length of proboscis, wing power, capacity of honey-sac, etc., of those bees, and thus to direct us where to get the variety which by proper crosses would improve our present bees. Instead of so much theory and talk, let us get to practical work. With a mere pittance of the sums which have been spent in improving our domestic animals, we can do more in months for settling these questions, than the breeders of short horns, merinos, Alderneys, etc., have been able to effect in as many years. We want the best race of bees, or the best cross in the world.

L. L. LANGSTROTH,
Oxford, Butler Co., O., Nov., 1878.

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EDITORIAL.

The U. S. Bee-keepers' Union, the successor of the North American Beekeepers Association will hold its annual convention in Buffalo, August 24-25-26, at which time the grand Encampment of the G. A. R. will also take place in the same city. The rates on railroads will be low, and everyone attending the convention will doubtless have an enjoyable time. We are in receipt of a copy of the program and the sessions promise to be very entertaining and instructive. The program is nicely gotten up and contains 10 pages of words and music by Dr. Miller and Eugene Secor, which will probably be sung in proper style at the convention by the composers.

There appeared May 15th in England the first number of *The Bee Master*, evidently published by John Hewitt & Co., although the name of editor, publisher or printer does not appear in it. It is evidently printed for the purpose of advertising the Punic bees and goods furnished by Hewitt & Co., also as a medium through which Mr. Hewitt who writes usually under the name "A Hallamshire Beekeeper," can defend himself from editorial attacks of the *British Bee Journal*, a large share of space being devoted to that purpose. Mr, Hewitt or the "Co." is a sharp writer and makes the "Bee Master" very spicy, but the tone is too vindictive and garrulous to be pleasant reading to peacably inclined people, probably this feature will subside in future issues.

"The straw hive was never made in America for want of skill, they only know it by pictures, nor have they invented a means of making it with all their 'cuteness.' "—"The Bee Master." Now what do you think of that? We haven't skill enough to make a straw hive. But our English friend must admit that our skill and ingenuity are sufficient so that we furnish him with a goodly share of his appliances, such as folding sections, hives, and their contents and even foundation, and the reason we do not show our skill by making straw hives is because we are a people of advancement, The straw hive is a relic of antiquity in beekeeping, and only those who are averse to progress and who fail to keep up with the times are now using them. American beekeepers have no use for such hives.

There is one subject that is at present receiving marked attention by our fraternity and the apicultural press, over which there is neither dispute nor contention, viz: "The commission merchant." The way of the beekeeper, generally, during the recent unfavorable seasons, has been fraught with anxiety,disappointments and discouragements; but when a fellow has finally "corraled" a crop of honey, only to see it devoured by some disreputable commission firm, the climax is reached. The enthusiasm which had inspired his diligent work, gives place to a nauseating disgust. There are but few commission houses that have established for themselves a good reputation among beekeepers, and even those that have in a measure done so, sometimes employ business methods very unsatisfactory to the shipper. Some system by which our product may be distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land, avoiding the present conditions of overstocking the large cities, and placing it before the consumer in a convenient retail package, must necessarily preceed any deserved measure of success in the production of honey, especially in liquid form.

Modern apicultural progress is likened unto the "advancement" of a crab, by S. A. Deacon, in the American Bee Journal. He is inclined to regard the suppression of drones as a prevalent error of the day. Are we to unlearn that which we have "learned" as a part of our future lessons? If so, the confines of our field of study are nowhere in sight. There is little doubt but the twentieth century student will find ample scope for his genius.

At Los Angeles, Cal., recently, Mrs. Elizabeth Grinell received a bee-sting upon the lip. As a result several days' indisposition followed; also an indemnity check from an insurance company in which she held an accident policy.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

The subject of introducing Apis Dorsata into this country is by no means a new one, as the matter was agitated to a considerable extent twenty years ago, at which time the Rev. Langstroth very much favored the idea, as is shown in the article written by him and published at the time in the American Bee Journal, and which we print elsewhere. His plan of procuring this practically unknown bee is by no means the least worthy of consideration of the many that have been advanced.

The management of the annual N. Y. State Fair to be held in Syracuse August 23 to 28, offer a liberal amount of premiums to honey exhibitors, which should insure a good display.

The importance of introducing a uniform and convenient retail package for extracted honey is dawning upon the producers of the land, and a realization of the necessity has recently given birth to some ideas that are bright and unique. We hope to see the subject thoroughly exhausted before it is permitted to rest.

W. P. Taylor thinks swarming may be effectually prevented by keeping only golden Italians, as they will not become sufficiently crowded to swarm. That's our experience too, but there are other means by which it may be accomplished, and equally as practicable. "For instance," Mr. Hasty has discovered that securely stopping up the entrance will do it. Another method, suggested also by Mr. Taylor and said to be effectual, is to give ventilation below by raising the hive ½ inch from the bottom board.

If there is one point which Mr. Doolittle has, in his writing labored to establish more than another, it is the importance of having our hives filled with workers before the harvest begins, and the suppression of brood-rearing thereafter. And the wisdom of his scientific methods is attested by the uniform success of his long practice.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as will be charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

A LIFE LESSON.

There, little girl, don't cry.
They've broken your doll, I know,
And your tea set blue
And your toyhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago.
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry.
They've broken your slate, I know,
And the glad wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago.
But life and love will soon come by.
There, little girl, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't cry.
They've broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago.
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There, little girl, don't cry.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In the county of Berkshire, state of Massachusetts, the lofty Monument mountain rears its gray form. If there is anything sublime attached to a mount, a rare beauty will be admitted to linger around this wild and towering line of rocks. Its bold and frowning front extends about one mile, and so roughly is it flung together by nature and standing at the same time so perpendicular that a tremulous chill hurries over the body as the awestruck beholder gazes up at it. A few knotty, dwarfish pines are to be seen peering obliquely from the narrow crevices, looking green even among rocks, like hope flourishing on the borders of despair.

The red bolt from the thundercloud, the winds and the power of centuries have torn way many fragments of stone from on high and sent them smoking to the base, where already a long pyramidal line is strung along, quite a mountain in itself. The rear of this place falls off with a gentle slope, which is overshadowed by tall and regal looking trees, whose giant roots have never been broken. It presents a fearful yet magnificent appearance. There is no village near to wake the solemnity of its solitude, and silence is as profound at the sun's meridian as at the hush of midnight. It always seemed to me this spot was a favorite with the sun, for the first rosy flush of morning appeared uneasy until drinking the dew from the trees upon its brow, and his last rays lingered there at evening, even after a partial twilight began to fling a dusky shade over the vast valley below. But this may be imagination.

I must just mention a circumstance in relation to this mountain which gave to it the appellation which it has received.

Once this backward slope was studded with the wigwams of the Indians, called the Stockbridge tribe, and tradition has handed down many an ambiguous and chilling tale in regard to them. It was an established law among them that when an Indian committed a deed the penalty of which was death he should plunge himself, or, refusing to do this, be plunged by some one of his tribe, over this frightful precipice. Many had been dashed to the rocky vale below, and so high was the spot from where the victims were cast off that it was generally supposed that the rapid descent through the air deprived them of breath, and few if any had ever been conscious of anything when they had reached the earth.

A beautiful squaw transgressed by marrying into another tribe, and the penalty for such an offense was and ever had been death. She was well aware what her fate would be previous to her sealing it, but it did not restrain her. She disobeyed, and nothing could atone but the full extent of the law. Although she had courage sufficient to face death in marrying, she did not feel willing to sacrifice herself according to the mandate, and it therefore devolved upon some one to precipitate her over the cloud capped mountain. All her limbs being bound except her hands, she was borne to the verge and launched away with all the stoicism for which the Indians are famous But here a thing occurred which had never been known before. In her downward flight she came in contact with the long branch of a pine which swung out many feet from the rocks, and, grasping it with the clutch of death, succeeded in breaking the force she had attained, and remained holding fast, suspended between the top and base of the mountain.

There she hung at the mercy of a slender branch, without even a hope of rescue. The space between her and the rocks was too much to think of touching them, and her strength, even in the cause of life, was not sufficient to draw her up to the limb. She cast her eyes up, but nothing was there but her relentless enemies, whose diminished and dusky forms were arranged along the edge of the mount.

They mocked her in the situation in which she was placed, and the aisles of the forest reverberated to their hideous and unearthly yells. Below all was in miniature—the rocks were dwindled to a level with the surrounding vale, the trees had shrunk away to bushes, an old chief, who was sitting on a rock stringing his bow, was but a speck, and the outline of his form could scarcely be traced.

It was morn when her sentence was executed, and tradition says that when the shadows of evening began to gather round she still was there, and her shrill cry was heard disturbing the quietness of the hour. Night came and passed away, and still she was swinging on this sloping pine, and the noise which she uttered told that hunger was doing his work upon her. Late in the morning some of the Indians, going over to the verge of the precipice and bending over, saw a few crows circling round the unfortunate victim's head, as if impatient for her wasting body, which they evinced by diving and darting at her form and then, rising suddenly in the air with outstretched wings, as if some motion of life had deterred them from their purpose. Often did they rest their weary wings upon the very tree by which she was supported, and the long day passed with some one of these sable creatures watching the moment when the grasp should fail and her body fall below.

It was on the night of the second day that a scene took place which has never been forgotten. The sun fell away at eve with a peculiar splendor, turning every object in the valley to a golden light and causing the Housatonic, in its serpentine course, to gleam up and spangle like liquid fire. Many was the hunter who lay watching the beauty of the beams which were flung around him, and when the last gorgeous streak had faded over Monument mountain the broad heavens were clear and blue except the crimson folds which floated in grandeur along the west. Yet the squaw still hung by the branch of the pine, and her cries alternately rose through the deep stillness that reigned around.

But soon a leaden haze began to rise along the azure wall of the west and was shortly succeeded by dark, dismal looking clouds, around whose edge the lightning played, as if to light them on in their sad and gloomy pathway. The thunder muttered faintly, then sent its roll up to the meridian, and finally, with increased power, cracked and shook through the very heavens. The shriek of the squaw was heard in the profound pause after the roar had died away, but its echoes stirred not the sympathies of any one of the tribe. Higher and higher rose the storm. The lightning crinkled over the sky more vividly, and the report followed so soon and heavy that the gray old trees of the mount trembled as the peals burst through the upper world.

Night had set in with all its blackness, when a party of the tribe proceeded to behold the situation of the squaw. Soon after their arrival a flame of fire suddenly lit up the woods. The pine was struck by a thunderbolt, setting it on fire, which, being parted from the cleft of the rock, spun round and round so swiftly that naught could be traced of the tree itself or the squaw whom they supposed to be attached to it. Upward it hurried into the air, burning and whizzing in its course, the torrents of rain not even dimming its glare Tradition says it whirled with such velocity that it did not seem to the eye to turn at all. Away it went, and it is said the Indians gazed at it until it seemed no bigger than a star, when finally it was lost in the blackness of the sky. The base of the mount was immediately examined, but nothing was to be seen either of the pine or the squaw, when it was finally concluded in council that it was the work of the Great Spirit. The Indians, therefore, raised a monument by rolling stones together, which stands to this day, and from which the mountain takes its name.

The untutored urchin quickens his pace when passing this spot after daylight has [illegible] from its summit and whistles a lively air to elevate his drooping spirits, and the teamster, as the crack of his whip rings among the rocks, starts from his seat as if a spirit spoke, so strange are the associations connected with Monument mountain.—New York News

Drew on Sight.

Commercial law terms are not entirely safe at all times. John E. Watrous, deputy United States marshal for the southern district of Kansas, sends in this story:

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is $27 40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfastened his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun.

"That's expensive shootin," said he, "but I reckon you're as sorry as I am."

"What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man.

"He told me to," said Hoover, surprised.

"Told you to?" demanded the white cheeked city man. "I never did anything of the kind."

"You did." said Hoover, and drawing out the telegram he read:

"'Draw on me at sight.'

"I done it," said he.—Chicago Post.

How a Great Canvas Was Moved.

The moving of a painting from a pavilion of the city of Paris in the Champs Elysees to the Auteuil gallery offered a very difficult problem to the Paris city authorities. The painting, by M. Roll, representing the celebration of July 14, is 32 feet long by 23 feet high and with the massive frame weighs over 2,200 pounds. It was impossible to move the painting in the ordinary way, by taking the canvas off the frame and rolling it, for the painting, being varnished, it would probably have cracked in several places It was therefore decided to move the canvas and frame as a whole. After much deliberation a special chariot was constructed over two of the floats which were used in the Mardi Gras procession. The city engineer, with eight laborers, proceeded to the pavilion and the painting was carried by eight men, eight others bracing the upper part of the picture to keep it in an upright position until it was deposited in the chariot. It was finally got out without accident and slid upon greased planks upon the chariot. Arrived at the Gallerie d'Auteuil, the picture was similarly carried to its new quarters. The painting is one of the largest in existence and was painted by order of the French government in 1880 to perpetuate the memory of the first national holiday of the third republic.—Paris Letter.

Jena's Celebration.

The University of Jena this year celebrates its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It was founded in 1547 by Prince Johann Friedrich, who, having lost his own University of Wittenberg, together with his personal liberty, at the battle of Muhlberg, took the first steps toward the foundation of Jena. Its first professor was Melanchthon, Luther's friend, but he resigned the same year in consequence of religious dissensions. The first score of students came from Wittenberg, and their numbers grew so fast that their manifestations of joy when, a few years afterward, their prince was liberated were enough to precipitate a first class town and gown riot. As a consequence the townsfolk refused to harbor the students any longer, and it took the intercession of the prince to appease them.

The Offender.

"You ought to have been firmer in your discipline when the boy was little. Spare the rod, and you spoil the child."

"I know it, and if I had it to do over again I'd club his indulgent old grandfather black and blue."—Chicago Tribune.

A Philosopher Corrected.

When Benjamin Franklin went to Paris as the representative of the revolted American colonies, he had to be presented to the king, and it was a matter of some solicitude with him how he should array himself for that ceremony.

He was anxious not to be considered lacking in respect for the French court, where much formality regarding dress was observed, but he knew it would be an affectation for so simple a republican as he was to imitate the court dress. He decided, therefore, and wisely, to appear in a plain suit of black velvet, with white silk stockings and black shoes.

Nevertheless, he deemed it best to make one concession to the French fashion of the time by wearing a wig—something which he had not been accustomed to do. He ordered of a wigmaker the largest one the man had, and in season for the presentation the man himself brought the wig and set about trying it on.

But do all he could the man could not squeeze the wig on the philosopher's head. He tried and tried and also essayed to convince Franklin against the evidence of his senses that the wig was a fit. Finally Franklin said:

"I tell you, man, your wig is not large enough."

Upon this the Frenchman threw the wig down in a rage.

"Monsieur," he said, "that is impossible. It is not the wig which is too small. It is the head which is too large."

Accepting the rebuke as deserved, Franklin went to the presentation without any wig and found there that the simplicity of his dress and the honesty and candor of his manners won him more esteem at the court than any concession to fashion could possibly have done.—Youth's Companion.

Possible Decay of the French Cuisine.

The tendency in all the French restaurants of the present day is to prepare meals for their chance customers who may happen in at any time of the day. Meals are eaten in a greater hurry than formerly, even in France, where it used to be the habit during the fiercest revolutionary and communistic struggles when the time of dejeuner came for each side to stop fighting for an hour or so and devote themselves to the midday meal. The hurry and anxiety of modern life are slowly destroying whatever was distinctive in French cooking, which cannot be properly done in haste or when food is required in very large quantities.

The development of club life is partly responsible for this, and the latter is only another sign of the deep lying social problems which confront modern existence at every step. Men in fashionable society dine more frequently at the club than they do at their own homes. Fewer people marry than formerly. Home life is decreasing and club life increasing. Hence the last refuge of the Parisian chef is at the fashionable clubhouses, which are now counted by the score, and most of which set very good tables.—Chautauquan.

Unseasonable Civility.

A northern visitor in Atlanta was walking with his host in the garden the other morning, when they came upon the gardener, an old negro of 70 years.

"This," said the host, "is Moses, an old family servant."

"Mr. Moses," said the northerner, extending his hand and touching his hat, "I am happy to meet you."

The old negro, ignoring the proffered hand, threw his own hat on the grass and, pulling at his wool, made a low obeisance.

When the guest was gone, he approached his employer and former master. "Marse Jim," he said, "ain't de 'lection done over?"

"The election?"

"Yes, suh; de votin?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Bekase," said the puzzled old fellow, "dat's de fust white man dat lif' he hat ter me en try ter shake hands out o' season. Dey sholy is somepin up."—Atlanta Constitution.

Low Tide When the Moon Rises or Sets.

There is one point in the Chesapeake bay where the tide has a definite period to change, and that is the mouth of Hoopers strait, half way between the Capes, at its mouth, and Turkey point, at its head. It is always low tide at Hoopers strait when the moon rises or sets. At the same time it is high tide at Sandy point, up the bay, and at New point, mouth of York river, at the same moment, and at every point below the York river and out at the Capes it is ebb tide at the same time, and at every point from New Point Comfort to Hoopers strait it is flood tide at that time, and at every point between Sandy point and Hoopers strait it is ebb tide at that time, or when the moon rises or sets, and at all points above Sandy point it is flood tide, even to the head of tide water in every tributary of the bay above Sandy point.—Baltimore American.

An Envious Observer.

He is a real estate man, and his mind is always on his business. He happened to be passing the White House and stopped to gaze at it

"I wish," he said pensively, "that I could handle a piece of property like that. Every time a tenant leaves there is somebody ready and waiting to move in."—Washington Star.

The Length of Tacks.

It is difficult to tell the exact length of a tack by casual examination. Tacks are from a quarter to a half inch, though when accidentally stepped on this length seems to be multiplied by 100. A pound of the smallest size contains 16,000 tacks.

Volcano of Pinchincha.

Two Swiss tourists were recently lost while endeavoring to explore the volcano of Pinchincha, near Quito, which has sometimes been veiled for days in thick darkness by its falling ashes. Humboldt ascended it and describes it as forming a wall more than eight geographical miles long upheaved over a fissure in the westernmost cordillera nearest to the Pacific ocean. It is surmounted, castlelike, by three successive summits from southwest to northeast, called Cuntur-Guachana, Guaga Pichincha and Pichaco de los Ladrillos, the proper volcano being termed "the Father" or "Old Man," Rucu Pichincha.

This is the only part which enters the region of perpetual snow. Humboldt ascended it in 1802, Sebastian Wisse in 1845, spending several days and nights in a part of its crater, and the English mountaineer Whymper in 1876. Its activities are intermittent, occurring in general several times in each century, but it has now for a long time been reasonably quiescent. It is one of the most interesting volcanoes in South America or the world, but, as the fate of the Swiss tourists attests, it discourages familiar approach, and there is a good deal yet to learn about it.—New York Tribune.

"Book of Advertisement."

The "Book of Advertisement" would, at the present day, mislead most readers by its title. It was prepared at the command of Queen Elizabeth and printed in 1565. The purpose of the book was to define the doctrines, discipline and ritual of the English church, so that uniformity should be secured in Great Britain. This book was the direct origin of a denominational title in England, for, after its publication, Sampson, dean of Christ church, in Oxford, and Humphrey, professor of divinity at Oxford university, with others, dissented from some of the doctrines it contained; hence they were called nonconformists.

Meat and Grain.

For the successful production of eggs at any season of the year it is necessary that the hens should have a mixed animal and vegetable diet. During the summer months insects and worms are abundant, and fowls having a range can easily supply themselves with animal food, but in the winter this necessity must be supplied if the best results are to be obtained. Meat scraps and green bones are the best substitutes and should be fed at least twice a week. When farmers feed more wheat and less grain, they will have larger profits from poultry. The introduction of the green bone cutter also lessens the cost, as cheap bones and meat can be cut fine and fed without the necessity of cooking the meat.

A fair comparison between grain and meat will show that meat is really cheaper than grain, because it increases egg production and also contains less waste. A grain fed hen appropriates a large part of it to the storage of fat, which is not desirable, while lean meat is almost entirely nitrogenous. The food which produces no eggs is decidedly the most expensive to use.

THE HOTEL CHILD.

The hotel child who clatters through the hall
And shouts a weary shout of empty glee
Until some guest sends down an angered call
And bellboys tell him he must stop it all—
Oh, what a life this life of his must be!
He goes to shows, but no tramp dog is his
To play with him in shed or field or wood,
He looks from windows, sees the white steam fizz,
A forestry of blackened smokestacks is
The sum and substance of his "neighborhood"
His wealthy father buys him pretty clothes;
His mother garbs him out all trig and trim;
But, in all glory decked, do you suppose
That hungry hearted little magnate knows
One half the blessings that accrue to him?

He looks sometimes from out his window high
Across the intervening roof and sees
The watchman's child, who shouts a greeting cry
To some young neighbor of a loft near by—
He wishes well he might be one of these,
With uncombed hair and patches at his knees.

The hotel child, unloved but by his own,
Has plays and toys. The watch man's boy has none.
But of all dreams the richman's heir has known
The fondest is to be the watchman's son.
—Chicago Record.

DENISE.

They had been three years married. They adored one another. She was young. He was young also. Two happy faces! Two charming souls!

Why had they come to this little old and isolated village 100 leagues from Paris? Surely the guides had never recommended it. Here the grass grew between the caved in paving stones of the streets. And one could hear now and then, with its jolting and jogging, the jingling of bells and the rattling of windows, the yellow coach, which returned, nearly always empty, from the distant railway station.

It was Cecile who had thought of this trip. Roger had at first said, "No," but she, coming closer to him, said coaxingly:

"Was it not down there in the little village, close to the mountains, that you were born, passed your childhood and became a man? Was it not there you lived with your aged parents, over whom we wept together a year since? I wish to see the good old country house of which you have so often spoken. And the garden, too, which seemed so large when you were a little child. You shall show me the well where you used to throw stones to hear them splash in the water—the tulip tree, where you found the nest of doves. I want to see the road you traveled to the schoolhouse. You used to stop by the way to eat mulberries, little gourmand that you were. How I shall laugh as I picture you passing by, when you, Roger, were not taller than a boot and wore short trousers. On your arm you carried a basket in which your mother had placed a luncheon of bread and preserves. No, Roger, I shall not laugh. Do not think me so frivolous. If I wish to go down there to your native village, it is because I love you—I love you so well—and because I am jealous of a past in which I have no share. Perhaps some day you might think of these things without thinking of me. 'Tis this that grieves me so. Take me where you were, mingle me with that which once surrounded you, so that henceforth you may never have a reverie in which I am not a part, so that I may never be absent from your memories, however distant they may be." Speaking thus, she raised her lips to his, and he consented (not without an air of melancholy) because of the proffered kiss.

The first days passed in this little village were adorable ones. Cecile enjoyed everything in the great, lonely place. Even the ugly, somber streets delighted her. The villagers who passed turned to look after her, marveling at her Parisian grace.

One evening there was a fete in front of the town hall—a shooting gallery, three turnstiles and some wooden horses. Mme. Prudence, the clairvoyant, was there. Cecile entered the woman's place to learn her fate.

"No enemy seeks to harm you, and every possible happiness is yours."

"Ah, I know it," cried Cecile, falling impulsively upon her husband's neck, to the astonishment of the clairvoyant.

She visited the old house where Roger's mother had died. "What a pity we are not rich enough to buy it," she said. Then she made him relate, with many details, the life he had led when a boy—at what hour he arose, at what hour he went to bed. She wanted to know, too, the place at table occupied by each member of the family and to hear of those evenings when he sat beneath the lamp reading aloud, while the old mother, listening, would fall asleep in the great armchair, her feet upon the fender.

But the garden interested her most of all. She at once recognized the well, and she in her turn dropped in stones to hear them splash in the water.

There were no more doves' nests in the tulip tree. "What a pity!"

Behind the hedge ran the road to the schoolhouse. Cecile stained her red lips nearly black with the juice of the mulberries, and so happy was she that her eyes became clouded with tears of joy. She followed where Roger led. He was charmed to see her so tenderly affected. He, however, was very silent and smiled but little, trying in vain to hide a feeling of deep sadness. Yes, truly, after they had returned to the little village he was pensive and morose.

One morning he dressed in haste and quickly left the inn where Cecile was still sleeping. He did not even place upon her forehead or lips the kiss that would have awakened her.

He traversed the village, passed the last house and entered a graveyard.

He stopped in front of a slab of stone upon which was inscribed a name, "Denise," and the age, "15 years." Here he fell upon his knees, his face buried in his hands. Roger had not told all to Cecile. He had not related all his youthful memories. She did not know that he had loved when a child another child; that the poor little one had died in the autumn, before having received his first kiss. But Roger had never forgotten her. Now, before this grave where he had knelt down, he seemed to see her again alive, and so pretty, with her sweet, pale eyes and delicate lips which would never again be red. He lived over again those furtive hours of their rendezvous behind the garden hedge, the hope, the impatience with which he awaited the letter which Denise every day as she returned from school would slip beneath the gate. Here in the silence of the graveyard he seemed to hear her voice. But the bitter certainty that she was dead, a vision of the head as it rested upon a pillow of flowers, of the pale forehead and closed eyes, overwhelmed him. He suffered again, after ten years, as he suffered before. His eyes closed and tears fell from beneath his lashes.

There was a noise behind him. He turned. Cecile, who had followed him, was standing there close to him. She looked at him. She looked at the grave. She must have read the inscription, and surely she had divined all. He arose trembling. He dared not say a word to his wife nor take her hand. He moved aside, walked away from her and passed out of the graveyard with the air of a child that, being caught in some forbidden act, takes to flight.

He walked a long time—it mattered not where—across the fields, not knowing whither he went, not having the courage to enter the village. He feared to meet Cecile, for, loving and jealous as he knew her to be, she would be furious—or sad, which would be still worse. Surely she knew now what he had so long hidden from her. She knew that he had loved a young girl—that he had loved her tenderly, since he still wept for her. Perhaps she would have pardoned him this early love—this love that he had felt before he met her, but she would never pardon the tears that the old love revived. No, she would never forgive that. He thought of the reproaches, the cruel words with which she would shortly receive him. Vainly he told himself that this youthful tenderness had left in him only a languishing remembrance, a very vague one, revived by his return to the village and by the sight of the barren and nearly forgotten grave. Was there the slightest resemblance between this dream of a child, faded and vanished, and the manly reality of the ardent and imperishable passion which he felt for her, Cecile? She jealous? Jealous of a little girl who had died before her heart had opened! What folly! It would be well enough to say these things and many others to Cecile. But she would never listen to him. She would repeat with sobs and tears, "You have loved her," or else (and this would be much worse) she would sit unmoved and look at him coldly—silently.

Nevertheless he could not remain all day in the fields. He must return to the tavern, where Cecile had already gone.

He searched for the path and regained it. He resolved to walk rapidly, but as he approached the village he slackened his pace, and it took him over an hour to get to his lodgings and ten minutes more to mount the stairs. Before the door his heart beat strangely.

At last he entered.

Alas! What would she say, if she deigned to speak at all? He awaited a sad discourse or a sadder silence.

But no! She spoke, and very sweetly, with her soft voice.

"Ah! 'Tis you," she said, and, smiling, she raised her forehead for a kiss.

What! She was not angry? She was not sad? He did not see that her eyes were a little red, as though she had been weeping. Perhaps, he thought, she did not read the name upon the stone.

Another surprise awaited him.

Upon the table, in great perfumed bunches, were lilies and white roses. One would have said that they were for a fete day, and that the florist had just left them.

"These flowers, Cecile?" he asked hesitatingly.

"What!" she said, and her voice grew still sweeter. "Did you not see that it was all bare and so gloomy—the little grave in the cemetery? Here are some flowers, Roger. Take them to Denise."

"Ah, dear one," he said, falling upon his knees, "how merciful you are to me and how kind to the poor little one who fell asleep so young. Yes, I will carry the flowers to her, or rather we will take them together."

But Cecile said:

"No, no! Not that." And she smiled a little sadly. "'Tis the same with children, 'tis the same with the dead. We are all a little jealous. Look you, dear one. Should I accompany you to the graveyard Denise would be less pleased to have flowers upon her tomb."
—From the French For Short Stories.

The Huns.

The first mention of the Huns in history is in China, B. C. 210. They conquered that country and were afterward driven out by the Celestials and marched clear across Asia, penetrating the country now known as Hungary in 376 A. D. For a time they threatened to overrun the whole of the continent, but were defeated in the heart of France and driven back to the banks of the Danube.

Good Milk.

To make good butter one must have good milk, and this comes only from healthy cows, fed on good, sweet pasture or on good, sweet grain and other forage, and which have pure water to drink and pure air to breathe. Certain obnoxious weeds—leeks, wild onions, ragweed and others—give the milk and the butter made from it a decidedly bad flavor; so also do damaged, rotten silage, moldy corn fodder or hay and musty, damaged grain. Impure water has its effect both on the health of the animals and the quality of the milk. In many pastures are seen small pools in which the cows stand during the heat of the day to rid themselves of flies. The water in these becomes filthy and is kept stirred up by the movements of the cattle, and where, as is often the case, it is the only water obtainable the cows are compelled to drink it. This can usually be avoided by fencing the pond and keeping the cattle out. If this water is needed for the cattle it can be drawn out by a pipe laid on the lower side in a trough from which the cows can drink.

In a close, crowded and ill ventilated stable, where there is too little air space for each animal, the air becomes foul from the exhalations, and this affects the milk as well as the health of the animals. The remedy in this case is to provide more room for the stock and better ventilation.

The stable should be kept as clean as possible and the cows well bedded and clean. The utmost cleanliness should be observed in milking. All dirt should be brushed from the cow before beginning to milk, and it is best to dampen the udder and flank of the cow, so as to prevent the dust and fine dirt from falling into the milk. The milk should be strained immediately after milking and not allowed to stand in the cow stable any longer than is absolutely necessary.
—Bulletin United States Department of Agriculture.

Since 1851, it is estimated, 48,219 men have been killed in mining accidents in Great Britain.

The Fat Man.

"Does any one know wherefore the heart of a woman clings to a fat man?" asks a waiter in a transatlantic paper in an article on the "Fat Man's Apotheosis." "Nature scarcely offers any object in the whole range of her attractions less heart stirring than he. And yet I have seen wives, sweethearts and sisters—mothers, of course, do not count—who became the most abject slaves, mere odalisques, in the presence of a man whose 200 pounds of adipose tissue was all compressed into a paltry 5 feet 5 inches, heels inclusive. And these were not ill favored women in point of culture either; far from it. I can recall quite readily a score or so of such amiable and devoted spouses who were among the shrewdest, most politic and brainiest women I ever met, and who certainly knew what they liked and were well fitted by nature to get it.

"It is time to idealize the fat man—to stop ridiculing him. The artist who caricatures him in the comic weeklies, the paragrapher who pokes sly fun at him in his daily column, the dude who puts up his monocle at him with a smile, are not in it with the fat man where the women are concerned. He may not be their Adonis, nor yet their Apollo. But he is their beau ideal of ponderous and gentle magnanimity. And he never stays single—he cannot. He is not allowed to. If he—from mistaken public policy—tries to be an old bachelor, some devoted woman will single him out in his oleaginous obscurity and fall to worshiping him in a wistful way that his comfort loving heart cannot withstand. And he marries her. And she straightway puts him up on a pedestal and worships him to the end. And from this height he can afford to look down benignly on Adonis and Apollo, unwedded and unworshiped."

They Pester House Agents.

"You would not think that we came much in contact with sentimentality in our business, but I can assure you that we do," said a very well known house agent.

"We are often a great deal bothered by people, most of whom are women, who desire that we will hand over to them the keys of houses, empty just at the time, in which they formerly lived and in which some relative, dearly beloved and much mourned, died. I have known even men who would take a camp stool into a house in this way and sit for hours in the bare and deserted rooms.

"But the worst nuisance is when people to whom we have let houses complain that some former tenant pesters them with applications, in respect of some particular birthday or otherwise, to sit for awhile in some room that is hallowed by associations. The complaints as to such applications are by no means rare in a business of the extent of ours, and the sentimental people often turn very nasty when they are denied.

"Last summer a lady committed suicide near a very valuable country hostelry a few miles out of London, and the proprietor of the hostelry gave evidence to the effect that the lady often called and asked that she might sit for hours in silence in the same corner as she and her husband, when the latter was alive, used to occupy every Sunday at tea time. This is just the sort of ultrasentimental person we have pretty commonly to deal with as the applicant for the keys of empty houses."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Humorous Tramp.

The tramp in real life, bereft of the picturesque atmosphere with which the comic papers surround him, is by no means a hideous creature, but a suburban resident claims to have discovered one with a vein of humor which would bring joy to the heart of the comic paragrapher. "The fellow stopped at my residence," remarked the suburbanite, "and asked for something to eat. My wife chanced to be in the kitchen, and she told him he could have some dinner if he would first saw some wood. This the tramp agreed to do and repaired with the saw to the wood shed. After half an hour had elapsed and the hobo had not come to claim his reward my wife determined to investigate. Going to the shed, she saw that both tramp and saw had disappeared, while the wood pile was undisturbed. A piece of dirty paper pinned to the door caught her attention, and after considerable difficulty she deciphered the message, which read as the news [illegible] tell them that you saw me, but you did not see me saw.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Agricultural Education.

Professor Henry P. Armsby, dean of the School of Agriculture of Pennsylvania State college, says that the agricultural products of Pennsylvania exceed the total value of the mineral products of the state by [illegible]. He also makes a strong plea for agricultural education. "Whether we like it or not," he says, "we are face to face with new problems and new conditions. In this process of evolution, by which agriculture is adjusting itself to its new environment, as in every other process of evolution, the fittest will survive. The community or the individual farmer that can successfully readjust its agriculture to these new conditions will continue to prosper, while the farmer or the community which fails to do this will be borne down by forces as pitiless and as irresistible as gravitation."

Not an Agnostic.

A colored gentleman who occupies the proud position of janitor in a public building has as his guest an uncle, who is a Baptist minister in a Georgia town.

"Uncle Mose," said the nephew, "de reason why I hab done got ter de top ob de wurl is dat I don' taik no stock in dem foolishness dat I used ter hab down in Georgy. Now all dem signs an superstitionistic notions am done gone."

"I dunno, Dave," said the reverend uncle. "I hope yo' ain done los' none ob yo' 'ligion, while disquisitioning wid de white folks. Ob co'se, I don' belebe in no signs dat ain 'cordin ter Scriptur, but dey is sumpfin 'bout dem. Now, dar am de lef' hin foot ob de grabeya'd rabbit."

"I didn' mean no sich ting as dat, Uncle Mose," interrupted the nephew. "I mean dem signs an superstitions. Ob co'se, de lef' hin foot ob de grabeya'd rabbit brings luck. Eberybody knows dat, but dat ain no sign, jess a fac', laik if a dawg crosses yo' path some one gwine do yo' wrong, or anything dat ebery man knows am so."

"Glad ter heah yo' say dat, Dave. I was sure 'fraid yo' got ter be one ob dem agnostics," replied the uncle.—Washington Star.

People Do Read the Papers.

Some persons wonder why engaged people generally prefer to keep their engagements as quiet as possible until the day of the wedding. Perhaps the reason lies in the results of a newspaper announcement.

The other day an engagement was mentioned in one of the afternoon papers. It was in the last edition of the paper, but early the next morning several awning makers were at the home of the future bride's parents, soliciting the contract for supplying an awning when the event came off. On the same morning and in the first mail no less than half a dozen printers and engravers sent samples of their work and quoted prices for which they would be willing to prepare the wedding cards according to the latest dictates of fashion. During the remainder of the week milliners, caterers, dressmakers, liverymen, furniture dealers, hardware men and dry goods merchants made known their desire to supply the future bride and groom with all the outfit that they might need or imagine they needed. The young folks are now waiting for bids from ministers who are willing to tie the knot at bargain prices.—Buffalo Courier.

A Painful Meeting.

A dramatic story was told at a Hamilton college alumni dinner in New York. General Schuyler Hamilton gave some interesting incidents from the life of his grandfather and described a meeting between Aaron Burr and Mrs. Hamilton daughter-in-law of Alexander Hamilton and the mother of the speaker, in 1830. "As Colonel Burr entered the room," he said, "my mother, in extreme agitation, seemed about to faint. Colonel Burr, noticing this, but not knowing her, immediately went to the sideboard, poured out a glass of water and advanced to hand it to her. It was all done most naturally, gracefully and courteously. My mother shook her head and murmured, 'I am the daughter of Alexander Hamilton.' Without a word, Colonel Burr placed the glass of water on the sideboard, bowed in silence to the Misses Nathan and quietly retired. It was to him, as to my mother, evidently a very painful meeting. Colonel Burr deported himself like a dignified gentleman. I was a little boy about 8 years old. Then I learned for the first time to impress the fact upon my memory that Colonel Burr had killed my grandfather."—New York Letter.

Pearls A-plenty.

A curious effect of the plague in India has been a sudden increase in the number of pearls reaching the London market and a consequent marked fall in prices. This is not due to unusual industry on the part of the divers, but to the fact that the native dealers at Bombay have been in such haste to quit the stricken city that they have eagerly disposed of their wares at far below the customary market value. One English firm of importers of Indian pearls has accumulated a stock which, if placed suddenly on the market, it is estimated, would send down quotations fully 2 per cent.

Knew His Place.

"Move forward, please," said the conductor in the crowded cable car.

"Not on your life," replied the gentleman addressed, taking a fresh grip on the strap.

"But there are gentlemen on the platform who wish to get in," continued the collector of fares.

"Well, they can't have my place. This lady is my wife, and I know this road from start to finish. If anybody is going to sit in her lap this trip, I'm that person. I'm on to this road's curves."—Yonkers Statesman.

Katie's Reply.

It was one of the days when little Katie seemed to be possessed by a spirit of mischief, and before the afternoon was over she had tired herself and exhausted her mother's patience. At last she did something so naughty that her mother said:

"There, Katie, I shall have to punish you for that."

The child looked at her for a moment in silence, and then, without warning, burst into tempestuous weeping. Just at this crisis her father came into the room.

"Why, little one, what is this?" he asked. "What are you crying for?"

Katie though for a moment, and then, remembering that the manner of her punishment had not been announced, she answered amid her sobs:

"I don't know, papa. Mamma hasn't told me yet."—London Answers.

Elaborate Scheme.

"I wish one word from me would strike that man blind and deaf and dumb for the rest of his life."

"What crime has he committed?"

"None that I know of."

"What has he ever done to you?"

"Nothing."

"Then why do you wish you had the power to injure him so horribly?"

"So I could generously refrain from exercising it. This would give me a claim on his gratitude and I could strike him for a loan. Isn't it a beastly shame that a man who can originate a scheme like that should be suffering at this moment for lack of a paltry, miserable, dad-danged quarter of a dollar?"—Chicago Tribune.

Not an Accident.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due me on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of steps the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

President of the Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You knew the young woman's father was at home.—London Tit-Bits.

Teaching a Lost Art.

"A New York woman," he said, looking at her over the tops of his glasses, "has gone into the business of teaching women how to walk."

Somehow it seemed to strike her as a joke.

"Think of it!" she said. "Just when the price of wheels is coming down too! I began to think you were right, John, when you said that women had no business sense."—Chicago Post.

The Hebrew ceased to be a vernacular language at the Babylonian captivity, in the fifth century before Christ, but was preserved in the sacred writings of the Jews.

Beheaded turtles can find their way back to their watery home.

IRISH LULLABY.

Husho, husho! Winds are wild in the willows.
Birds are warm in their downy nests—every bird but you.
Kings' children wake and toss on silken pillows,
You have but a broken roof to keep you from the dew—husho!

Husho, husho! Rain falls cold in the city;
Here rain falls kindly, warm on sleeping eyes.
Husho, husho! Even clouds take pity
On my vourneen deelish and leave you silver skies—husho!

Husho, husho! Silver skies to sail in
In a boat of amber, warm as any nest.
Ah, but can my cushla find no place to wail in
But the warmest place on earth, and that her mother's breast? Husho, husho!

—Nora Hopper in New York Tribune.

THE YELLOW BALSAM

The Riesengebirge abounds in delicious herbs, from which the most efficacious balms have been at all times made. The inhabitants of the village of Krummhubel still use essences made with these simples, and this will appear less surprising when it is known that those inhabitants are in part descended from the students of Prague of the famous school of Paracelsus, who were expelled during the war of the Hussites, and who, without doubt, were in possession of unusual botanical secrets, the knowledge of which is at the present day neglected. But among the herbs which the Riesengebirge produces is one which has become celebrated beyond all the literature of fable. It is called the yellow balsam and grows only in a kitchen garden, of which Rubezahl has reserved for himself the exclusive enjoyment. A marvelous power is attributed to this herb. The most durable and the most inveterate maladies do not resist it. It serves even to nourish the mind, and Rubezahl permits only a small number of his favorites to gather it.

Once upon a time a lady of distinction who resided at Liegnitz fell dangerously ill. Fearing for her life, she sent for a peasant of the mountains, and promised him a large reward if he would bring her a yellow balsam from Rubezahl's garden. Seduced by the temptation of gain, the peasant ventured to undertake the adventure. When he had reached the wild and desert place in which the garden is situated, he perceived the wonderful plant and, seizing a spade, he prepared to dig it up, but while he was trenching the earth a furious wind suddenly arose and a voice like thunder sounded in his ears words which he did not comprehend. He rose up quite frightened and advanced toward the place whence the noise proceeded. Scarcely was he able to resist the wind and keep himself upright. Presently on the ridge of a rock he saw the movement of a gigantic apparition. The phantom had the human form; his long beard hung down to his breast; a large, hooked nose gave him a deformed visage; his menacing eyes seemed to dart lightnings, and his locks and his cloak floated in the wind of the tempest. In one of his hands was an enormous club, full of knots.

"What are you about there?" cried this supernatural being to the peasant.

The peasant, conquering like a brave man the alarm which at first seized him, answered: "I seek the yellow balsam. A sick woman has promised to pay me well for it."

"That which you hold you may take away," replied the giant, "but take good care not to come a second time." At these words he brandished his club with a terrible gesture and disappeared.

The peasant pensively descended the mountain, and the lady thought herself happy when she saw herself in possession of the remedy which was to shorten her sufferings. Her illness, in fact, diminished at the sight. Nevertheless, she did not obtain a complete cure. She again sent for the peasant.

"Have you again the courage," said she to him, "to go and seek for me the yellow balsam?"

"Madam," answered the peasant, "the lord of the mountain appeared to me the first time in a terrible shape and forbade me with threats to set my feet again in this garden. I have too much fear of offending him."

However, the dame conquered his fear by the promise of a still larger sum than the first, and for the second time he determined to penetrate into Rubesahl's domain, but scarcely had he begun to dig up the yellow balsam when a frightful storm again arose, and the figure appeared to him more menacing still than he had seen it on his first journey. The phantom's locks were more disordered; his cloak floated in the air in larger folds; lightnings flashed from his eyes. He cried, with a voice which made the mountain tremble, "What are you about there?"

The abysses repeated, "What are you about there?"

"I seek the yellow balsam," answered the peasant. "A sick woman has promised to pay me well for it."

The giant could no longer contain his anger. "Madman, did I not caution you, and you dare return? Now you possess it, save yourself if you can."

At the same instant flames appeared to fall on the criminal and to burn his face. The powerful club flew round in the air and dashed a rock near him into shivers. The ground trembled under his feet. A frightful clap of thunder assisted to stun him, and he fell down senseless. He did not come to himself until long afterward. The giant had disappeared, and the thunder growled less loudly, but he still thought he heard the resounding voice of the spirit, and his limbs were as if they had been broken. However, he grasped the balsam in his hand. At last, soaked with rain, surrounded with thick fogs, shoved here and there by malevolent genii, he crawled from rock to rock all the night and all the following day without knowing where he was. At length a collier, having found him half dead with fatigue, carried him into his cabin. There he took some repose and got rid of his fright, after which he hastened to return to Liegnitz. The lady was delighted to see him again with the so much desired plant and gave him so large a sum of money that he forgot the dangers he had run and went joyfully home. Several weeks elapsed. The dame appeared almost cured. Nevertheless, she was not so entirely.

"If I had a third balsam," said she, "I am well convinced that I should be out of danger."

She then sent for the peasant, who at first was unwilling to come. Instigated, however, by some evil spirit, he at length yielded to the entreaties of the lady.

"Here I am, madam," said he on entering. "What do you want with me? I hope that you do not require me to go a third time for the balsam. Heaven keep me from doing so. I had a great deal of difficulty to get back safe and sound from my last journey. I tremble yet when I think of it."

The lady then conjured him in the most pressing manner again to brave the dangers which hitherto had caused him but a passing terror. She promised him great riches and offered him a magnificent farm. In short, she so completely dazzled the rash peasant that he swore, although it should cost him his life, to go for the last time to pull a balsam in the enchanted garden.

"If I come back from it," thought he to himself, "I shall be rich, and I may pass the rest of my days in joy and abundance."

He re-entered his house making these reflections. Nevertheless, he did not again dare to undertake the perilous voyage alone.

"My dear boy," he said to the eldest of his children, "I must go to the chapel which is at the summit of the mountain. You will accompany me."

They set off together. The more they advanced the more the defiles became narrow and the mountains barren. When they arrived on the banks of a lake which spread calmly and darkly between two precipitous rocks, the father fell into a profound reverie. There was something in his unquiet looks so strange that his son involuntarily trembled.

"What is the matter with you, father?" he asked.

The father remained silent. They continued to climb the sides of the mountain, and when they were near the garden the father said:

"Evil spirits have misled me from my earliest youth, and therefore I have always aspired to the possession of great riches. I have never had the fear of God. I have never had pity for men. I have led a wild and irregular life, not giving myself the trouble to set good examples, which is the duty of a father. I am now called by satan, for I must rob the lord of the mountain of the yellow balsam and the lord of the mountain will destroy me."

The son began to weep. "Father," he exclaimed, "renounce your project. Return to the house. God is merciful."

Wild, however, with despair, the

father had already seized the spade and set to work. In an instant all the elements appeared to be confounded together, the winds were unchained, the clouds burst, the brooks were changed into impetuous torrents, groans issued from all the plants in the garden. The mountain opened and from its crest descended, in the midst of the hurricane, a giant of prodigious size, holding in his hand an immense club. He took the peasant and hurled him in the air. An enormous rock fell down and covered him with its ruins. The son heard the moans of his father, which gradually became weaker. For a long time he remained astounded in the place. At last, the sky clearing up, he rose and, thoroughly frightened, sought the chapel in order to recommend himself to God.

At the moment at which the peasant became no more, the lady of Liegnitz, who had appeared to be almost entirely recovered, suddenly died.—New York News.

The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his "Wild Beasts," says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. Once he had the metal of a large hook, the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire, completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck, which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing 70 pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 308 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

A Rebuff.

"Violet Ray? What a pretty name!" said the unpopular suitor.

"Yes," replied Miss Ray, "too pretty to change."—Pick Me Up.

Cretan Caution.

The following dialogue between two Cretans who met in the mountains is a literal translation from the original and a typical illustration of their caution:

A.—Good day, neighbor.

B.—You are right welcome, my good friend.

A.—Where do you come from?

B.—From up yonder; quite near.

A.—And where might you be going to?

B.—Oh, only just down there.

A.—Well, and what's the news, dear friend?

B.—Good news, and all that you may tell me over and above.

A.—Make me a present of your name.

B.—You are heartily welcome to it. [But he never breathes it for all that.]

A living example of this curious distrust and caution, lest by a mere accident the common enemy should learn a secret of significance, is an old man named Costero Voludhaki, who, like several others Cretans whom I met, is a hale centenarian who has passed through eight revolutions unscathed. He carries secrecy to such a point that he never allows even his own friends and partisans to know where he sleeps at night. It is hardly surprising if, under these circumstances, contemporary Cretans have inherited the unenviable reputation of their forefathers for unveracity. But no one who approves deception in war and diplomacy in peace will be justified in casting the first stone at those whose very lives occasionally depend, both in war and in peace, upon their misleading their secular foes.—Fortnightly Review.

The Etruscans.

The Etruscans were a civilized people ages before the foundation of Rome. Herodotus states that Etruria, the modern Tuscany, was founded by a colony of Lydians. The Etruscan vases and tombs show a high state of civilization and refinement, and it is believed that the Romans borrowed many of their institutions and laws from Etruria.

Residents on Glenwood avenue, Jersey City, object to having their thoroughfare paved, because they say it will then become a highway for funerals.

The Tempering of Springs.

It is a nice job to temper a steel spring properly. Like many other things, the preparatory work should be well done, or the tempering proper will never be a success. The forge work should be done with a rather low temperature and gentle taps. Smiths are beginning to understand that very many bits of forging have the life pounded out of them by heavy and continuous beating. Light taps smooth the surface and create what is equivalent to a cuticle over the metal. This should be carefully preserved. Light hammering consolidates the particles of steel and toughens the forging. It is said that continuous, steady and light blows with a hammer will magnetize steel. It seems to put life into it. If it is necessary to grind a spring, do it at the outset and before much of the hammering is done. Do not put it on an emery wheel. It breaks the cuticle and destroys the integrity of the metal. The hardening may be done by heating a large piece of iron to a red heat, then putting the spring on the iron until it is heated through.

Another way is to hold the spring over a bright fire until it is sufficiently hot. It should be kept some distance from the fire, so as not to heat too quickly. When it is of a light red and all of a color, plunge it into cool water. Do not use ice water, as is so often suggested. Be careful in putting in the spring that the sudden cooling of one side does not draw it out of shape. If it is put in slowly, it is warped by the sudden cooling of one portion. When fully tempered, polish the spring with emery cloth until it is thoroughly clean and bright. Saturate a piece of paper with oil, light it and allow the smoke to collect on the spring until it is entirely coated with the black. Then heat it over the forge fire very slowly. Do not let one part burn off clean while the other is still black, but let it disappear all over the spring at the same time if possible. The perfection of temper comes from slow and careful handling and the utmost deliberation in heating and hammering.—New York Ledger.

She Made Sure.

It was a bank near the suburbs of Brooklyn in which a little girl, not more than 8 years old, made her appearance the other day, asking if she might see its workings. A polite little girl was not to be refused, and she was taken inside and shown the various departments of the institution. But that was not where the money was kept; could she see where the money was kept? Certainly, and she was taken to see the vaults. Still there was no money to be seen, and she was not satisfied. Could she see the money? Certainly, if that was what she wished, and the vault doors were thrown open, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, the little girl saw some of the money in which she was interested. "Do you think burglars could get in here?" she asked finally. "Certainly not," replied the bank official who had been acting as conductor. "It would be very difficult for burglars to get into the bank, and they could not get into the vaults. But now," he continued, "you have asked me a great many questions, little girl, and I should like to know why you are so much interested in this bank." "Well," said the little girl confidentially, "my papa put $5 in this bank for me the other day, and I wanted to be sure that no burglars could get in and get it."—New York Times.

Cost of House Building.

There is a mistaken idea very prevalent that a small house that shall be attractive enough for a man of taste cannot be built for less than $2,000 or $3,000. Less than half that sum is sufficient if it is judiciously expended. Any amount of money can be squandered in nonessentials and in decorations that are as useless as inartistic. In the main one only requires from a house, as from a man, that it perform its duty well, and do the things it was intended to do in the best way and be pleasing and graceful in doing it. A model home, if it be skillfully planned, can be erected for a surprisingly small sum in these days.—Chicago Record.

A Check.

"How do you stand on the financial question?"

"I think I shall stand pat. At least when I went to the bank I was told I could not draw."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Kaiser's Story.

The emperor's "lieblingsblume" has become the national flower of Germany and the symbol of patriotism, but it will never be forgotten why he loved it, and the beautiful and touching story possesses ever new interest when told in his own words. Finding how many incorrect versions were spread about to account for his fondness for the simple field flower, the aged kaiser related the following pathetic incident:

"As my mother fled with myself and my deceased brother from Memel to Konigsberg during the troublous times at the beginning of our century, the misfortune happened to us that one of the wheels of our coach broke in the midst of the plain. No village was within reach, and we seated ourselves on the edge of the ditch while the damage was being repaired as well as circumstances would permit. My brother and I were rendered both tired and hungry by this delay, and particularly I, being a weak and delicate little fellow, gave my dear mother much trouble with my complaints. In order to distract our thoughts, my mother stood up, pointed out the many beautiful blue flowers in the fields and requested us to gather them and bring them to her. Then she made wreaths of them, and with joy we watched her skillful hands. Thereby the sad state of the country, her own trials and the anxiety concerning her sons' future may well have once more pressed heavily on my mother's heart, for slowly tear after tear welled from her beautiful eyes and fell on the wreath of cornflowers. This emotion of my devoted mother went deeply to my heart, and, forgetting my own childish sorrow, I attempted to console her with caresses, during which she placed the blue wreath, glittering with tears, on my head. I was then 10 years old, but this touching scene has never faded from my memory, and if now, in my old age, I behold the sweet blue flower, I imagine I see the tears of the most devoted of mothers shining upon it and therefore love it above all others."

One successful venture which has come of the Manchester ship canal is the steamship service between the cotton metropolis and London. It is a long way round, but the saving in freight dues is enormous.

Swift Flying Clouds.

Mr. Clayton of the Blue Hill observatory, near Boston, reports that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high move is 60 miles an hour in midsummer and 110 miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

CINCINNATI, O., July, 30, 1897.—There is a fair demand for extracted honey at 3½ and 6c per lb, according to quality. The demand for comb honey is fair at 11½ to 13c per lb. The demand for beeswax is fair at 22 and 25c per lb for good to choice yellow.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., July. 30, 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 10c to 11c per lb. Fair demand for beeswax. Good supply. Prices 25 to 26c. per lb.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.

BOSTON, MASS, July 30, 1897.—The demand for honey is light. Supply ample. Price of comb 11 to 13c per lb. Extracted 7 to 8c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Very light supply. Prices 25 to 26c per lb.

E. E. BLAKE & CO., 57 Chatham St.

KANSAS CITY, MO., July 30, 1897.—Light demand for honey. Price of comb 13c to 14c per lb. Price of extracted 5 to 5½c per lb. Light supply of beeswax; price 30c per lb.

HAMELIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 30, 1897.—Price of buckwheat comb honey 6 to 7c per lb. White 11 to 12c per lb.

CHAS. W. MCCOLLOUGH & CO., 380 Broadway

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Hives and Comb Honey.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

Several wish to know about the hives I have used and how I work them for comb honey, so, with the editor's permission, I will give a brief article on the subject. In order to make all plain, I will say that the hives used, and giving the yields reported in the past, are 24 inches long, 12 inches wide and 12 inches deep, having an outer shell of four inches, front and rear, which is kept packed with chaff all of the time, summer and winter. As the frames are but $11\frac{1}{4}$x$11\frac{1}{4}$ square, they must of course go the short way of the hive. Five inches from either end of the hive is placed a slotted division board, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick, the slots being so arranged that this board takes the place of the separators used on the wide frames of sections, on the hive side, as these 5 inch spaces are partitioned off for sections chiefly. This leaves a space 12x12x$13\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the brood chamber or hive proper, in which is placed 9 Gallup frames of the size above given, outside measure. When the bees are being prepared for winter, the sections are out and a strip of cotton cloth spread over the frames and down each side over the slotted division boards. The five inch spaces are now filled with chaff, and a chaff or sawdust cushion placed over the frames. Thus the bees are virtually in a chaff hive during the winter and spring months. When spring arrives the bees are in a condition to breed up fast, especially if stimulated by a little feeding or by spreading the brood, which stimulation is kept up till the nine frames are filled with brood. As the weather is always changeable in the spring and early summer, the chaff packing is a great help to the bees by way of enabling them to maintain an even temperature, and thus these chaff hives are filled with brood a little earlier in the season than they otherwise would be. As it is still too early for swarms to issue to the best advantage for the production of honey and desiring all the bees possible to take advantage of the honey flow, (the bees in reality are our crop of honey.) I now remove the chaff and cotton cloth from one of the five inch spaces and place three frames of brood taken from the brood chamber, beyond the slotted division board, placing empty combs in the brood nest in place of the removed brood. In a week the other side of the hive is served in the same way, which gives, as will be seen, 15 frames in a hive, thus securing a large force of bees with no disposition to swarm thus far. As the brood in the frames which are set over in the 5 inch space should be all sealed when set there, or as nearly so as possible, it will be seen that in 12 days the brood should be all matured, and as the queen rarely goes into these spaces to deposit eggs, we have these combs empty of brood, or nearly so, when the flowers begin to secrete honey. About the time that the last three frames of brood was set over into the 5 inch space, the sections are put on over the brood-nest, so that should there be any honey coming in from the fields, unexpectedly, the bees would have a place to work, and as an additional prevention of too early swarming. When the bees have commenced to work in these sections or I have decided that it is time the colony was fully prepared for the season, I take out the six combs which are in the side box apartments and set in one tier of sections next the division board. I next take from the brood chamber two frames of unsealed brood and place behind the tier of sections, placing two frames of the six empty combs where the unsealed brood was taken from. By placing the frames of unsealed brood behind the tier of sections, I virtually have these tiers of sections in the center of the brood-nest so the bees take possession of them at once, the same as they would when an empty frame is inserted in the center of the hive. This secures the working in the sections with a determined will, and such a course has also a tendency to keep the bees from swarming. At the end of a week the two frames of brood are taken out from behind the sections and placed in weak colonies, or anywhere that they can be used to the best advantage, and the tier of partly filled sections pushed back so as to place an empty tier between them and the brood chamber when we have the complete number of sections on the hive, and have done it in such a way that we have secured the greatest working force possible and have also enticed the bees into the sections at the proper time, and that with but little disposition to swarm. Now as the sections begin to get filled and the brood chamber remains undisturbed, a part or all of the colonies will soon swarm, for such a thing as non-swarming, when working for comb honey, has not been accomplished with any large number of colonies, though this plan probably comes as near to non-swarming as any yet put before the public. To secure the most honey for the rest of the season we proceed as follows: When a swarm issues from a hive the old colony is moved to a new stand and the swarm hived on the old stand, which secures us nearly all of the working force from the parent colony. A large part of the sections are taken from the old hive and placed on the new. In this new hive is placed six Gallup frames, and next to the frames are placed a tier of empty sections, while back of this tier is placed a tier of those partly full taken from the parent colony. The top sections are now put on and the swarm is hived. The work done in the sections by a swarm thus treated for the next ten days is almost marvelous. During the first week after moving, the old colony will do but little work, but at the end of this time they begin to be populous again, and in a few more days are in a flourishing condition. As soon as the young queen begins to lay, 3 of the 9 brood frames, (and those having the least or no brood in them are taken away, thus leaving only 61,) and the sections brought up to these remaining combs, when all are in the best possible condition to give a good yield of comb honey, as long as the harvest lasts. When the harvest of white honey is over, each hive is given the full nine frames again, so that they may be in good shape as to bees and honey for winter. By the above plan I can fully accomplish my object, which is to secure the largest number of bees possible in just the right time for the main, or white honey harvest, and rear as few at all other times as is consistent with preparing for said harvest. The above requires some work, but I know of no plan by which as much comb honey in sections can be secured as by this. Now don't anybody think that they must have *just* the hive described (or write for hives, for I have no supplies for sale,) but if you wish to try the plan, adapt what you have to the plan or make something so you can try a few colonies with your own frames and sections in this way, and then if you are pleased all you will have to do is to make the outside shell for the rest of your colonies in the apiary, thus saving a new outfit all around.

Borodino, N. Y.

* * *

"HOW TO MANAGE BEES," a 50c book, and the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER a year for only 60c.

Consider Well the Locality.

BY W. Z. HUTCHINSON.

I fear that in many of our apicultural discussions we forget the extent and variety of our country Here in the North we are always talking about the wintering problem, about protection, about cellar-wintering, and the like. In the South, winter has no terrors, but there are mosquito hawks that catch queens, and there are ants that attack colonies of bees and give no end of trouble. Perhaps the most important feature regarding different localities is that of the difference in honey producing plants. If there is any one thing that a bee-keeper ought to thoroughly understand, to become thoroughly acquainted with, it is honey flora of his locality. He should know all of the sources from which honey is likely to be obtained, the quality and duration of each, and the time of the year when each yield is to be expected.

To illustrate: Mr. C. P. Dadant and myself have more than once discussed the relative merits of large and small hives; I contending for the small hives and my friend arguing for large hives. In a sense, we were both correct. That is, we were correct for our respective localities. In my locality the main harvest came early; was short, sharp and decisive, with not enough time for a colony to build up and fill a large hive and then have time to also store a large amount of honey in the surplus apartment. The hives must be of such a size that an average queen could fill the combs with eggs and the eggs transformed into brood by the time that clover opened. In the hiving of swarms the same held true. Hive a swarm in a large hive and the harvest was past, unless the swarm was very early in the season, before the brood-nest would be filled. If the brood-nest were contracted when the swarm was hived, and the supers transferred from the old to the new hive, work would at once be resumed in the supers. In Mr. Dadant's locality, there was a fall flow. I don't know as it was of greater importance than the early flow, but it was important. Besides this, the season was longer, there was more time for a colony to get into condition to take advantage of the harvest. With such conditions it was possible for large hives to have an advantage. At the time that I was having those discussions I did not know that there was such a difference in our localities—I was arguing wholly from my own standpoint, and greatly wondered why Mr. Dadant could not see the matter as I did, or how his experience could so vary from my own. I can see it now.

Then there is the question of feeding back extracted honey to secure the completion of unfinished sections. This must be done in hot weather and at a time when but little honey is coming in,that is, if it is to be followed with profit. In my locality there is a dearth after basswood closes in July. The last half of July and all of August furnishes plenty of heat but no honey, and feeding back can be resorted to with profit; unfinished sections of white honey being completed before any from fall flowers comes in, if the locality is where there is a fall flow. If some other honey flow comes in right after basswood there would be no use of thinking of feeding back extracted honey to complete unfinished sections.

Then there is the question of contraction of the brood-nest, upon which I have just briefly touched. If there is to be a continued flow all of the season until frost comes, there is no value in brood-nest contraction, unless it might be to force white honey into the sections, where it will be of more value, and allow the bees to fill the brood nest later with less expensive stores for winter. Where the harvest closes with clover or basswood, there is no profit in raising bees that will never become gatherers of honey and this can be largely prevented by the proper contraction of the brood-nest.

Then there is the management for spring. If the flow is to come early and soon be over, then no stone should be left unturned to forward breeding early in the season and get the colonies into condition to be ready for the harvest when it comes.

These are only a few of the many points that should be considered in the management of the apiary. When advice is given, the one to whom it is given should consider well the locality from whence it comes. Know your own locality *perfectly*, and before putting in practice any new plan of management, if is is possible that locality may have a bearing, then venture *cautiously*.

Flint, Mich.

* * *

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Notes and Comments.

BY H. E. HILL.

Robbing—Its Prevention and Control.

There is hardly any limit to the number of devices and methods resorted to in cases of robbing. Under certain conditions, acting upon any one of the numerous suggestions heretofore published, may put a stop to the robbers' annoying and destructive work, but in this case the old adage might be fittingly amended to read: "an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure." As there are objections to the practice of each of the methods generally used. The wet grass method comes nearest to serving the purpose, with less objections than any of the others, yet the grass soon dries, and in persistent cases the robbers pass freely through the openings which have been made by their constant efforts to penetrate it.

Contracting the entrance to a single bee space meets all ordinary requirements, though it is by no means effectual after the marauders have started their plundering, while it creates undue commotion about the blocked entrance. Carrying the hive to the cellar, or exchanging places of the colonies engaged in combat, causes general confusion, endangering other weak stocks.

We frequently receive accounts of trouble and loss through robbing, from our younger readers. For their benefit, as well as all others, who have not tried it, we recommend the following plan, devised by Benj. Parks, of Florida. Punch a small hole near the bottom of a tin pail or can, insert a wooden peg which will just permit a continuous dripping of water when the vessel is filled. Place this upon the hive so the succession of drops will strike the allighting board close to the contracted entrance. The fine spray from the drops will dampen the ardor of the robbers and discourage their efforts.

We have found it an improvement to allow the drip to strike upon a small block, say an inch high, so that none of the spray may strike the guards within, that they may maintain an unbroken front, while all outside of the entrance receive a continuous shower.

The Best Way to Get the Most Out of Your Extracted Honey.

BY H. R. WRIGHT.

Put up in small package and urge sale and consumption in your vicinity which you can do if you begin early in the season. You can put your honey in small size packages and dispose of it as well as Bottlers in the city can. People in country towns appreciate the value of honey better than people in the city do who know very little about how honey is produced and are supicious, and think all extracted honey is adulterated especially so after becomes granulated.

If you have a large crop of extracted honey would not advise putting all in small packages, but put it up that way as fast as you can sell it and the balance in 160 pound kegs and send it to the city market to be sold to manufacturers and Polish Jew trade, these two being the largest consumers of honey outside of the Bottlers.

There is a small size glass jar on the market that holds a half pound of honey, is quickly filled and simply sealed so it don't leak as all screw top jars do when turned sidewise, these jars cost about 2 cents. When filled they can be retailed at the popular price of 10 cents to the consumer, which is equal to about 15 cents per pound, and sell at wholesale for $1.00 per dozen. For shipping they come packed, two dozen in a racked case and make a very attractive shipping case.

Albany, N. Y.

OUR EXTRACTOR

(From Bee Keepers Review.)

THE SEASON—EXPERIMENTS WITH NON-SWARMERS, ETC.

BY A. P. ASPINWALL.

Like the sound of the cataract's roar,
The hum of the bees is heard as of yore.

Certainly, the continuous hum of bees for more than three weeks during oppressively warm weather, had a semblance of the monotonous roar which characterizes that of Niagara, and added to the monotone was the inability to keep pace with our bees in removing and supplying supers.

The season has been extraordinary in many respects, and the honey yield phenomenal; never have I know its equal. This extraordinary yield appears still more phenomenal, when but eighteen months ago bee keepers were bemoaning the condition which seemed to indicate that our honey sources were being obliterated by the woodman's axe, and a succession of extremely dry seasons But following these conditions comes the present season with an unprecedented amount of white clover. Where none was visible last season it completely covered the ground. It seemed as though an angel had come down and sowed it thickly, far and wide.

This has led me to consider how, in the face of apparant death, comes such an abundance. Surely nature is founded in wisdom and her resources are indestructible. Has not the seed accummulated during the past five or six years of drouth, and the requisite amount of moisture necessary to its germination and extension by the rooting tendrills given us more than could have been expected; and has not Nature more than ever before displayed her marvelous stores?

In connection with, or rather preceding this extraordinary condition, the weather was unseasonably cold, and unfavorable to the flight of bees. My hives having been well packed until a few days preceding the honeyflow, which opened suddenly with warm weather on the 10th of June, were overflowing with bees, even in my large hives (although supplied with dummies,) which placed them again in the condition of swarming hives. I became extremely anxious as to the situation, wondering if it were possible to hold them from swarming with such a sudden charge of temperature, accompanied by the great flow of nectar, also an unusual proportion of field bees with perfect or unworn wings (by reason of non-use) compared with the middle aged or comb building bees, which would naturally carry honey to the latter faster than their ability to care for it, clogging the hive and increasing the tendency to swarm.

In keeping the Review posted as to my experiments in this line, I must acknowledge failure this season, and thank friend Hasty for spurring up my courage in giving it at once. Swarming was greatly retarded by use of the dummies and late compared with my neighbors, most of the swarms being between the 20th and 30th of June, some of the parent colonies having stored upwards of forty pounds previous to the issue. At first thought I attributed the failure to new dummies which I substituted for those of last season, but upon reflection, seeing that my hives were too small and the season unusually favorable to swarming, concluded that possibly it was not in the dummy, but a return of the crowded condition like that of swarming hives. My hives have a capacity for but eleven frames, and upon careful consideration have concluded that with a space for fifteen or sixteen, a little less than half of which could be occupied with dummies, better results might be obtained. I am really surprised that the additional room for three frames (occupied by dummies), should have produced such satisfactory results heretofore, and to have retarded swarming to the extent it did this season, all things taken into consideration. There was, however, a noticeable fact presented which has given me great enouragement for the future nonswarmer. It was the unusual number of bees which remained with the parent colonies almost without exception. So strong were they that the storage of honey in the supers was continued or resumed in two or three days, and which has given me an average of about sixty pounds per colony, with about forty pounds more in sight; some sweet clover, however, will be mixed with the latter.

Although the flow was great and tended to fill the bee keeper with enthusiam, still the brood chambers are very much clogged with honey, to the exclusion of brood. This of course is unfavorable to the best results just at present, still, with a favorable season from this out, although not in a basswood locality, I shall look for a least 100 pounds per colony.

I learn that the intensely warm weather has ruined a few colonies by softening and breakage of the combs in this and doubtless many other localities; still none of mine have suffered. The dummies favor ventilation, and should one comb soften and drop from the top bar the dummies would prevent further disaster by holding it partly in place. Three or four years ago I had several hives in which a single comb became detached while the others remained intact by reason of the dummies.

Another advantage derived from the use of dummies is that already alluded to in affording more perfect ventilation, and with the additional room prevents the usual crowding or clustering on the outside during warm weather. The result has been, and is, that no loafing colonies are found in my apiary. There is a marked difference in the aggregate amount of honey stored when ever colony in the yard is doing something. Of course the equalization of colonies during the month of May, as set forth in a previous article, is the prime essential to such a result.

The conditions which have changed from time to time in bee keeping, as in all branches of human affairs, are marvelous. The revolution caused by the invention of movable frames and comb foundation has enabled the specialist to produce a much finer product of comb honey at greatly reduced cost. We look at the quotations today and compare with the prices of thirty or forty years ago. feeling as though the bottom had dropped out of bee keeping. But when the Quinby system was in vogue and honey commanded twenty-five cents per pound, how much were we able to secure per colony as compared with today? If an average of twenty-five pounds per colony was obtained it was considered a good one. Today we are far in advance of that, with a price commensurate with the outlay.

The advent of movable frames and comb foundation were at the time of high prices, and those who first occupied the field enjoyed the golden age of bee keeping.

Today we are upon a better basis as regards profits than when honey commanded 25 cents per pound. We can produce at least three times the quantity, and with factory made supplies at a cost not exceeding the per centage of former years. I am speaking strictly in reference to honey production. True the value of, and sale of colonies was greater than today.

The abundance of No. 1 clover this season will doubtless have a tendency to depress the market, especially as many who keep a few colonies will sell their surplus at what may be offered them, considering it clear gain. Bee keepers should be firm in their prices and be careful to offer none but their best in the first or fancy grade. This season will be one to establish a superior grade which must be attractive both as to quality and style of sections.

Taking into consideration the downward tendency of prices in all lines, any compension by further increase of production would have a tendency to lower the market still more.

We cannot afford to increase our product as to lessen the cost of production, and as an illustration, the reason I am working to produce a non-swarmer is to that very end. And I think the trouble and annoyance of swarming is fully equal to all the other work during the honey season.

Jackson, Mich.

(From American Bee Journal.)

OVERSTOCKING A LOCALITY WITH BEES

BY PROF. A. J. COOK.

This is a subject that has been much discust among the bee keepers of the East. Dr. Miller for years argued persistantly and forcibly for such measures, legal or moral, that would give each bee keeper the exclusive control of his territory, and free him from the danger of others coming to trespass—if we may use so harsh a term—upon his domain and rights.

Mr. James Heddon urged exclusive possession on two grounds: The new comer had no right, under the Golden Rule, to inflict his presence upon the one already established, and besides this, it was supreme folly to do this—the resources would not give thrift to two parties in close proximity, and it stood to reason that the one in the field would have the vantage ground over the new comer, and while he would lose by the intrusion, the other would surely go to the wall.

In the East, no one denies the proposition that a region may be overstocked, without it be one of the fortune ones in the vast basswood forests of Wisconsin, and no good bee keeper would think to locate in the immediate vicinity of a large apiary. It has been generally held that 100 colonies of bees—about the number that one person can care for well—were the maxium quantity for the average locality. This proposition seems to rest firmly on experience and reason alike. There are only so many flowers, and each flower contains only so much honey. It stands to reason, then, that an excessive number of bees would, per force, receive but a scant harvest.

In California, the proposition does not find such ready acceptance. I suppose everybody accedes to the logic just offered, and believes any region could be overstocked, as a sound mathematical conclusion. But when hundreds of colonies of bees are mashed in a single apiary, and a hundred or more pounds of honey secured from each colony, as is the common experience in this favored clime in all good seasons, then many of our best apiarists shake their heads whenever we speak of overstocking in southern California.

One of our largest, most intelligent, and most successful southern California bee keepers, who has 900 colonies of bees, and has harvested over 53 tons of honey the present season, expresses some scepticism as to overstocking in this region, and surely he would seem to have some ground for his doubts. Others have spoken to me in like mood.

Another very prominent bee keeper, who two years ago with less than 600 colonies—I think about 500—to commence the season, which were increased to 600, took over 30 tons of extracted honey. This year with the same number he secured only 16 tons, explains his lessened crop on the very ground of overcrowding. Two years ago his occupancy was exclusive; this year another bee keeper came to share the fruits.

Why is it thus? It seems to me that there are two reasons for this peculiarity in southern California. First, there is a very long season of flowers and nectar-secretion. The early bloom, eucalyptus and citrus, while it does not crowd the combs with honey, does give enough to stimulate breeding and secure splendid colonies by the time the later more prolific bloom carpets the plains and hillsides.

Again, the sages, the great source of the magnificent honey of southern California, better than which none is produced in any land or region, are not only very bountiful in their secretion of nectar but are also very long in bloom, as are nearly all the plants of California. Thus, they are like the basswoods in producing immense quantities of the best honey, and greatly superior to the basswood in nearly or quite tripling the length of bloom of the linden.

I have heard some of the old bee keepers of the linden regions of Wisconsin question the possibility of overstocking. This came from their own experience. The innumerable blossoms, and the generous nectar-drop in each bloom resulted in a tremendous harvest. The Californian, who is so fortunate as to be encircled with rich fields of sage and wild buckwheat, has even more to give assurance in the phenomenally long season of bloom.

Los Angeles, Cal.

(From the Canadian Bee Keeper.)

NOTES FOR BEGINNERS.

BY R. F. HOLTERMANN.

September, to the provident, brings thoughts of winter and in the train of that the average bee keeper, especially the beginner, wonders how he shall winter his bees. In wintering, as in many other lines, the beginner with one or a few more colonies cannot adopt the same system as the advanced bee keeper. I am now writing in particular of outside wintering. But there are certain conditions in which the colony should be, which applies to all. In districts in which there is no fall flow of honey the bees should be prepared for winter, as far as the condition of the colony is concerned, early in September. Those with the least experience with bees are generally the most spasmodic in the preparation of their bees for winter. If the bees have done well during the past season they are cared for and every effort made to carry them through for the following season. On the other hand, if they have given little or no surplus, the bees are pretty well allowed to shift for themselves with the "root hog or die" principal to the front. No person can succeed in a line of business by such methods and the sooner the beginners look upon bee keeping as a business the better. I have been in pretty close touch with bee keeping for seventeen years and I find that the successful men in bee keeping are those who pursue an even tenor, they look forward or prepare for a crop each season and then quietly take matters as they come. If the season has been poor and the bees have not gathered enough for winter they buy the granulated sugar and feed. If it has been an exceptionally good season they do not lose their heads and buy up all the bees in the country. These men have the best success.

Then we have those who let their bees slide after a poor season, they have had no returns and will not lay out extra money or labor until they bring some returns. As a result most or all of their bees perish and the empty combs are destroyed by moths, or perhaps sold at a sacrifice. Next season, or perhaps the following, bees do better, a neighbor or two makes a little money, and the third, our discourged bee keeper, screws up his courage to a sticking point and he invests and the investment is again followed by a bad season. He says it is "my luck," when the fact is it is not what he has, but what he lacks or fails to exercise, "common sense" that leads to trouble.

Then, no matter what the season has been like, keep right on. First see that the colony has a queen, if there are no queen cells built and there is brood in all styles down to the egg you are fairly safe in assuming that the queen is there, but it is better still to see her. It may be that there is no brood in all styles, and particularly may this be the case when there has been no honey flow after basswood. Then there is no other way than to actually see the queen. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I know when a colony is queenless before I examine the combs, but this is something which can only be acquired by long and much experience. Look for the queen, smoke the bees as little as possible. Take the combs out quietly and do not be too long looking over them the first time, otherwise the bees gets restless and leave their position on the last combs before you reach them. If the colony is queenless, but has good brood and is a good full colony and you want the bees you better get a queen at once. If fifty cents is an item of some importance with you get an untested queen; a colony queenless for some time, especially when honey is not coming in, may, and is somewhat likely to, kill the queen. Never put a tested or more expensive queen into such a colony. So much for the queen. Having a good laying queen in the hive the next consideration is the number of bees. Unless there are bees enough to crowd four Langstroth combs I would unite it with another weak colony. I shall not here tell you how to do this, one queen of course must be destroyed and the remaining caged. I would not unite fairly strong colonies or one a little below full strength, with a weak; especially sound is this advice to a beginner. I would contract it by means of a board so it can fill the space it has.

Next for stores, the weakest colonies require the fullest combs because they will consume about as much as the strong and they can cover the least amount of comb. Give full combs or partially filled combs in perference to feeding syrup. Give them winter stores as soon after September 10th or 15th as absence of brood in the majority of the combs will permit, taking out the combs with the least honey and replacing them with full or nearly so. Do not divide the stores at each side of the brood-nest but put the fullest at one side and so on with the least honey at the other side. Next with your knife cut a hole in each comb, put it half way between the two side bars and almost two-thirds of the distance up from the bottom bar. These arc for winter passages and allow access through the cluster of bees without passing out of it as the bees would have to do when passing around the comb either top, bottom or sides. Buckwheat honey is good stores for bees, so is any other honey as far as I know. Honey Dew is not honey at all. The bees sometimes gather it. The flavor is generally rank and is is dark in color; to have such stored in a hive is generally an exception and the beginner need not worry least such a condition should exist without his knowledge. Having a colony in this condition the beginner, or any one else has gone a long ways towards successful wintering.

Brantford, Canada.

WHERE BEES HUSTLE.

A Man From California Pays Tribute to the Insects of His State.

"Talk about honey," said the man from California to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "why, you people in Louisiana don't known what honey is. Out in my state we go out and plug a dead tree and the honey flows like water from a barrel. All a man needs to start a hive is to go out and play the accordion and he'll have ten swarms buzzing about him in less than a minute.

"A funny thing happened to me last spring when I went down on my orchard near Pasadema. I was wearing a fine silk hat at the time, and one day when the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing and the air was filled with the hum of insects I went into the field to see about the setting out a lot of budding peach trees. As I was walking among the trees I managed to snag my hat against a tree limb and prod a small round hole in the crown, and fearing that I would completely ruin it I placed it on a tree stump and continued my investigations with a handkerchief tied over my hair. I guess I must have been out in the field for about three hours, and when I went to get my hat I saw a bee go into the hole in the top. This kinder surprised me, and I halted. Then another bee went in and one came out, and while I looked I'll be hanged if there wasn't a continual stream of bees going in and coming out of the hole. Well, I didn't like to pick up the hat and risk being stung to death, so I concluded to get a stick and scare them off. Nary scare, though, for the bees kept coming and going in a steady stream. Finally I called one of my men and explained the situation. He went off and shortly returned with a wad of cotton batting, which he fastened on the end of a stick. This he set fire to and soon smoked the bees out of the country. Then I went for my hat.

"Well sir, you may believe me or not, as you wish, but those confounded bees had actually opened a hive inside of the beaver, and the thing was half filled with honey. I knew California was strong on bees, but that just beat my time, aud I say again if you want to see bees come to California."

(From Canadian Bee Journal.)

THE HANDLING OF BEES.

BY ALPINE MCGREGOR.

So much depends on the management bees receive in the spring that I have dedided to give the plan, which after trying many others, I have settled on,as it involves but little expense and labor. The former is of extreme importance to all bee-keepers in view of the present prices of honey and meagre honey crops, while the latter is of special importance to the writer, who is not blessed with a very large stock of physical strength and whose enthusiasm has so completely evaporated, that he no longer delights to work, even in the enchanted (?) field of apiculture.

Preparation should begin in the fall by giving the bees full combs of honey which have been filled in supers, until each colony in the "dovetailed" hive weighs not less than 56 lbs. (Not an ounce of sugar should ever be fed except in a season like 1895.)

In placing bees in the cellar, each tier should rest on a seperate stand placed on the cellar bottom, which permits of their removal in spring on the instalment plan. The first lot were taken out on March 29th, and the last on April 15th. Manitoba weather was the cause of the long delay in removing this last lot. They were fed flour as a substitute for pollen, about two weeks before the natural appeared.

Of all the blunders that are made in removing bees from cellar, one of the worst is to wait till "natural pollen appears,or till the "soft maples bloom" as the books say and then when this time arives, which in this locality is tometimes as late as the last week in April, rush them all out some fine morning. What is the result? The bees rush out for a fly and in their excitement never think of marking their hive. The bees from two or three go into one, balling and killing the queen and leaving those adjoining almost empty. There are few apiarists who have not had this experience and many I have reason to believe, practice this plan at the present day.

My hive stands are 8 feet apart and

the hives as they are taken from the cellar are placed on every other stand, which leaves them16feet apart.I prefer a cool morning and very early, if the day promises well. In this way with the hives from which bees are flying 16 feet apart, there can be no mixing of bees, and each colony has a fly as though it were the only one in the yard.

In regard to packing, so as to conserve the heat, having tried various methods,such as clamps,double-walled hives, packing with sawdust, etc. I have discarded them all, as necessitating too much labor and expense. I have not tried the plan recommended by the editor of the Review of packing around each hive by using a rough box—it makes me tired even to think of that.

I use the Miller bottom board and it has my unqualified approval. If other conditions are right the colony is wintered perfectly, as it secures a two inch space under the frames and sufficient ventilation with a tightly sealed cover. The last named advantage is apparent in spring when the hive is placed on a summer stand, as all that is necessary is to reverse the bottom board and contract the entrance—the cover being hermetically sealed, no heat can escape and it need not be removed till settled warm weather and the hive is crowded with young bees. As a matter of fact, many of my hives were not opened from last September till the middle of May, and they are now in splendid condition. Should it be necessary to loosen and remove the cover for examination, it is better to place a quilt over the frames with two or three thicknesses of paper and a Jones hair cover on top, or what is better, a super half-filled with sawdust held in by a piece of cotton tacked on the bottom. The dovetailed hive is a poor affair for preserving the heat, if once loosened.

By following out the simple plan above outlined, my bees came through the winter and spring without the loss of a single colony, and their present condition is nearly all that could be desired; although this has been one of the most unfavorable springs I have ever known. A few colonies are somewhat weak, but with a little assistance will be ready for the "honey flow," if said flow should materialize.

Inglewood, May 20, 1897.

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Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

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EDITORIAL.

While the past season seems to have been generally favorable for bee keepers, good crops being secured in nearly every state, discouraging accounts come from here and there throughout the country, with various statements as to the cause of failure. Minnesota and Florida appear to have fared the worst. In the latter, the crop may be said to be an entire failure, perhaps the poorest within its history. Up to that time, 1893 was the poorest season recorded in Florida, followed in 1894 by the largest crop of honey ever produced in the state. Bee keepers are accordingly hopeful of a repetition of that experience in looking forward to the season of 1898.

Leron D. Brill of Duchess county, N. Y., has been engaged by Li Hung Chang to conduct a model farm under the Chinese government, for which, according to Associated Press dispatches, he is to receive a "fabulous" sum of money. As yet Mr. Brill is unable to foretell the general character of his work among the Mongolians, but if natural conditions warrant it, a "model" apiary will probably be established, being essentially a part of a model farm, and he has promised to favor the BEE KEEPER with information regarding the apicultural outlook, etc., when he is established in China.

What had the appearance of being a new bee disease was recently reported from the arid regions of the west. When the hot weather set in the field bees would suddenly and mysteriously disappear, leaving nothing but the brood and nurse bees upon the combs. C. Whitcomb of Nebraska, has shown quite conclusively that the loss is caused by the bees, in carrying the large amount of water required in brood-rearing at that time, filling themselves with the cold water that flows directly from ice and snow in mountain streams, and are thus chilled and die, and that it may be averted by providing an ample supply of pure water within the apiary.

We received a very pleasant visit recently from R. B. Leahy of the Leahy Manufacturing Co., Higginsville, Mo., and editor of Progressive Bee Keeper, and found him to be an agreeable and interesting visitor. We regretted that his stay with us was so short, as we would like very much to have become better acquainted.

We have just heard of the awful calamity that has fallen on the household of our brother Editor, W. Z. Hutchinson. As has been generally known Mrs. Hutchinson has,for some time been in ill health, both mentally and physically, and on August 27th she purchased a revolver and a quantity of choloroform and proceeded to choloroform the youngest daughter, 5 years of age, and then shot the other daughter, 15 years of age. The younger girl died but the other is recovering according to the last report we had. Our heartfelt sympathy, and that of every other bee keeper in the land, is extended to our old friend, W. Z., in these dark hours. He certainly has had more than his share of affliction.

Having lost five young queens, daughters of a paralytic mother, by the malady, Dr. Gallup has become convinced that paralysis is a disease which lurks in the varies of the queen, thus imparting it to her progeny. A sure remedy would then be to replace the diseased queen with a healthy one.

Some one has figured out that a bee must visit fully 60,000 clover blossoms to collect a pound of honey.

BUT LITTLE DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

Writing on "The Needless Fear of Lightning," Edward W. Bok, in the September Ladies' Home Journal says that "it will doubtless surprise the timid to know that only two hundred deaths a year occur on an average throughout this entire country from lightning, or one person in every three hundred and fifty thousand people. Now, in comparison, fifteen times as may people are killed each year by falling out of windows; over twice as many from being bitten by rattlesnakes, while twenty-five per cent. more are killed with "unloaded" pistols. More people are drowned around New York City alone every year than there are deaths from lightning all over the country. In fact, more people, by fifty per cent., are killed by being kicked by horses in New York City than die from lightning throughout the whole United States. The casualties of the South show that the dangers of being lynched and of being killed by lightning are about the same. The trolley cars of our cities kill a far greater number of people than do the lightning storms. Now, these are facts, they are strictly accurate and carefully computed."

"The Meaning of Greater New York" is the title of an article in Demorest's Magazine for September, which is its own explanation. It is intended to answer all those questions about the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn which people with intelligent curiosity are always asking their friends and which their friends are rarely able to answer.

Civilization In France, A. D. 1617.

Marshal d'Ancre was assassinated in the streets of Vitry April 24, 1617. The people of France have always been looked upon as fairly well civilized at that time Yet this is what these civilized Frenchmen did. They dug up the corpse of D'Ancre, dragged it through the streets to the Pont Neuf, where they hung it up by the feet. Then it was dragged through the streets again to the Place de Greve. D'Ancre, or what was left of him, was dismembered and chopped to pieces, the crowds fighting for morsels of the "excommunicated Jew," as they called him. His entrails were thrown into the river, his ears were sold to the best burger, and what was left was burned in front of the statue of Henri IV. Most horrible of all, his heart was torn out, cooked and eaten by these human wolves. The next day the dead marshal's ashes were offered for sale on the streets, while his wife was accused of sorcery, dragged to the bastile and her head hacked off.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AT THE WATERLOO BALL.

Lady Louisa Tighe's Interesting Story of That Thrilling Time.

An example of how near to us is the yesterday of romance and song may be found in the recent death at her quiet home in Ireland of Lady Louisa Tighe, one of the women who danced at the famous Brussels ball before the battle of Waterloo. Every one who has read Byron —and it is getting fashionable to read Byron once more—remembers the poet's description of the ball, but it is given to few nowadays to have actually met and conversed with a belle of that stirring occasion. Not many months ago a girl spent an hour or so with Lady Louisa Tighe in her son's house of Woodstock. She was of that refreshing type—the charming old lady. One would easily understand how Louisa Tighe had once been a beauty, despite the wrinkles and crow's feet which carking cares had left upon her face.

"Remember the ball before Waterloo?" said she. "My dear, could you expect me to forget it? Everybody, I fancy, has a supreme event in his or her life. That was my supreme event.

"I was staying at the British embassy, and in our party there were many lovely girls, now long since dead and gone. For weeks we had talked of the ball and of what we should wear. Girls were much the same then as they are today, and not even the return of Napoleon from Elba and the renewal of war seemed half so important to us as the approaching ball.

"My dress—I have it still—was a plain white muslin, and over it I wore a blue sash, as became a debutante. There was no fear for any lack of partners, for Brussels was full of young officers, and in the army of occupation no less than 25 of my own near relatives, all young men and nearly all of some dancing ability. You can easily picture, my dear, the flutter which their proximity gave us.

"The great night came at last, none too soon for us. I knew quite well that Napoleon was marching on Brussels, but the thought disturbed me little, for I had already ten names upon my dancing list, and the prospect was altogether delightful.

"It was a most enjoyable ball, but Byron was wrong when he described us as turning pale and listening with horror to the distant roar of cannon. The truth was that we heard no cannon at all. Indeed the three bands and the company of highland pipers would have drowned the roar of all Bonaparte's ordnance at such a distance.

"Indeed it was not until I missed the Duke of Brunswick from the ballroom that I really knew what was coming. The honored name of 'Brunswick's fated chieftain' was upon my tablets for a dance, but when I looked around for the duke I could see him nowhere. In going, however, he was polite, for he left a callow aid-de-camp to tell me the truth about the coming battle. It is rather romantic, but that callow aid-de-camp eventually became my husband.

"Our acquaintance began at the Brussels ball, when he showed both tact and kindliness in setting my fears at rest and actually danced with me the particular number opposite to which the Duke of Brunswick's name had been set.

"I staid with Lord Clancarty's family until after Waterloo had been fought and won. We did not rejoice very much at the victory, I fear, as the thousands of poor fellows coming in dead and wounded were not conducive to enjoyment."

Lady Louisa Tighe preserved to the last the white ball dress in which she danced at Brussels. The dance card on which the ill fated Duke of Brunswick's name had been inscribed was unfortunately lost 25 years ago during a fire.—Exchange.

English.

Professor Skeat of Cambridge has a few pointed words to say about the dislike of some of his countrymen for the term "English." In a recently published letter he wrote thus: "Those who wish to substitute British have entirely forgot that if any one has a grievance in this matter it is clearly the Londoner, for London is in Middlesex, the land of the middle Saxons, whereas this extraneous word 'English' ignores the Saxons as completely as it does the Scotch, just as the word 'British' ignores Ireland. However, we shall have to move, it would seem, with the times, and we shall soon have before us a proposal that we must all talk of the Americo-Australio-Canado-Cape-of-Good-Hope-Great-British-and-Irish language or probably something still more comprehensive in order to avoid wounding the peculiar feelings of those to whom the very name of England is an abomination. Only one thing stands at present in the way—viz, that there happen to be several million people still left to whom the name of England is no such thing, and these millions include foreigners out of every nation under heaven."

Miss Hocart, a daughter of a Wesleyan minister residing in Paris, has been awarded the second of the prizes annually presented by the French academy for "noble living." The award is in appreciation of her work in the slums of Paris and the value of the prize is $300.

TWIN ROSES.

In a distant, verdant valley,
  By a lazy, limped tide,
'Mid the birds and trees and sunshine,
  Grew two roses, side by side.

One was kept by a maiden fair,
The other she gave to her lover there,
  As they plighted their troth one day.

One gleamed white on a corselet bright,
As a knight rode away in the morning light
  To join his king in the fray.

The other drooped its snowy head
At the fear and grief its mistress knew.
She kissed its petals and murmured low,
"I fear, I fear—I love him so."

She saw fair summer with heated breath
Die in the flush of a hectic death.

She heard the wild geese rise and cry
Adown the glaring southern sky.

Yet never home her lover came—
Slowly died her hope's bright flame.

* * * * * *

In a distant, verdant valley,
  By a lazy, limped stream,
Blooms a rose above a grave,
  One white rose, in the sunlight's gleam.
—Cornell Era.

A PATRIOT'S WIFE.

One warm morning in the spring of 1780 Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies, but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen. As yet his plantation had not been molested, and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants there was no alarm manifest. But in a moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and 20 troopers who turned out of the highway and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader was none other than the hated Colonel Tarleton. That short, thickset body, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression, proclaimed the approaching officer only too well. But the mistress gave no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a halt before her.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he said, "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"

"It is my husband's."

"And is he here?"

"He is not."

"He is no rebel, is he?"

"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country and fighting her invaders."

"He must be a rebel and no friend of his country if he fights against his king."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman.

Tarleton's face flushed, but he made no reply, and, turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the 1,100 men in his command had pitched their tents, and the peaceful plantation took on the garb of war.

Returning to the piazza and again bowing low the British colonel said: "Necessity compels his majesty's troops to occupy your place for a time, and I will have to make my quarters in your house; that is, if it will not be too great an inconvenience to you."

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child and sister, besides the servants, and we must obey your orders."

In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to the high rail fences, soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house the British colonel called some of his officers and gave sharp orders for scouring the country within the neighborhood of 10 or 15 miles.

This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to stifle her fears, she determined to make the best of the situation and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men, and accordingly she had a dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and bloodthirsty man as Tarleton soon was known to be.

When the colonel and his staff were summoned to the dining room, they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it. It was such a dinner as only the South Carolina matrons knew how to prepare, and the men soon became jovial under its influences. "We shall have few sober men by morning," said a captain, "if this is the way we are to be treated. I suppose when this little war is over all this country will be divided among the soldiers. Eh, colonel?"

"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton.

"Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence longer.

"And how much will that be, madam?" inquired Tarleton, bowing low.

"Six feet two."

The colonel's face again flushed with anger as he replied, "Excuse me, but I shall endeavor to have this very plantation made over to me as a ducal seat."

"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget, and I can assure you he is not the man to allow even the king himself to have a quiet seat on his ground."

But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sounds of firing.

"Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.

"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a good many of them, too," said Tarleton, rising quickly and rushing to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed. She was trembling now, for she felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.

"May I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of the troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"

"You must know that General Green and the marquis are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the scar which the wound Lee had made had left on his hand, but he turned abruptly and ordered the troops to form on the right, and he dashed down the lawn.

A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight, for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five Tories whom Tarlet had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the pursuers were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton. Broadswords and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing but the Tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make. One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo, the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had dispatched, as soon as Tarleton had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand, but the bright coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedgerow that lined the avenue. Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the negro in his fear had crawled beneath it for shelter, but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching he had mustered courage enough to crawl forth from his hiding place and startle the horses as they passed.

"Hol on, massa! Hol on!" he shouted.

Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were 1,000 men within pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear. Quickly wheeling again they started directly for the house, near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and, leaping the fence of lath about the garden patch amid a shower of bullets they started through the open lots. Another shower of bullets fell about them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal, as it was called, and then almost before the guard had cleared the fences they had gained the shelter of the woods beyond and were safe.

The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb, and when on the following day the troops moved on the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say: "The British are not robbers, madam. We shall pay you for all we have taken."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again," she replied.

And she neither heard nor complained.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sacred Threads and Cords.

The sacred thread of the Brahmans is well known. It is a caste distinction assumed at an early age and never parted with. It must be made by a Brahman and should consist of three strands, each of a different color, 48 yards in length, doubled and twisted together twice, the ends tied in knots. It must be worn next the skin, over the left shoulder, hanging down to the thigh on the right side. The three castes of the Hindoos are distinguished by the material of these threads—cotton for the Brahmans, hemp for the warriors and wool for the artisans. The Parsees also wear the sacred thread, and boys of 7 or 9 are invested with it, the threads used being made always of fibers of the suru tree. Monier Williams describes the sacred girdle of the Parsees as made of 72 woolen threads, forming a flat band, which is twined three times around the body and tied in two peculiar knots, the secret of which is known only to the Parsees.

The use of "medicine cords" is common among North American Indians. Mr. Bourke describes those worn by the Apaches. These consist of one, two, three and four strands, to which are attached shells, feathers, beads, rock crystal, sacred green stones and other articles, doubtless employed symbolically. —Chambers' Journal.

Milton.

Milton was born in 1608 and died in 1674. His first poem of note, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," was written in 1629. The "Paradise Regained" was finished a short time before his death. His literary labors covered 45 years. His greatest poem was written by the hand of an amanuensis, and his most serious annoyance was the petulance of his daughters, who sometimes refused to write when he was in the mood to compose.

Where Prisons Are Untenanted.

The inhabitants of Iceland are commended as the most honest people out. Cases of theft are almost unknown to them, and a murder does not happen in a generation. There is only one policeman on the island, who spends six months of the year in the north and the rest of the time in Reykjavik, where the only jail is located. According to the islanders, this prison is a magnificent building, in that it is built of stone, and they think it is a direct invitation to wrongdoing, as an inmate of the prison lives in a nice room, enjoys the privilege of reposing on a real bed and eating bread at meals, luxuries which an ordinary Icelander scarcely ever has the opportunity of indulging in. In spite of all these temptations the Reykjavik prison is nearly always empty.—Prisons Service Gazette.

In the Dime Museum.

Borneo Chief—Say fellers, the baldheaded bearded lady lays over us all; she's a freak.

Circassian Snake Charmer—Freak nothin; jist accidental. Got her face lotion mixed with her hair restorer, and the result was mortal.—Philadelphia Press.

No Theologians From Harvard This Year.

Out of the 400 young men about being graduated from Harvard college not a single one intends to take up the study of theology. Are we to infer from this that there is a glut in the market for ministers? It would seem so.—Haverhill Gazette.

It is noted that the women of the royal families of Europe are on the average much stronger, mentally and physically, than the men.

Mint In Tea.

Perhaps the greatest tea drinkers of all are the Moors, because to them it is everything. Mohammedans do not drink spirits—which is more than can be said of the Russians—and, therefore, the Mohammedan sips his tea as his one and great consolation. The pomp with which it is made is amazing to a foreign mind.

Every one squats on the floor. The head of the house sits down beside the teapot, with great pomp the servant, who seems invariably to be called Mohammed or Absalom, brings in the boiling urn, and, after the master has rinsed the pot, put in the tea, filled the pot with water, waited a certain number of minutes and skimmed off the frothy substance that has risen to the surface, he packs the precious teapot as full as ever it will go with freshly grown mint. Nor is this all. He takes as much sugar as the stranger imagines would fill the entire pot, and, handful after handful, pokes it into this mint flavored concoction, lets it stand some minutes, and then pours out a little of the weak but highly flavored tea and drinks it himself, to assure his guests that it is not poisoned.

Then solemnly cups are filled for the visitors, and, with the greatest pomp and wonderful salaams, they are handed around—to the men first, of course, as women, even foreign women, count for nothing in Marocco. Three cups of tea are the regulation supply, and it is an offense to leave any Moor's house until one has solemnly managed those three cups, enjoyed with many bows and gracious salutations, and generally accompanied by extraordinary cakes, which the Moors love, but which to the foreign taste—well, one has only to explain that they are fried in rancid butter, considered by the Mohammedans a delicacy.—New York Herald.

A Curious Epitaph.

The following curious epitaph is in the graveyard of Lydford church, Dartmoor, England:

Here lies in horizontal position
the outside case of
George Routleigh, watchmaker,
Whose abilities in that line were an honor to
his profession.
Integrity was the mainspring and prudence the
regulator
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous and liberal,
his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions
that he never went wrong
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know his key.
Even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
that his hours glided away
in one continual round
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky minute put a period to
his existence.
He departed this life
Nov. 14, 1802,
aged 57;
wound up
in the hope of being taken in hand
by his Maker,
and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired
and set a-going
in the world to come.

—New York Tribune.

Which Have You Got?

The initiated may not know it, but as a matter of fact there are 47 kinds of rheumatism, all different. The varieties are not named, however—merely numbered.

When you go to a rheumatism specialist nowadays, therefore, he doesn't tell you that your particular twinge or ache or pain, as the case may be, is so and so or this and that, but such and such a number. "I have No. 19," one rheumatic patient observed the other day, "and my mother has No. 27." In the anterooms of the specialists one may often hear conversations like this:

First Patient—I have No. 15. What have you?

Second Patient—No. 36, but the doctor says I have some little touch of No. 23 too.

First Patient—Is that so? Do let me have a good look at you. Do you know, you're the very first person I've ever met who had No. 23!

Sounds queer, doesn't it? But, after all, what's in a name?—Philadelphia Press.

Smashed the Tradition.

The tradition cherished by every schoolboy that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen probably originated in the passage quoted by Mahan from one of Nelson's letters, "I always was of opinion, have ever acted upon it and never have had any reason to repent it.

that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen." This insular conceit was rudely dispelled in the case of a young man who went from this parish to take a coachman's place in Paris. Writing home on one occasion, he says, "You've heerd tell how one Englishman is a match for three Frenchmen, but don't you believe it, mother, for I've tried it and am now in the hospital." To hear the old woman gravely recite this is a delicious piece of comedy.—Notes and Queries.

The Letter I.

The name of "I" is in Hebrew jod or jot, a hand, and the earliest characters representative of the sound closely resemble a hand with but three fingers. Little by little one finger after another dropped off until only the little finger was left and the letter became the smallest in the alphabet, a jot or tittle, that is, the "I" and its dot being synonyms of the most insignificant things that could be described.

Some of the oldest yew trees in the kingdom are in the churchyard of Mamhilad, in Monmouthshire. They are over 30 feet in girth and are fast decaying, some of their branches being held up with iron chains and bands. It is stated that they were planted about the time of the Norman conquest of Glamorgan.

Cartridges tested by the Roentgen rays to determine if they have been carefully loaded are offered for sale by a London gunsmith.

His Letter of Introduction.

One day a tall, gaunt stranger from Arkansas cornered Opie Read at the Press club. He began fishing about in his pockets.

"Got a letter of introduction to you hyarabout some'ere," he said.

"Had the darndest time findin you," he continued. "Got into town yesterday afternoon, and last night I started out to look you up. I thought probably the folks at the telegraph office would know you, but they didn't. And the hotel folks didn't know you nuther. Then I went to a newspaper shop and they sent me over here."

By this time the visitor had found the missing letter of introduction. It was written with a lead pencil in a schoolboy's hand and the spelling was decidedly phonetic. Opie scrutinized the signature closely.

"John Scruggins," he said musingly, "John Scruggins. I don't recall Mr. Scruggins."

"That's my boy," said the visitor proudly. "He's been to school in Little Rock all winter, and so when I got ready awhile ago to come to Chicago I told him to write me a letter of intr'duction to you, and he did it. What's the matter with the letter? Ain't it writ all right?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right," said the novelist.

And it was, for the man from Arkansas spent a pleasant afternoon at the club.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Setting Himself a Great Stunt.

"Every morning when I get up," said Mr. Billtops, "I set myself the stunt of preserving my tranquillity unbroken through the day, and every night I am obliged to confess that I am not up to it yet.

"The trials begin at home with the breakfast and the children and I don't know what else, and they run through the day at business and are found again at home at night. They come in various and unexpected forms and out of most unexpected incidents and at times when they are never dreamed of. One needs impervious imperturbability to withstand them all and perfect nerve and resolution.

"With an absolutely tranquil mind, quite undisturbed by circumstance, what could not one do? I have not yet reached that happy frame, but I am making a bluff at it daily and am getting nearer to it all the time."—New York Sun.

Insinuating.

Merritt—Would you marry a one eyed man?

Cora—Why, good gracious, no!

Merritt—Then let me carry your parasol.—London Tit-Bits.

Common Now.

Silver forks are to be used at Rockaway and West Point hotels during the coming summer.—Volume 1, No. 1, New York Morning Herald, May 6, 1835.

The Man and His Watch.

The man had lost a valuable watch. It was a case of pickpocket, he was certain, and he advertised for its return, offering the full value of the watch, which was worth more than its intrinsic value, $150, to him, and no questions asked. Not long after a man appeared at his business office, showed him the advertisement, and asked if he was ready to stand by it, and was assured that he was. "Where is your money?" asked the visitor. "Here it is," was the answer. "Where is the watch?" Taking the one handed him, the victim of the robbery saw with much delight that it was his own, put it in his pocket and handed over the $150. But he could not resist the temptation to ask one question. "Now, when did you take that watch?" he asked. "Do you remember," said the visitor, "standing on such a day on the corner of such a street?" "Yes." "You were talking with friends?" "Yes." "And some one came along and brushed against you? Well, that was when I took the watch. I brushed against you like this"—illustrating—"and it is very simple. Good day, sir." "Good day." The man's face was alight with pleasure at again having his watch and his intelligent curiosity was satisfied. "It is a curious thing," he murmured to himself. "I would not have believed it could have been done." He put his hand to his watch pocket. There was no watch there. It had been taken a second time.—New York Times.

Fast Speakers In Congress.

Fred Irland, one of the expert stenographers of the house, talks interestingly regarding the speed with which congressmen talk.

"It has been said in the newspapers," remarks Mr. Irland, "that Representative Lewis of Washington talks at the rate of 300 words a minute. He does not. No man could speak in the house at that speed and be reported. I doubt whether he could be understood. I mean, of course, such words as occur in debates. Of course in taking routine testimony, where frequently recurring phrases, such as 'What is your name?' and 'Where do you live?' are expressed by brief arbitrary signs, a stenographer can write as fast as a man can think. It is a very different matter when a congressman talks. He uses words with many syllables."

"What is the fastest record in the house?"

"Representative Johnson of Indiana once talked for 1½ hours, when discussing a contested election case, at an average rate of 220 words a minute. That is rapid work. If a man talks 250 words a minute, he is very swift. I have noticed one thing," added Mr. Irland. "The fast talkers slow up after being in the house a little while. The vastness of the air space makes its impression upon them, and they find, too, that they get more attention when they do not talk so fast."—Washington Post.

Moving Chimneys.

Years ago the business of shoring up and moving ordinary sized buildings was considered somewhat risky and was one which only experts were willing to undertake. Recently it became desirable to move a chimney, and the idea was suggested that it might be moved intact. Of course it involved some special preparation, but the task was successfully accomplished. The chimney was 85 feet high, weighed 100 tons, was 7 feet square at the base and had outer and inner walls 8 inches thick. Its destination led over rough ground, with grades up and down, but the job was completed without accident or damage. There was neither crack nor flaw in the masonry when the chimney was set down on its new foundation. This is the tallest and heaviest chimney that has ever been moved. Another chimney 52 feet high was safely transferred, and these two are, it is believed, the only ones ever taken from one place to another.—New York Ledger.

Unexpected Prize.

A traveling circus recently paid a visit to Clitheroe, and, as an attraction, offered a prize to the man who could, as the Lancastrians term it, "pull th' ugliest mug," says the London Telegraph.

The rules laid down were that each person should have three tries. Consequently competition ran high. Some of the contortions were horrible to behold. After all had done their level best to win the prize the clown, who acted as a judge for the competitors, coolly confronted a man sitting in the audience, who was noted for his ugliness, and said:

"Tha's won th' prize, owd mon."

"Me?" said the astonished individual. "Wha, aw worn't tryin for't."

"Tha'd nca need to try. Tha's won it wi'out."

Love's Trials.

Bride—There! I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month and already you have ceased to care for me.

Young Husband — Why, my love, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever.

"It isn't so. I know it isn't. You took meals at our house lots of times before we were married, and you scarcely touched anything. Ma said she knew you were truly in love because you had no appetite."

"Of course, dear, but"—

"And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Practice That Makes Perfect.

A writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that few persons have an adequate idea of the amount of labor bestowed by virtuosi in practicing upon their chosen instruments before appearing as public performers. When Liszt was learning piano playing, he practiced ten hours a day for over 12 years. Ole Bull spent over 20 years in almost constant practice on the violin. With Paganini the violin was the study of a lifetime. For over 25 years he never allowed a day to pass without eight or ten hours spent in playing exercises to improve his fingering and facility of execution. Rubinstein devoted over 15 years to studying the piano. Paderewski has devoted a lifetime to his instrument.

Theirs' First Successes.

Thiers' great achievement at Aix was in winning a prize offered by the academy for an essay on Vauvenargues. The way in which this prize was secured was characteristic of Thiers. He wrote one essay which would have been successful but for the fact that it was known to be his. The essays were sent anonymously, but Thiers had been unable to refrain from reading his to a literary society. The royalists on the committee, knowing its authorship, were unwilling to grant it the prize and postponed the decision. Thiers at once wrote another in a different style, which Mignet copied and sent in anonymously. This essay won the prize, and the whole town laughed at the clever scheme. The money which he received enabled him to go to Paris.

He had hoped to practice law, but found he had not money enough to be admitted to the Paris bar. He tried unsuccessfully writing, fan painting and the duties of a private secretary, but earned barely enough to keep from starving in his garret. Finally he got a chance to write for The Constitutionnel. The editor, to whom he had an introduction, had thought to get rid of him by asking him to write a review of the salon for that year. He supposed that Thiers must fail in such a task. The artistic taste which had been developed at Aix made this review a literary event. While doing justice to David's great service to French art in the past Thiers urged emancipation from the fetters with which David had bound the French school and in contrast called attention to Delacroix, then an unknown painter. This single article did much for French art and also secured the author a position as a journalist.—Chautauquan.

Daily Duties.

The best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions and sentiments in a man's life are of little value if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—New York Ledger.

Remedy For Tartar.

The tartar on human teeth is filled with animalcules, which are destroyed by vinegar. Vinegar itself contains eel-like insects.

Didn't Scare Him a Bit.

Old Millyuns — Young man, my daughter tells me that you kissed her last night.

Percival Tootles—Well, if she wants to go around bragging about it, that's her privilege.—Cleveland Leader.

Waltzes and "Why Not?"

I have been preaching for years that it is stupidly academical and pedantic to exclude such truly inspired pieces as Strauss' waltzes from the programmes of our symphony concerts, but against stupidity, as Schiller has remarked, the gods themselves fight in vain. A symphony is considered all right though it be the veriest trash, but a waltz that is a product of pure genius is tabooed unless it is smuggled into a symphony, as by Tschaikowsky. What makes the situation the more peculiar is that pianists of the highest caliber never hesitate to insert waltzes by Chopin or Strauss on their programmes. But, then, pianists are their own bosses; they have no academic board of directors.

The taboo placed on the Strauss waltzes by the minor professional musicians who regulate orchestral concert affairs is seen in its full blooded asininity when we bear in mind how the greatest composers of our century have honored and admired Johann Strauss. To begin with the two antipodes, Brahms wrote on Mme. Strauss' fan the first bars of the "Blue Danube Waltz," with the words, "Not by Brahms, I regret to say." And Richard Wagner wrote in 1863 that "a single Strauss waltz surpasses in charm, refinement and genuine musical value most of the imported and often laboriously manufactured products of foreign musicians." It is often said that Wagner undervalued his contemporaries, but Liszt, Franz and Strauss are decided exceptions. Moskowski relates that once at a dinner Wagner proposed a toast "to all musical geniuses from Bach to Johann Strauss," and it is known that he often played his waltzes at Baireuth with more animation than skill. Liszt's admiration for Strauss was equally sincere, and his greatest pupil, Tausig, arranged some of these waltzes for piano, con amore.—Henry B. Fink in Looker On.

An Enthusiast.

"You can't comprehend what a genuine enthusiast is till you have known one as I have." This oracular declaration from the man of the world called for a story by way of evidence.

"When Tom Blumber and I were boys together, he was an enthusiast on the craze for gathering postage stamps. He wrote, advertised, hunted and would have walked across the continent for a rarity in his line. Suddenly he switched to dogs and had everything from a toy terrier to Great Danes. He had a canine herd that would crowd an acre of ground. They barked and howled and fought till he fell in love, and he was either courting, serenading, sending soft poetry or hanging around till the girl married him just to have peace.

"As the honeymoon waned he was seized with baseball enthusiasm. He would have faced a battery to get to a game. He yelled, jawed, bet, followed the club from spring till fall and was a noisy bleacher even in his sleep. The next turn of the crank made him a fisherman. Out of season he would sit in the back yard and make casts by the hour just to keep his hand in. There was never invented or suggested anything to lure the finny tribe that he did not have in his collection, which would fill a freight car. He could sit on a wet rock all day without winking and then go shining or trolling all night. Get him in a crowd and he'd have everybody talking fish inside of five minutes, and when he saw the Lone Fisherman he cheered till an usher got him out of the theater. Now he's a singer, and every house within a block of him is vacant. He has no more music in him than a blackbird, but he is an enthusiast."—Detroit Free Press.

Spider Silk.

Notwithstanding the failure commonly attending attempts hitherto made to obtain from spiders, gathered collectively for the purpose, an amount of silk sufficient for industrial uses, it is now claimed by M. Cambolle, a French naturalist, that the Madagascar species of this insect is susceptible of management capable of some practical results in this line. He has found that the spider of that country is capable of producing at the beginning of its work more than 100 yards of thread per hour, increasing in quantity until it actually produces more than 150 yards in that length of time. His experiments also show that this thread has about the consistency and strength of the thread yielded by the silkworm that is fed on mulberry leaves. A peculiar little machine winds the threads on bobbins as soon as it issues from the spider.—New York Sun.

Luck.

"Do you think there is any luck in a four leaf clover?" asked the young woman.

"Well," replied Mr. Barker thoughtfully, "I can't trace the connection between any superstition and actual occurrences, but I knew a girl who was very lucky soon after she found a four leaf clover."

"Do tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. While she was hunting the four leaf clover she got her feet wet and caught a cold, and everybody said she was lucky that she didn't die."—Washington Star.

Stories of Prinsep.

Mr. Valentine Prinsep, the well known English artist, is a very jolly Briton indeed, and is fond of telling amusing stories about himself and his profession. Even his name proves a source of mirth, and he likes to relate the blunders its oddity has occasioned. Once, when going to dine at a fashionable mansion, he was accosted by the butler:

"What name, sir?"

"Prinsep."

Great was the big artist's amusement when he was then announced loudly and pompously as Prince Hepp!

Mr. Prinsep's favorite anecdote is one often told, but always good, of which he claims to be the original narrator. Moreover, it is a true one. An old country couple, so he relates, had strayed into the Manchester Art gallery, catalogue in hand, and were wandering from room to room looking at the pictures, which were numbered anew, one, two, three and so on in each division, instead of continuously throughout the whole exhibition. The two old people stopped in awe and admiration before Madox Brown's heroic picture, the "Death of King Lear."

"Wha's this un, Jinny?" asked the old man.

"A'll see, Jarge, A'll see, ef ye'll give me a minute."

The old lady hastily turned to the catalogue division of another room, and read off the number corresponding to that of the picture before them. It chanced to be that of Landseer's famous picture of a collie fallen over a cliff, and just reached by the anxious shepherd, who calls the result of his examination of the poor beast's injuries to his comrades on the rocks above. She read off the title of the picture to her husband:

"There's Life In the Old Dog Yet."

Looking compassionately on the pictured form of the aged and forsaken king, Jarge failed to perceive anything wrong in the name.

"So there is, gal, so there is!" he exclaimed, in a burst of pity; adding, with dropped voice and a shake of the head at Lear, "but not much, not much!"—Youth's Companion.

The Plow.

Plowing was undoubtedly first done with a forked stick, the long arm being harnessed, in some primitive way, to an ox or team of oxen, and the short arm pointed for the purpose of penetrating the ground. The plow is one of the oldest of agricultural implements, and it is a curious fact that in oriental countries the same kind of plow is used now as was described by the writers of 2,000 years ago. The plow represented on the Egyptian monuments of 3000 B. C. may be seen in the valley of the Nile today. Our patent office has over 10,000 models of plows. In Egypt, Syria and India there is but one, and that the one which has been in use for thousands of years. The plow described by Virgil, 31 B. C., is in use in many country districts of Italy today. In 1618 patents were taken out by David Ramsay and Thomas Wildgoose for "engines to plow grounds, whether inland or upland." In the Scriptures plowing with different kinds of animals hitched together was forbidden on account of the cruelty involved by the unequal draft imposed upon animals of different sizes working in the same harness. In China the plow is a sacred implement, and models are consecrated in the temples of the gods. As early as 1849 steam plows were patented in the United States.

Sixty per cent of the buckwheat fields were in New York and Pennsylvania when the last federal census was taken, and they continue to hold the lead.

A Romance of the Wire.

"There's luck in matrimony as in everything else," mused an old Detroiter who, in his early days, was a telegraph operator. "For nearly 30 years my wife and I have lived happily together. We have had our little domestic squalls like other people, but I can say that we have sailed on smooth waters with fair winds.

"She used to be a telegraph operator too. I went to substitute for a friend of mine on the line to give him a brief vacation. He told me that he had been carrying on a flirtation with a woman operator with whom he was very favorably impressed. She only knew him by his office call, and he requested that I carry on the incipient courtship so that he could take it up on his return. The girl would be none the wiser, and his suit would be that much further along. Being young and romantic, I assented as a matter of course.

"From the first message I concluded that the wooing had reached a very interesting stage and entered right into the spirit of the affair. Not being troubled by any of my friend's embarrassment, for he was in love, I talked to her like a bold and ardent swain. She evidently liked this, and I was on the verge of engaging my friend when I received word from him that he had met his fate at home; that he was going into her father's store, and that I must close up his telegraphic courtship as gently as I could.

"At first I was mad enough to hunt him up and thrash him. Then I suddenly discovered that I was mightily pleased. She only knew him by the office call, and now the call was mine. Just as soon as there was an opening I proposed, and back came an acceptance. I've never told her, but between me and you she's worth a carload of his wife."
—Detroit Free Press.

Killing an Elephant.

It took three hours to kill a vicious elephant in the vicinity of Liverpool, and in assisting to bring about this result a medical gentleman almost succeeded in compassing his own destruction. Charles II was the name of the elephant. Two Liverpool physicians were appointed executioners. They fed the beast on aconite concealed in carrots and arsenic sprinkled on buns, which it swallowed pleasantly and asked for more. Then one medical gentleman conceived the idea of loading a syringe with prussic acid, inducing the elephant to open its mouth and squirting the poison down its throat. Charles II considered this great sport, but the doctor who was operating the syringe, by reason of his interest in the experiment, momentarily forgot the deadly properties of prussic acid, inhaled the fumes and fell unconscious. The other physician saved his colleague's life with great difficulty, the elephant looking on with deep sympathy. However, after Charles II had taken enough poison to kill 2,000 men, according to the doctors, and three hours had passed since the first dose he suddenly toppled over and expired quietly. Like the other Charles II, he had been an unconscionable time dying.—San Francisco Argonaut.

When Umbrellas Were First Used.

Umbrellas are of great antiquity. Among the Greeks they were a mark of elevated rank, and one is seen on a Hamilton vase in the hands of a princess. We find the umbrella figured upon the ruins of Persepolis, and the Romans carried it at the theater to keep off the sun. Yet Coryate, the traveler, in 1611, notices the umbrellas of Italy as rarities. These and other umbrellas are only described for keeping off the sun, which may be explained by the comparative scarcity of rain in the above countries. The frequency of rain in other lands led to their being used for a very different purpose. Jonas Hanway is described to have been the first to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head, which he had probably used in his travels in the east. And in 1778 one John Macdonald, a footman, was ridiculed for carrying in the streets an umbrella which he had brought from Spain. However, as he tells us, he persisted for three months in carrying his umbrella, till people took no further notice of the novelty—Harper's Round Table.

Fifty Miles to Market.

It is not an uncommon thing in France to see a farmer 40 or 50 miles from home in wet weather with a load. If he sees a prospect of a three days' rain, he puts his tarpaulin over his load, a cover over his horses and a waterproof coat on and starts off to market. He may go 50 miles before he finds a market that suits him, or he may know in advance just where he is going. You do not often see anybody driving 50 miles through a rainstorm in the United States to find a market for a load of hay, but it is not uncommon to see farmers' wagons 40 or 50 miles from home in France. They choose the wet weather for that purpose. Their roads are just as good then as at any time.—Philadelphia Times.

Standing and Sitting.

David Slowpay—I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be reseated, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal.

Mr. Snip (tailor)—All right, and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal.—London Tit-Bits.

Women Criminals In Russia.

Russia's penal statistics show that in the dominion of the czar the women criminals outnumber the men by nearly 50 per cent, just the contrary being the case in other countries. Most of the women criminals are unmarried, and the majority come from the laboring classes in the cities.

The ancient copper mines of Sinai have just been re-explored. These were worked by the Egyptians or their slaves 7,000 years ago and are believed to have been abandoned about 3,000 years ago.

A Spider's Web.

It is hard to realize how small a spider's web really is. A famous microscopist once made some interesting comparisons of a cobweb with human hair.

"I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full grown spiders with a hair of my beard," he says. "I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and, from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than 100 of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one of such hair. If, then, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form, it follows that 10.000 threads spun by the full grown spider, when taken together, will not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair. To this, if we add that 400 young spiders at the time when they begin to spin their webs are not larger than one full grown one and that each of these minute spiders possesses the same organs as the larger ones, it follows that the exceedingly small threads spun by these little creatures must be still 400 times slenderer, and consequently that 4,000,000 of these minute spiders' threads cannot equal in substance the size of a single hair."—Chicago Record.

When the Sea Was Fresh Water.

The ocean was once merely brackish, and not salt, as it is now. This was when the earth was in its first youth and before there was any land showing at all or any animal life in the water. At this time the water was gradually cooling from its original state of steam, and the salts were slowly undergoing the change from gases into solids. Then came the appearance of land, and later on rivers, which gradually washed down more and more salts, while at the bottom of the ocean itself chemical action was constantly adding more brine to the waters. At present it is estimated there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all the salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop one single inch.—New York World.

A Cool Specimen.

"When I was out west," said the maker of tools, "a young man registered at the hotel and set in to make things lively. The first night he played poker with the landlord and cleaned him out; the next night he came home drunk and whipped the cabman; the third night he went up and down the halls, singing at the top of his voice. In the morning they asked for the key of his room and gave him his bill. He looked it over and then said with surprised pathos, 'Don't you make any discount to ministers?'"—Hardware.

Agriculture In Paraguay.

Agriculture has been about the sole industry of Paraguay since the establishment of the Jesuit missions in 1557. All the field work is done by women.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

DR. SARAH MORRIS, WHO TREATS DRUNKENNESS AS A DISEASE.

Trained Nursery Maids — Woman Engineers—The Girl Bachelor—Her Political Aspirations—Women in Public Life—An Interesting Reminiscence.

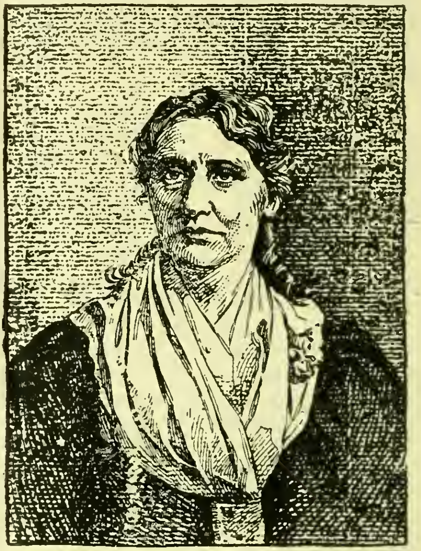
Philanthropy and science occasionally get on speaking terms with one another. When they do, it is a good thing for philanthropy.

A Buffalo woman has embarked in a new work which will excite wide interest because it is one of practical reform. The need for it is a need of the hour, and the woman is Dr. Sarah Howe Morris, known by thousands to be giving a lifetime to loving, earnest work for the good of the world.

For years and by degrees Dr. Morris has been getting to this special task—the scientific and effectual raising not of the dead, but of those sometimes more hopeless, the inebriate. She has endeavored to reach them through the Woman's Christian Temperance union; she has looked into prohibition; she has labored with drunkards individually and in the jails. Twenty-five years ago she established in Brooklyn the famous Morris home, where hundreds of inebriates were cured simply by the power of good hygienic living and wholesome teaching. But there has always been something lacking until the year of grace 1896 What that something is and how she found it make a very interesting chapter of their own.

"Thirty years ago Horace Greeley said, 'Drunkenness is a disease, not a crime,' and he was roundly abused for his idea. The habitual drunkard was the cherished target of the pulpit, the press, the reformer and the judge, and these powers refused to have their bulls eye knocked out in that easy way The drunkard was jailed with enthusiasm, and he has been kept jailed most of the time since at large expense to him and to us. It is only of late that Greeley's advice has struck home, and by the help of scientists we are finding that it is as wise to imprison a man for drunkenness as it is to 'cage' him for rheumatism. His disease may be, often is, his own doing—most diseases are the result of our own mistakes—but a disease, dipsomania, remains, and we now rightly turn to the physician for the solution of the great temperance problem."

Dr. Morris was one of the first to come out and agree with Mr. Greeley, and she has her half of a very interesting correspondence which the two carried on over the situation. The inebriate was a sick man. He needed medicine. Man cannot live by bread alone nor can the drunkard be cured by moral suasion. After awhile the home in Brooklyn was given up, but through all these long years of heavy and varying labors Dr. Morris never gave up her hope of finding a remedy, a specific, for the liquor habit.



DR. SARAH HOWE MORRIS.

Strangely enough, for many of us look for nothing practical from a reformer, the suggestion that led to Dr. Morris' new work came from Francis Murphy While visiting at her Buffalo home he told her of a liquor cure which was being used with great success. She immediately went to Chicago, investigated the remedy and was convinced that at last the lacking something was in her hand.

With this remedy at her command,

with a determination to begin anew the work of raising broken men and women from worthlessness to usefulness, and with a preparation, an experience and a personality extraordinary, Dr. Morris has opened a home here for the cure of dipsomania and the morphine habit. She will not have it called an "institution." It has none of the earmarks, or hall marks, one might say, of an institution. It is a home in every sense of the word.

She is decided about another phase of the matter also. It is not a cure for worthless creatures, but a veritable door of hope for men—men worthy of the name—who have fallen through drink. There is no shutting our eyes to the fact that there are thousands of these brainy, educated, valuable men and women drifting round like wrecks. This is the class she chooses to set back into prosperity and peace.

It is interesting to see the home life under her regime. It might be copied in all homes to advantage. There is proper living without too much rule, there is earnest direction without dictation, there is encouragement without palaver and goodness without cant. Of course there is good cheer, for while Dr. Morris is able to bring a good, big thunderstorm down upon things when they need clearing she herself is a veritable sunbeam.—Buffalo Express

Trained Nursery Maids.

In these days when all fields of work, especially woman's work, are said to be overcrowded it is a relief to find one exception. This exception is the profession of trained nursery maids, the demand being from 50 to 100 per cent greater than the supply.

"We can graduate only about 23 girls a year," said the superintendent of the New York Training School For Nursery Maids, "and we have applicants for several hundred during that time. The subject of training nurses for the care of children is receiving each year more attention, and intelligent parents are beginning to feel that the old idea that any person could mind the baby is about exhausted.

"In our training we do not attempt to give medical knowledge, for we consider 'a little knowledge a dangerous thing,' but we seek to make them capable of taking a healthy baby and keeping it healthy. The nurse learns nursery hygiene in its broadest sense with the rudiments of kindergarten. As a life work for women this profession seems much to be preferred to that of a shop or a factory girl. We have applicants for our graduates from every state in the Union and almost every country in the world. Several of our graduates are abroad now as nurses in the families of the nobility. Of course, as I remarked at first, the demand is greater than the supply, so we are forced to answer 'No' many times where we would be only too glad to supply a good nursery maid. Only a short while ago we had an application from the West Indies, and the place was an admirable one, but we had no one to send there. Every girl graduated is already engaged.

"During the last two years there have been similar schools founded in Montreal, Newark, Brooklyn and Detroit. All of these institutions have been modeled after this school. The managers of one of these have frequently visited us, and in one case sent their superintendent to us for several months' experience. Whenever a new institution of the kind is projected the call immediately comes, 'Have you not some one whom you can send to us to organize the work?' We are always forced to say, 'No.'"

Woman Engineers.

The Engineering Record notes the fact that female draftsmen have for several years been employed in architectural and other offices in clerical and copying work chiefly and that one woman in the Chicago drainage canal engineer's office is doing creditable map and color work. A firm of architectural engineers in New York has gone beyond this and employed one young woman who has graduated from an engineering school and shares the ordinary duties of her associates, though, of course, at a disadvantage concerning shop, mill and field work.

This moves The Engineering Record to say: "Every encouragement should, of course, be given to extending and developing the scope of suitable female employment, but it should not, in the novelty of a new field, be forgotten that the profession of engineering is a [illegible] jealous mistress and exacts the utmost effort and eternal enthusiasm, together with indomitable perseverance and persistence and superior special qualifications and sound judgment from those who are to secure a permanent foothold or acceptably to perform the responsible duties assigned the engineer No transient occupation or divided aim is tolerable. The profession must be supreme, and, further, to be truly a competent engineer involves the necessity of intimate acquaintance with all the practical sides of the work—the reconnoissance, the location, trial surveys, years of patient study and laborious physical work in the mines, mills and shops, life in camp and in the field, hazardous duties faithfully performed on the dizzy heights of lofty false work for erection, handling of iron and machinery in tunnels and excavations, blasting and building as well as drawing or even calcalculating a plan, and these lessons are not only necessary to success, but for the safety of lives and property always dependent upon the engineer's constructions."

The Girl Bachelor.

There is no occasion to commiserate the condition of the girl bachelors who keep house. They do not want it, but are rather to be envied. This is a matter of wonder to those who worry about women going into trade on the ground that it will destroy their love of home. On the contrary, it develops it. The woman who is forced to earn her living and resents it seeks the consolation of a boarding house. The real girl bachelor, at least the sort with whom I have come most in contact, is not a disgruntled person who has known better days and always takes pains to remind you of it. She is a healthy, hearty being, who wants, to be sure, to help out the family income, to relieve her father of at least one of his burdens, but she is, more than anything else, an actual homemaker and a housekeeper.

It is the girl bachelor who loves children and is not ashamed to say so, the girl bachelor who lives not unto herselt, but to all the world, because no visitor is so unwelcome that he may not have a cup of tea and a cracker, be his visit ne'er so untimely. It is the girl bachelor who does not apologize for dust, or care a rap for what the neighbors think, or hope to marry a rich man. She is the future mother, because the voluntary one, of better men and women. My sunbonnet is off to her. She is settling the woman question while other people talk of it Financial independence for herself is the explanation of everything.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Her Political Aspirations.

Professor Felix Adler, in an address on "The Political Aspirations of Women," says:

"In no country is there more deference shown to woman than in ours, not alone in the outward exhibition shown them of courtesy, but genuine respect, which comes from all ranks of society. Yet she is denied the franchise, except in a few states, and there her franchise is in most cases confined to local matters.

"Her position, it has been often said, is similar to that of infants, criminals and the insane. Some even go further and say it is worse, for the infant will grow to manhood and inherit the right of citizenship, the sentence of the criminal will expire and his rights be restored to him, and even the insane person may recover his reasoning power and enjoy the franchise again. In no country is there greater liberty, yet it was the intention of our fathers to limit the male voters by a property requirement, which was swept away by a tide of democracy early in the century. Our fathers probably never intended matters to be as they are, but their barriers were unable to stand before the rushing tide of young democracy. Then came the civil war, and the franchise was given to the colored man, yet it is still withheld from half of the population.

"Women need the ballot for self protection. It is true no class can safely trust its interest to another. This is to me one of the convincing arguments in favor of woman suffrage, and I think it should be worked for deliberately and conscientiously. I believe that when the time is ripe they should be participants in the government. I strongly believe that, but I believe the time, however, is not yet ripe."

In conclusion, Professor Adler said that education was the argument to open the gates. Great power, he asserted, did not beget freedom. Whenever there had been great political success there had been great political training.

Women In Public Life.

Mrs. Lucy L. Flower, a trustee of the University of Illinois, writing in The Outlook on "Women In Public Life," says:

"Nine-tenths of our public school teachers are women. Some of the very best and most successful principals are women, and these women should certainly have a representative of their own sex among the school directors, some person or persons who can see and present the woman's point of view Our state universities are all coeducational, and the interests of the young women in these institutions require representatives on their governing boards.

"If a man be left with a family of girls on his hands to bring up, his helplessness in the face of this responsibility is often truly pitiful He will generally own frankly that he knows nothing about girls, and he appeals at once for some woman's help. And yet we have been putting the interests of young girls for four of their most impressionable years entirely in the hands of men, though there is a general acknowledgment of man's inability successfully to cope, unaided, with the needs of his own daughters. I believe that if there were more of the right woman's influence in all of our colleges there would be less dissipation, but where there are girls it is a necessity that some one who understands their wants as women—which few men can—should be able to stand for these interests in the councils of the trustees."

Queens to Be Crowned.

Miss Lavinia Dempsey, queen of the Society of Holland Dames of the New Netherlands, will be recrowned on the next anniversary day, some time next winter. Almost royal state will be attempted, Miss Dempsey riding on coronation day from her home to the Waldorf in a stately carriage drawn by six white horses bedecked with orange colored ribbons and flowers. The queen of the Connecticut Holland Dames and Mrs. Leonard Forsdick, queen of the New Jersey Holland Dames, will also be crowned next winter.

From Her Point of View.

The dentist said something about his little bill, but the woman looked at him coldly.

"I owe you nothing," she said.

"Why, madam," protested the dentist, "you surely won't deny that you had a tooth pulled in my office!"

"It is more than likely that I did," she admitted. "At any rate you gave me gas, and when I regained consciousness the tooth was gone. I am quite ready to give you credit for having removed it."

"Then, I do not see why you should refuse to pay me."

The haughty creature still regarded him coldly.

"It looks to me," she said, "very much like an attempt to defraud."

"Madam!" he exclaimed.

"Not to use any harsher language," she went on, "it seems like obtaining goods under false pretenses and also extortion."

"I do not understand you," said the astonished dentist. "So far I have had nothing from you."

"My maid informs me," asserted the haughty creature, "that while under the influence of gas I did not spare my voice."

"She is right," admitted the dentist. "On at least one occasion your voice landed up in the top register."

"So my maid told me," said the haughty creature. "Until I heard that I had intended to pay your bill upon presentation, but when I was finally convinced that you had basely taken advantage of my helpless condition to extract from me some of the high notes for which I am in the habit of receiving not less than $250 I was tempted to have you arrested for larceny."

Then it was that he recalled that she was an opera singer of some note, and he hastily withdrew, lest in her excitement she should pitch her voice high enough to add another item of $250 to her bill for entertaining him while at work.—Chicago Post.

Hard Face.

"I met that girl face to face last night," said Cholly.

"How did she stand the shock?" asked De Gruffe.—Pick Me Up.

An Old Fashioned Journalist.

Harmon D. Wilson, who learned his letters from the Troy Chief, has written a two column article on Sol Miller for the Atchison Globe, in which he relates many interesting little reminiscences of the old fellow. Sol would never trust anybody else to make up the forms of his paper, and he never permitted anybody under any circumstances to touch the forms which contained the mailing list. For 40 years he put on an old apron each week and worked over the imposing stones on issue day.

"When The Chief went to press," says Mr. Wilson, "the whistle was blown. That was the signal for all who wished to come and get their papers. Most of those in hearing came. As they took their papers from a folded pile which always stood in a certain place, they wrote their names on a sheet hung there for that purpose."—Kansas City Journal.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 21, 1897.—The demand for honey is fair. Supply light. Price of comb honey 9c to 12c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. Good demand for beeswax. Light supply. Prices 25c to 28c per lb.

HAMBLIN & BEARSS. 514 Walnut St.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 30. 1897.—Good demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 11 to 13c per lb. Extracted honey 3½ to 6c per lb Good demand for beeswax at 20 to 25c per lb for good to choice yellow. Fair supply The demand for comb and extracted honey this time of year exceeds that of any previous season, as does the quality also.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.
Cor. Freeman and Central Aves.

DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 30, 1897.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 10 to 11c Extracted 5 to 6½c per lb. Steady demand for beeswax and a fair supply. Prices 25 to 26c. per lb.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch. Mich.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 21, 1897.—Light demand for honey. Fair supply. Price of comb 11 to 13c per lb. Extracted 5c to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax, but practically none on hand. Prices 26c to 27c per lb. We look to see a better demand for both comb and extracted honey from now on.

E. E. BLAKE & CO., 57 Chatham St.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1897.—Fancy white comb honey 11 to 12c per lb. Fancy amber 7 to 8c per lb. Fancy dark 6 to 8c per lb. White extracted 5c. Dark extracted 4c per lb, But very little is doing here in honey this month. There is a small stock of inferior comb honey on the market and quite a little extracted. Bees are said to be doing nicely in this section.

CHAS. W. MCCOLLOUGH & CO., 380 Broadway

It is Easy to Tell.

People who fail to look after their health are like the carpenter who neglects to sharpen his tools. People are not apt to get anxious about their health soon enough. If you are "not quite well" or "half sick" have you ever thought that your kidneys may be the cause of your sickness?

It is easy to tell by setting aside your urin for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urin stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, pain or dull ache in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

There is satifaction in knowing that the great remedy Dr Kilmer's Swamp-Root, fufills ever wish in relieving weak or disesed kidneys and all forms of bladder and urinary troubles. Not only does Swamp-Root give new life and activity to the kidneys—the cause of trouble, but by treating the kidnys it acts as a tonic for the entire constitution. If you need a medicine take Swamp-Root—it cures. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dallar, or by sending your address and the name of this paper to Dr Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y. you may have a sample bottle of this great discovery sent to you free by mail.

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. T FALCONER MANFG CO

VOL. VII. OCTOBER, 1897. NO. 10.

Bee Keeping in New Jersey.

BY J. R. COLES.

A report has been asked of me for this season. I could answer it with very few lines if all your readers knew the locality, circumstances, etc. In the first place this part of New Jersey is not noted for its bee pastures or honey flows, nor modern bee keepers, your humble servant being the introducer of modern bee keeping in this locality a few years ago, and the most of my work with bees is done for the love of the work. I often drop everything and go help some weak-kneed brother hive a swarm or rob a skep for the love of working among the bees. People see my hives and from their actions afterwards seem to think that all required is to put a swarm in a patent hive and the bees will do the rest, and because of poor seasons and lack of pasturage they condemn the "new fangled fixins" and tell me that their father or grandfather, as the case may be, used to get a washtub of honey every fall. I say, dear brother you must remember that in your father's or grandfather's time where you are now growing Jersey sweets, watermellons, etc., your ancestors were grubbing new grounds or had acres of buckwheat, and now tell me where you can find an acre of buckwheat or new ground to grub. Our section is pretty well cleared and there are but few meadows for bee forage. Our honey flow is very short. We get no surplus at all except from white clover and none from it after June 20th. I have charge of several yards in a circle of seven miles in which I furnish supers and sections and do all the work for one-half of surplus honey. One yard is located at or near head of tide water, giving a large scope of meadow for forage. I always depend on getting surplus honey from it. I think this year 35 lbs. from each hive was the best I got from them. Some did not give any surplus at all. Fifteen lbs. was the best I got from this years' swarms in that yard. My home yard did not do as well. I think none of my yards in town gave me over 15 lbs. except a young swarm hived about June 11th, which gave me 30 lbs. surplus, thus filling up the body of hive (Simplicity) and making 30 lbs. surplus in 9 days. (This queen was superceeded by firtle worker in 7 weeks after hiving). I never saw a brighter outlook for a big yield than the spring of '97, but cold rains and cold nights brought us the end of the season with but a fair crop of comb honey. I only extract my seconds and broken boxes, and sell all honey in home market at 15c per box or 7 lbs. for $1.00. Yet notwithstanding the cold nights and cold rains '97 has been the best honey season for years, and from appearances now the bees are going into winter quarters with plenty of stores to begin business in '98. I do not know of any pure Italian bees for miles, except my home yard, into which I introduced Italians this summer after the honey flow was over, and from the way they are working and the blacks loafing at present time I do not think I shall own a black bee this time in '98.

Woodstown, N. J.

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How Long do Bees Live?

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent wishes me to tell the readers of the American Bee Keeper how long bees live, as he has a friend who says they live to be one or two years old, and he does not believe it. He is quite right in not believing that bees live for years, and almost any one can prove that such is not the case in less than two two months during the summer season. I have several times conducted experiments along this line to see if I could arrive at the truth in the matter. Before any of the yellow races of bees came to our shores this was a matter hard to determine, but with their advent, all became plain, for we now had a chance to determine which were the old bees, and which were young, by their color. The experiments which I have tried were as follows: Take a black colony of bees, and about the first to tenth of June, or when honey comes in freely, introduce an Italian queen into it. In twenty-one days the last black bee will have hatched and the first Italian put in an appearance, providing the Italian queen commences to lay as soon as she is put in the hive, as she will do if she is introduced by some plan of direct introduction. Now mark this date on the hive and it will be found that on the forty-sixth day from that time, nothing but Italian bees can be found in the hive. At forty days a goodly number or black bees will be seen going in and out at the entrance, but on the forty-fourth day only now and then one can be seen, so that we may safely say that forty-five days is the length of a bee's life in the working season. Bees wear out, or die of old age, just in proportion to the labor they perform, and so it happens that what holds good with them in the busy season does not apply at all in the fall and winter months when they go into a state of repose or partial hibernation, such as the apiarist calls a "quiescent" state. We now find that a bee lives from fall to spring, or to be more exact, if we incroduce an Italian queen into a colony of black bees during the forepart of September we shall find some black bees in this hive on the first of the next June, if the colony winters well, thus showing that during the winter season bees live eight months. Because bees swarm in June or July, many seem to think that this comes on account of the old bees having lived to this time, to which is added the numerous hatching young bees of this season of the year. This is a mistake for the bees which have been wintered over are now dying faster than any other time, if they are not already all dead. Swarming comes from the reason that the queen can, and does, lay many times more eggs at one season of the year than she does at another. In May she begins to lay prolificly, so that by June first she is laying from two to three thousand eggs every twenty-four hours.

These eggs stay in this form for three days when they hatch out into little larva, which are now abundantly fed so that in six days they fill the cell, when they are sealed over and hid from view for the next twelve days, when the now perfect bee bites its way out of the cell. This bee is scarcely out of its cell before the bees clean the cell out so it is ready for the queen to lay in again, which she immediately does. Thus we see that it takes only twenty-one days for the queen to get one generation of bees on the stge of action, while they are forty-five days in dying off. This gives us two and one-seventh generations reared to where one dies off, consequently the hive becomes so populous when the queen does her best, that swarming is the result. As fall comes on, the queen ceases her egg laying to an extent only sufficient to keep the population of the hive good, hence there are no more bees therein than is necessary for the welfare of the colony during the winter. One other item of interest right here, which is, that if we watch this hive in which we were testing the age of bees in June, we will find that the first yellow bee which we see at the entrance will take its flight on the afternoon of the sixth day after it was hatched, if the weather is plesant, thus showing that all of the bees are hatched stay in the hive till they are six days old when they are in a normal condition. If we continue to watch we shall find that the next day there are more of these yellow bees sporting in front of the hive at this time of day, which number increases until the sixteenth day, yet on no day so far have we seen any of these yellow bees leaving the hive and returning in the early part of the day or later in the afternoon, while the black laborers are as busy then as at any other time of the day. This shows, that unless forced to do so by some interference of man, that no bee is a gatherer of honey till sixteen days old, for the flights which we have seen these yellow bees enjoying in the afternoon are what the apiarist calls "the young bees out for a play-spell, and to mark their location." On the forenoon of the sixteenth day the first yellow bee is loaded, which shows us that if we would receive the most profit from our bees we must have eggs for those bees laid at least thirty-seven days before the honey harvest. Again, if we watch the morning of the fourteenth or fifteenth day, we shall see only black bees going in and out of the entrance, yet if we remove the cover and look in the surplus arrangement, we shall see only yellow bees or mostly bees of that color at work there. This shows that the young bees are the inside workers of the hive, which build the comb, store the honey, etc. This also shows that the bees which collect the honey do not deposit the same in the cells, so that all entrances by which the bees may go direct from the field into surplus arrangement are superfluous, even although many think otherwise. By thus knowing the age of the bees and the time it takes from the laying of the egg to the time the bee goes into the field as a laborer; then applying the whole to our location, so as to have the greatest amount of laborers at the time of the honey harvest, we become masters of the situation.

Borodino, N. Y.

Bees and Fire.

BY SKYLARK.

There is one peculiarity in bees that I never saw mentioned in books or papers. I am the first, sole, and original inventor of it and claim precedence over all others.

About ten years ago a neighbor's horses got into the apiary and upset two hives. After securing the horses I went back to " fix " up the hives. Both of them were lying on their sides, with the lids or covers near by. The first thing I did was to smoke both hives thoroughly. This was no funny job, as the bees were enraged to madness, and blamed the whole calamity on me! In vain I protested my innocence again and again. I tell you when a bee gets a sharp pointed idea into his head—especially a fighting idea—it sticks there and no amount of argument will do any good. The fact is I don't believe a bee, especially the worker, has any reason at all. No! No more than a mule.

Well, I placed the smoker (a Clark) on the next hive and went to work to " fix up " the fallen ones. It was in September and the grass was "high and dry" through the apiary, for there was no honey that year, and it was not trodden down as it is in good years.

All at once I heard a crackling noise behind me, and looking round me I discovered a blazing patch as big as your breakfast table—if you have any. I at once rushed to the bushes to get boughs to fight the fire, but before I got back it was entirely beyond my control. In my flight I had lost my hat, but would not stop to pick it up. Thus in my shirt sleeves and bare headed I fought the fire for two long hours, confining my efforts to saving the hives.

The fire first swept northwards and burned out the lower part of the apiary, but the wind changing it swept back through the upper part and thus the whole apiary was ablaze. During the last hour I was assisted by a neighbor's boy. During all this time not a bee offered to sting—not one that I could discover left the hives. Those that were out hurried home—for the hills were on fire on three sides of us—and amidst the blazing grass and dense volumes of smoke entered their homes. I lost six colonies and had some fifteen hives more or less injured. Two of these last had the entire back end burned out of them, but the bees were safe! One would think that terror stricken in their blazing homes they would rush forth and sting to death even a cast iron hay stack. But no! there they stuck all those terrible two hours! Only a few guards appeared on the alighting boards, and stood—aye nobly stood at their posts of duty—until they were literally burned into a crisp. Verily, "they died with their boots on."

That taught me a lesson. Every year since that I have burned out my apiary at night, when there is no wind, and before the grass gets too dry, burning up pretty close to the hives. Not a bee has ever taken wing or attempted to sting. The hives are eight feet apart in the row, with a twelve foot street between them. Sometimes we have had a blazing fire fifty feet long in these streets, but have never been molested. Never wear veils at such times. Has any one ever had the same experience, or is this trait peculiar to my unrivaled bees?

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal.)

KEEPING EMPTY COMBS, AND COMBS FILLED WITH POLLEN.

1. I have five colonies run to extracting. They have filled their supers, and I have extracted them and put them back The harvest is past. How long must I leave the frames with the bees to keep the moth away? And what would you do with them in winter? The bees are wintered in the cellar; the brood-frames are packed with brood, and not 10 pounds of honey in the brood-chamber. I want to feed sugar syrup for winter. How soon could I take the supers away, and where would you put them? Would it do to put them upstairs? I have never seen bees breeding as much at this time of the year. There is very little honey coming in. There is no buckwheat near me; so not much prospect for a fall flow.

2. Will combs filled with pollen keep all right through the winter, away from the bees? Would the bees use it in early spring?

New York.

Answers: 1. The longer frames are left with the bees the safer the combs are, so long as warm weather lasts, but there is not likely to be any trouble if they are taken away when it begins to get cool, say towards the last of September. To make more sure, you might hang them pretty well apart. They may be kept upstairs, or in any dry place through the winter, better where they will freeze, for hard freezing will kill any young wax-worms that may be present. About as good a place as any is to keep them right out-doors, making sure that mice cannot get at them. Make sure that no honey is left in them. To this end it may be well to take them from the bees earlier than you otherwise would do, even taking them off as soon as this reaches you, and setting them out where the bees can get at them. If left on the hives the bees will not empty them entirely of honey, sometimes, whereas they will be promptly cleaned out if placed where they are public plunder. If the least honey is left in the combs, it will granulate, and that will have a bad effect on the honey stored in them next year.

2. If not kept in a damp, moldy place, the pollen will be all right for the bees to use next spring.

(From Progressive Bee Keeper).

SWARMING, MARKETING HONEY ETC,

BY J. W. ROUSE.

Perhaps it has been a long time, if ever such a honey season occurred before, and I suppose that all or most of the supply dealers have now a broad grin on their face, this being the best honey season so far that I have ever noticed. But after all, there are many beekeepers who have only got a large increase of bees, instead of honey. Many seem to not know what to do to obtain honey instead of letting the bees swarm. Swarming may not always be controlled or prevented, but early in the season when the honey flow first commences, if the bees are induced to go to work in the surplus department, instead of getting ready to swarm they may be made to do so, and thus secure a good crop of honey. Small hives and the surplus room not being prepared in good time, will induce the bees to swarm excessively in a good honey season.

I run my apiary for extracted honey. At the beginning of the honey flow, having extracted combs, I give them to the bees, and so get them to work. I have only had about twenty per cent. increase, while many around me have had 100 or more per cent. increase. But I have got honey to show for my work in the apiary, while others have bees.

I now have my apiary in good trim for the fall flow when it starts, and I am looking for a good one. The bees are now getting a good living, and some perhaps storing a little. This keeps up brood rearing so as to have a large force for the fall flow.

If I were working for section or comb honey, I would bait sections, even if I had to prepare them, to get the bees to go to work early in them. The careful apiarist can very materially help in the honey crop, if he will work the bees in the right way.

While there will be a good honey crop this season, I would advise honey producers not to demoralize the honey market by rushing their honey to market too early. And also be careful about shipping honey to parties not known. In fact, I have always managed to find sale for my crop of honey around home. I would rather give my neighbors the benefit of low prices than to ship my honey, and be compelled then to take a low price. Of course more honey may be secured in some localities than one can find a demand for, but there are very many people who seldom, if ever, get any honey to eat. So with push, one may dispose of a good crop. A good article is very likely to find customers, for it is delicious, and people want it.

Mexico, Mo.

(From Bee Keepers Review.)

HOW TO SELL HONEY NEAR HOME AT GOOD PRICES.

BY FRED H. LOUCKS.

I am more and more impressed as to the necessity of disposing of our honey near home as the best and surest way of maintaining prices, and the good of all concerned. I am sure that nine-tenths of all the beekeepers could get more money out of their honey if only they would drum up a home trade instead of shipping to a congested centre, saying nothing of dishonest commission merchants.

My comb honey is all put into three grades, according to the following rules: No. 1 White, straight, clean, nicely capped and filled boxes. retail selling price, 14c.; in large lots, not less than 100 pounds, 12½c. No. 2, slightly colored, corners not filled or capped and small imperfections of the comb, retails at 12½c. No. 3, dark, crooked, half filled or half capped, retail price, 10c. I have private customers enough to take all of grades 2 and 3 at my house. Now grade No. 1 in nice, clean crates, with paper under each layer of sections, so there can be no dripping of honey inside, or out of the crate. Drum the grocery trade first. and if you strike a man who will take 200 pounds, or contract for 100 or 200 pounds, sell to him, allowing a discount, which you can afford to do on an order of that size. I usually allow 1½c per pound on such size lots for cash. All other lines of trade give discounts to heavy buyers, why should not the honey trade? If you succeed in getting an order from one of the best grocers, then go to his competitor and tell him Mr. So-and-so has bought 200 pounds of honey of you at 12½c. cash, talking to him as a drummer should, and the chances are that you will get a duplicate order from him, as he must furnish his customers the same article at the same price. If you cannot get sales started in this way leave crates with two or three reliable grocers, seeing that they keep them in a prominent place where peeple entering the stores will be sure to see it, and you will soon get a trade started.

As to the lower grades, if you have not a market already established for them, I believe the best way is to peddle them the first year, for these are the grades that sell most readily to the country people. Load fifty pounds each of Nos. 2 and 3, also one case of No. 1. and as much extracted honey, on your road wagon and start out early in the morning through a section where good, thrifty farmers live and you will not be disappointed when night comes. These peddling trips will advertise your honey more than any other way I know of, and people will come year after year to your house to get these grades of honey, expecting to get a dollar's worth of 10 or 12½c. comb, and the same with the extracted.

To my mind most beekeepers should raise both comb and extracted honey. I usually have rather more extracted than comb. That which is not sold direct to the consumer in bulk at 10c. per pound is put up in Mason's improved fruit cans, pints in size, and nicely labeled and crated in the same boxes the cans came in from the manufacturer. These boxes hold one dozen, and I sell them to the grocers at $2.40 per dozen in small lots, and give a discount on large orders. At $2.40 per dozen the honey nets the producer nearly or quite 10c. if the cans were bought right.

In conclusion I would say, produce a fancy article, put it on the market in a neat, tasty package, so that it will be taking to the eye; then push it, advertise it, let people know you have honey to sell, impress them that your honey is fine—that they can depend upon its purity and quality every time and make it your legal tender whenever possible. What is most essential is brains, energy and push, the very same elements that make other lines of business succ ssful. These put into your home market will produce results you never dreamed of.

Lowville, N. Y.

(From Bee Keepers Record).—(British).

ABOUT BEES AND BEE-KEEPING.

BEGINNING WITH DRIVEN BEES.

During the last few weeks I have been paying my usual annual visit to the homes of the busy bee, and in my wanderings am more than ever struck with the number of folks one meets who are just about to commence bee keeping in earnest. Many of them have been "skeppists" for years, but are now about to start with a frame-hive; others hardly know what a bee is, but they intend 'going in for bees;" while some intend to get a few skeps, just to get their hands in and see what it is like before venturing out of their depth. This is so far good, but in the majority of cases it would be well before venturing on the new departure to go into the pros and cons in order to understand what we are about to do and that a good and proper start may be made. It may seem to the uninitiated rather beginning at the wrong end of the season to make a commencement now, but there is, in my opinion, no better time to do so than the month of September, and provided no time is lost in the matter. All that is necessary is a good, sound hive, six or seven frames of comb, and five or six pounds of driven bees. These can be got cheap at this time, and if hived on just as many frames of comb as they will cover, and fed, slowly at first—until the queen has begun to lay freely—and afterwards rapidly till at least 20 lb. of food is stored. When this preliminary work has been got through the bees must be wrapped up carefully for the winter, and if the job is well done the chances are they will make a capital stock next spring, and one which will give a good monetary return the first year. I consider this to be a cheaper way to start than waiting until spring for swarms which can only be had when the season is rapidly advancing. Besides the certainty of a honey return from a swarm is entirely problematical, and dependent on the season. Driven bees should be hived either late in the evening or early in the morning, and if they have travelled a distance let them rest awhile in a cool, dark place, and give a little warm syrup just before hiving. The one great objection to driven bees is that the queen is likely to be old, though probably good enough to produce a prosperous colony the following year Therefore, and to guard against failure in this respect, ten days or a fortnight after hiving examine the combs for brood, and if it is seen that the queen has laid in four or five of the combs it may reasonably be assumed that her ovipositing powers are still vigorous. If, however. but few eggs or brood are found, the sooner she is replaced the better.

Many readers—especially in rural districts—will no doubt have the opportunity of driving bees for themselves, but although this is an easy operation to those accustomed to it, "driving" expeditions should not be heedlessly entered upon until experience has been gained. In fact, on no account should they be undertaken by the uninitiated. As I have already said, nothing appears simpler than to drum the bees from skep to skep, but unless great care is taken, and a knowledge of the exigencies which may arise be constantly borne in mind, serious upsets may arise, especially in large apiaries, and in places contiguous to houses and highways; upsets not seldom leading to utter disorganistion and disturbance, but to bees and humans, which it may take days to quell. In driving bees the operator must be cool and take matters quietly. One of the main points is to have at hand everything that may be needed *before* touching the bees which are to driven. The operation is so simple when once its elements are grasped that failure seldom occurs, unless through inaptitude or forgetfulness. Smoke the bees moderately only, and give them time to gorge with honey before inverting the skep. Be sure, also, to have an empty skep at hand to place on the old stand when the full one is removed for driving, to catch the flying bees. Do the driving as far away as possible from where the hive originally stood. My own plan is to place the skep, into which the bees have been driven, on the original stand without throwing them out; removing the one placed there temporarily. I find this answer well after considerable experience in driving bees.

When the bees are driven, cut out the combs of honey from the old skep yourself, taking care that no bees are left either in the honey or in the depleted skep, when the latter is taken indoors. Cottagers who allow their bees to be driven are usually poor folks, and so it is usual to pay a trifle for the bees; this helps matters, makes things pleasant, and is an inducement to skep beekeepers in humble circumstances not to sulpher the bees—a habit still practised in many parts, even in these days.

(From American Bee Journal.)

PRACTICAL BEE-KEEPING WITH LEAST ATTENTION.

BY E. H. COLLINS.

(*A talk to the Indiana State Bee-Keepers' Association*)

My text implies that bees need some attention. Let us bear in mind, however, that Nature in bee keeping, as in other branches of farming, does the lion's share of the work; that we simply guide her efforts in our channels and aid the bees mechanically. Remember the bees do pretty well without us; and we can give them much time or little time, as our other business may dictate.

If we become familiar with their instincts, we can tell by general appearances what their condition is, and avoid frequent manipulation of the hives.

A large apiarist in Michigan once said to a visiting bee-keeper, that "those six or eight colonies you see in that corner of the yard have not had their brood-chambers opened for several years, and they give me lots of surplus."

If the queen becomes infertile they will supersede her. If she is killed they will rear another.

When I was a young man I once worked for a man whose wife kept bees, and I ate of the honey just as much as I thought I could eat and not appear ill-bred. And I have often thought that in almost any family group, say of two or three households, there is one or more who has both tact and taste enough to care for bees, and to delight in the management of the busy little workers.

Allow me to give you my first experience. I raised a comb cautiously and slowly, expecting them to be vicious and ready for war, but was both surprised and pleased to see every one walk slowly about the comb as though they were not the least disturbed. At that moment I became master of the situation. If you will follow a few simple rules relating to their instinct, they will be easily handled, and will become your pets and your delight.

Now, suppose it is March, and a balmy day, and you have four colonies of bees. If you lift the back of the hive you can tell if they have plenty of food, and if they seem numerous you need not bother them. But if they need food place a comb of honey from last year, or a comb of syrup in the brood-chamber. Then let them alone, packed warm till June. Prepare the supers with sections and starters of light foundation some rainy day.

The first week or ten days of June you may walk by the strongest colony and turn back the corner of the cloth, and if they are not whitening the upper edges of the combs with new comb, you can go to your plowing. But if they are, you must put on two supers of sections right away. It only takes one-half minute to do this, looking to one hive every day during the first of June.

If the sections are on and half filled, you should lift the supers and place a new one under, and go about your plowing.

If working for extracted honey, you simply place the upper story on full of empty combs, and go your way rejoicing. But if they swarm you should hive the swarm in a new hive on the old stand, and give them the sections from the parent colony. Don't put any empty combs in the brood-chamber in the new hive. Give only full combs and frames with starters.

When your honey season is over you can take it some day if you wish, but if for home use I would leave it on the hive. It gets a little travel-stained, but has a richer hive-flavor, and is always new and fresh tasting. When winter comes, take it off and close the bees down in the brood chamber; place some inverted wooden butter dishes over them; see that they have plenty of honey by lifting the back end of the hive, and cover with ducking, fill the top box with clover chaff, and let them go till March. Be sure that mice can't get into the hive.

You need a few tools about the apiary---smoker and a veil for four or five colonies. I roll up carpet paper for my smoker.

There is no reason why most of the families of Indiana should not thus with a little care and tact enjoy the richest luxury the sweet world can afford.

(From Southland Queen.)

POISON HONEY.

BY L. STACHELHAUSEN.

A question very much discussed in the last year is: "Do bees gather poisonous honey?" I would rather express the question in a somewhat different form, because it is a well-known fact that bees, under certain circumstances, will gather poisoned sweets. The question should read: "Do bees gather poisonous nectar, or, will they prepare poisonous honey out of pure nectar of any poisonous plant?"

In my practice of many years I have never heard nor read of a single approved case that the bees had gathered poisonous honey from the nectar of any plant. I never observed any poisonous honey in my apiaries; nevertheless I know my bees gathered honey from the following poisonous plants in Germany: Daphne, Mezerum, Atropa Belladonna and Euphorbia. Here in Texas are hundreds of acres of mountain laurels quite close to my home-apairy, and the bees gather honey from these plants nearly every year, but I never had any poison honey. More than this, I know of one approved case where little children eat a large quantity of this mountain laurel honey without any bad consequences.

I do not know the scientific name of this mountain laurel, but I believe it is the same as is growing in Mexico and Dr. W. M. Stell was experimenting with. The bush is blooming in early spring and in some years so abundantly that the whole plant seems covered with bouquets of violets and the flowers have the same odor as the violets, but so much stronger that it sometimes causes headache.

According to this experience I am of the opinion that no nectar of any plant, not even of a poisonous plant, will ever be poisonous---quite contrary to Dr. Stell's opinion.

While Dr. Stell takes, without proof, that the nectar necessarily contains the same alkaloid as the sap of the plant, I think it is not necessarily so. The nectar is secreted by gland-like organs, consequently another composition as the sap of the plant; it may contain the same allkaloid but it is necessarily so.

Now, we know, that all plants secreting nectar need the aid of insects for fertilization and these insects are mainly attracted by the nectar. If this nectar should be poisonous it would be quite against the purpose of the whole organ, and the plant would die out sooner or later.

A few days ago I read in a German bee paper another confirmation of my experience. In the "Lagomaggiore," Italy, is an isle called the "Isola Bella" and there grows (introduced from America) 1734 Kalmia Lostifolia and from this plant (a mountain laurel) the bees gather honey but nobody has found it poisonous.

That persons sometimes become ill after eating honey may be traced to a variety of causes. In very rare cases the bees may have gathered poisoned sweets, (poisoned by accident or purposely) In other instances a person will become ill after eating honey which would be healthy to any other person. I know a lady who cannot eat even a small quantity of honey without feeling indisposed. The same was the case when she ate cakes containing honey, though she was ignorant of their ingredients.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1897 will remain as follows:

	No 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as are charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1897 catalog which is now ready, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

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We will send the American Bee-Keeper with the—

	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
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Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

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THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER,
FALCONER, N. Y.

☞Subscribers finding this paragraph marked with a blue cross will know that their subscripiton expires with this number. We hope that you will not delay in sending a renewal.

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EDITORIAL.

The Fall weather has been so fine almost everywhere, that bees will go into winter quarters generally in good condition. The honey crop for the season has been very satisfactory and while prices are not very high, they are above average. Many bee keepers are holding their stocks until later hoping that the demand for honey will be greater; it is very doubtful however, if better prices can be realized than at present.

Elsewhere we print the constitution of the United Bee Keepers' Union and some proposed changes. Every one of our readers should join the New Union. It is far superior in every way to all previous organizations of a similar character.

Through the kindness of Mr. Frank Benton, we are in receipt of proof sheets of Bulletin No. 59, Department of Agriculture, entitled "Bee Keeping," by Mr. Benton who is assistant etomologist in the department at Washington. It is written in Mr. Benton's usual interesting and intelligent way and will doubtless prove to be of great value in the spreading of bee keeping. It will reach many, who, though intelligent and progressive agriculturists, fruit growers, dairymen, etc., knows little or nothing of modern methods in this specialty.

In our next number and subsequent ones we will give some extracts from it.

T. F. Bingham said at his State Convention that the only objection he had against the Solar Extractor, was that it would'nt work on Sunday. Now, the fact is, it is the only extractor that will work on Sunday without the bee keeper works with it. We would tell Bro. Bingham to put all his stuff in the Solar on Saturdny night, also fill the revolving machine and see which comes out ahead on Monday morning. The Solar is the "*best on earth*" to work on Sunday and it will go it alone too, every time. We hope T. F. don't hanker after work on Sunday!

Owing to press of other business we are somewhat late in getting out the BEE KEEPER this month. We will try to have it out more promptly hereafter. It is our intention to have it ready to mail not later than the 10th of each month.

The New Union's Constitution.

The New Union's Constitution was somewhat overhauled at the recent Buffalo convention; or perhaps we would better say that certain amendments were recommended, the same to be approved or rejected at the time of the annual election to be held in December. But before giving the suggested changes, we here show the New Union's Present Constitution:

ARTICLE I.—Name.

This organization shall be known as the United States Bee Keepers' Union.

ARTICLE II.—Objects.

Its objects shall be to promote and protect the interests of its members; to defend them in their lawful rights; to enforce laws against the adulteration of honey; to prosecute dishonest honey commission-men; and to advance the pursuit of bee-culture in general.

ARTICLE III.—Membership.

Sec. 1.—Any person may become a member upon the payment of a membership fee of one dollar annually to the Secretary or General Manager on or before the first day of January of each year, except as provided in Section 8 of Article VI of this constitution.

ARTICLE IV.—Ofeicers.

Sec. 1.—The officers of this Union shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Board of Directors which shall consist of a General Manager and six Directors. whose terms of office shall be for one year, or until their successors are elected and qualified; and the Director, aside from the General Manager, receiving the largest number of votes shall be chairman of the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE V.—Election of Officers.

Sec. 1.—The President, Vice-President and Secretary shall be elected by ballot by a majority of the members present at each annual meeting of the Union, and shall constitute the Executive Committee.

Sec. 2.—The General Manager and the Board of Directors shall be elected by ballot during the month of December of each year by a majority of the members voting; blank Postal Card ballots for this purpose, accompanied by a full list of the membership, shall be mailed to each member by the General Manager; and said ballots shall be returned to a committee of two members, who shall be appointed by the Executive Committee, whose names and postoffice address shall be sent to the General Manager by said Executive Committee on on before the 15th of November preceding the election. Said committee of two shall count the ballots and certify the result to the General Manager during the first week in January.

ARTICLE VI.—Duties of Officers.

Sec. 1.—*President.* It shall be the duty of the President to preside at the annual meeting of the Union; and to perform such other duties as may devolve upon the presiding officer.

Sec. 2.—*Vice-President.* In the absence of the President the Vice-President shall perform the duties of the President.

Sec. 3.—*Secretary.* It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings of the annual meeting; to receive membership fees; to furnish the General Manager with the names and postoffice address of those who become members at the annual meeting; to pay to the Treasurer of the Union all moneys left in his hands after paying the expenses of the annual meeting; and to perform such other duties as may be required of him by the Union; and he shall receive such sum for his services, not exceeding $25, as may be granted by the Board of Directors.

SEC. 4.—*General Manager.* The General Manager shall be Secretary of the Board of Directors, and shall keep a list of the names of members with their postoffice address; receive membership fees, and be Treasurer of this Union. He shall give a bond in such amount, and with such conditions as may be required and approved by the Board of Directors, for the faithful performance of his duties, and perform such other services as may be required of him by the Board of Directors, or by this constitution.

SEC. 5.—At the time of sending the ballots to the members for the annual election of the Board of Directors, he shall also send to each member a statement of the financial condition of the Union, and a report of the work done by said Board of Directors.

SEC. 6—The Board of Directors shall pay the General Manager such sum for his services as said Board may deem proper, but not to exceed 20 per cent. of the receipts of the Union. Said Board shall meet at such time and place as it may decide upon.

SEC. 7.—*Board of Directors.* The Board of Directors shall determine what course shall be taken by the Union upon any matter presented to it for consideration, that does not conflict with this constitution; and cause such extra, but equal, assessments to be made on each member as may become necessary, giving the reason to each member why such assessment is required; provided that not more than one assessment shall be made in any one year, and not to an amount exceeding the annual membership fee, without a majority vote of all the members of the Union.

SEC. 8.—Any member refusing, or neglecting, to pay said assessment as required by the Board of Directors shall forfeit his membership, and his right to become a member of the Union for one year after said assessment becomes due.

ARTICLE VII.—FUNDS.

SEC. 1.—The funds of this Union may be used for any purpose that the Board of Directors may consider for the interest of its members, and for the anvancement of the pursuit of bee-culture.

ARTICLE VIII.—VACANCIES.

Any vacancy occurring in the Board of Directors may be filled by the Executive Committee; and any vacancy occurring in the Executive Committee shall be filled by the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IX.—MEETINGS.

The Union shall hold annual meetings at such time and place as shall be agreed upon by the Executive Committee, who shall give at least 60 days' notice in the bee-periodicals, of the time and place of meeting.

ARTICLE X.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be altered or amended by a majority vote of all the members, provided notice of said alteration or amendment has been given at a previous annual meeting.

Secretary Mason has written out the changes proposed at Buffalo, and forwarded them to us for insertion in these columns. He presents them as follows:

Mr. Editor:—At the recent meeting of the United States Bee-Keepers' Union, held in Buffalo, N. Y., the following amendments to the Constitution were proposed by A. B. Mason, in accordance with Article X of the Constitution:

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES RECOMMENDED

That Article III, Section 1, be amended so as to read: "Any person who is in accord with the purpose and aim of this Union, and will work in harmony with the same, may become a member by payment of one dollar annually to the General Manager or Secretary; and said membership shall expire at the end of one year from the time of said payment, except as provided in Section 8 of Article VI of this Constitution."

That Article IV be so amended as to read: SECTION 1.—The officers of this Union shall be a President, a Vice-President, Secretary, and a Board of Directors, which shall consist of a General Manager and six Directors whose term of office shall be for three years, or until their successors are elected and qualified, except that the term of office of the two Directors having received the smallest number of votes at the time of voting for Directors in March, 1897, shall expire Dec. 31, 1897; and that the term of office of the two Directors having received the next largest number of votes at the said time of voting shall expire Dec. 31. 1898; and that the term of office of the two Directors having received the largest number of votes at the said time of voting shall expire Dec. 31, 1899."

"SECTION 2,—The Board of Directors shall choose their own chairman."

That Section 5 of Article V be amended so as to read: "The General Manager and two Directors to succeed the two whose term expires each year, shall be elected by ballot during the month of December of each year by a majority vote of the members voting; and the Board of Directors shall prescribe how all votes of the members shall be taken."

That the words "at the annual meeting," in Section 3 of Article VI be substituted by the words, "Whenever requested by him; to make a report at the annual meeting of the Union and whenever requested to do so by the Board of Directors, of all money received and paid out by him since the last annual meeting."

That Section 5 of Article VI be amended so as to read: "At the time of sending the ballots to the members for the annual election, he shall send to each member a list of the names of all members, and an itemized statement of all receipts and expenditures of the funds of the Union by the Board of Directors and a report of the work done by said Board of Directors."

That the words "altered or," in Article X, be erased.

A. B. MASON, *Sec.*

The amendments are now before the New Union's members as they will be presented to be voted upon later on. As all of them were almost unanimously approved at Buffalo, they will doubtless be adopted and become a part of the Constitution in December.

IN THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS.

As the result of the development of our public school system and the cheapening of books, there has grown up a large class of men and women who seek broader education or desire to extend their knowledge along special lines. Their duties in life, or lack of means, exclude them from the universities. The "Cosmopolitan Magazine" has undertaken the task of bringing liberal education, in its broadest sense, within the reach of those who have the aspiration, but are deprived of the opportunity. Doctor Andrews, late of Brown University, has undertaken the Presidency of "The Cosmopolitan's" educational movement. The work, thus begun, is not intended to take the place of regular university work, but to supply a gap in existing educational facilities. Those who are really in search of knowledge will find direction and aid. It can do nothing for those who have not the desire to study. An intending student sends to "The Cosmopolitan," New York, his name, occupation, previous courses of study, studies desired to be pursued, objects and purpose for which course is designed, and the number of hours, daily or weekly, study which can be given. No charges of any kind will be made to students.

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Demorest's Magazine for November presents an interesting and practical article on China Painting, which will solve for many the perplexing question of "What to give for Christmas." Excellent designs are furnished, with instructions for the use of color.

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MOLASSES AS A FUEL.

The lower grades of molasses have proved unsalable at any price. Many Louisiana planters dumped molasses into the bayous, until the authorities forbade it. It is now used as a fuel, being sprinkled by a machine over the bogasse, or the sugar-cane from which the juice has been extracted. This, when put into the fire, burns with a strong heat. Its coal value is greater than its value for any other use, and over a hundred thousand tons were so used last year. —William George Jordan in October Ladies' Home Journal.

The Mississippi Floods.

There is much speculation in regard to the cause of the Mississippi floods, which are more frequent and destructive as the years roll on. Landscape gardeners who have to do with ponds, lakes and small streams have learned that the earth brought down practically narrows the conduits and outlets. There is not the room for the same volume of water as there originally was. The immense volume of earth carried to the mouth of the Mississippi annually practically raises the high water mark. Therefore, unless some method of jettying by which the waste earth can be carried farther from the mouth channel or some new additional outlet be formed, the danger must increase as the years roll on.—Meehan's Monthly.

It Suited Von Moltke.

Once, while traveling, Moltke, the German general, came to Zurich and walked to the hotel. As the head waiter saw his gaunt figure stalking in, wrapped in a wornout, dusty cloak, carrying an old leather satchel, he measured his wealth by his looks and ordered the assistant to show him to a small room in the uppermost story. Moltke followed without remonstrance. As he was making himself comfortable in the attic another assistant came, as is customary there, to ask the silent stranger his name and rank. These created no small consternation in the office of the hotel. The consequence was that a few minutes later mine host, with a retinue of "kellner," all in full dress, appeared at the attic door to inform his excellency that a better room had just been vacated in the "belgate." "Give that to my servant," replied Moltke, "when he comes with our carriage. This is good enough for me." And he remained.—Berlin Letter.

The Wisdom of Kruger.

A golfer in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree, they decided to let President Kruger arbitrate. He said to the eldest, "You are the eldest, are you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "So you shall divide the property." This pleased the elder immensely. "You are the youngest," continued Kruger to the other, "so you shall have first choice."—Golf.

"WHERE NEITHER MOTH NOR RUST CORRUPT."

If peradventure in the years to be
You come, O child, to narrower needs of me
As the world widens to you—even although
Life touch you with indifference as you go—
No longer hand in hand and heart to heart,
Should we be borne apart,
Thrust far asunder in the hurrying press,
Even so I shall not fare companionless.
Amid the last late loiterers wandering slow,
With wearied, equable pace,
The solace of the sunset on my face—
The sunset spacious and low—
With tired feet in the dew,
Lifting mine eyes where you
Far in the forefront of the pageant ride,
Mailed in the splendors of your strength and pride,
You—yet another you,
Yourself as verily—leans his cheek to mine,
Lilts inarticulate eloquence divine
With babbling call and coo.

The small down vestured head,
Golden and faint,
Pale as the aureole of a child saint,
Dear as a tender thought of one long dead,
The innocent eyes, the sweet
Impetuous little feet—
These, though the world went mourning for your sake,
Not the sheer tomb could take.

The sweet eyes plead, the fluttering hands implore,
The frail arms cling as fondly as before
The strange years worked their will.

Child of my heart, though change and time divide
Me and your later semblance, you abide!
However time may devastate or fulfill,
Safe, incorruptible, shall my treasure hide,
Borne on my breast, light pattering at my side,
The fair ghost linger still.
—Rosamund Marriott Watson in Harper's Magazine.

WHALEN'S LUCK.

Whalen's luck was copious, and it became proverbial. The facts here recorded are but specimen pages from the book of his experience.

When the Consolidated Canal company went into insolvency, its assets consisted of a mortgaged right of way through the sagebrush and several completed but detached sections of a big ditch.

Mr. Brick Whalen, the contractor on section 3, had finished the heavy work there and was preparing to move camp to section 6 when the company went broke. It was, in fact, upon the very day the suspension was posted that Whalen, having had his contract work inspected, took the engineer's certificate up to headquarters to get his check. He received instead a statement that the company was in temporary difficulties and an assurance that it would soon resume.

Whalen had before this worked for shaky corporations. He knew better and lost no time in acting on his knowledge.

"No good howlin over a broken pipe or tryin to save the pieces," he told himself. To his gang of 20 men he said: "B'ys, the company's broke and so am I. I can't pay ye and I can't feed ye. You got to rustle."

"What's the matter with us taking the mules?" said one.

"Them mules and scrapers don't belong to me, as I've often told ye," said Whalen, whose custom it was to refer to a legendary backer. "This ditching outfit is the property of Martin of San Francisco, and any man that meddles with it will get the sheriff after him."

"I'll take one, just the same," said Shorty, "and tell Martin he can have him again when my wages is paid. That's about fair."

A few others took the same view of the equities involved and took mules, to which Whalen made only a wordy resistance. Most of the men were induced to accept orders on the defunct company for the amount due them, payable with large interest. "And if you don't get it very soon the interest will double your money," said Whalen.

When the last man had gone, Whalen went out to the corral and counted the mules. "Forty-one head. That was a pretty close call," said he.

It was late in the season to find another job of scraping, but the mules could not live on sagebrush and were at once started for the railroad. On a small stream where camp was made one night a band of trail sheep was also camped. Whalen eyed them disdainfully.

"I see the beggars eat sage," said he.

"Why, certainly," replied the sheep man. "That's the finest kind of feed for sheep."

"I wish work mules would do that," said Brick. "I never was so near a sheep in my life," he continued. "The smell of 'em a mile away is enough for me. Funny little fellows, and they look some like mules with ears and tails cut off. What do you do with them?"

"Double our money on them every 12 months," was the reply.

No extended description of sheep farming would have impressed the fancy of the veteran mule skinner, but "double your money" was his own familiar phrase for describing any hopeful venture, and on that evening he smoked many pipes of black plug over it. A brute that can thrive on a brush diet and double your money every year is an interesting creature.

At daybreak Whalen was in the sheep camp negotiating a trade of sheep for mules on a basis of 50 to 1 and prepared to accept much less. Three days later he sat in the door of the shack which had long done duty as mess house on section 3 of the canal, as many an evening before he had sat watching the mules come in from water. Tonight there was never a mule in sight. Down the breeze came a pungent odor and a tinkling of little bells. Over the crest of an adjacent hill appeared the flock, browsing on the rank sage.

"They do look some like mules," he soliloquized, "and I'll bet I'm the only Irishman in America ever owned a herd of sheep."

Winter came and passed, and the only Irishman prospered. By roofing in a cut with brush he had commodious sheds, and cross sections of poles divided the broad ditch into as many corrals as he chose. The sheep were fat and carried heavy fleeces.

Whalen had for help two boys who had wandered there and asked for work. He had proposed to hire one of them, but the boys protested that they had never been separated, and that if they got jobs at different ranches "the other one wouldn't know where the other one was," a contingency which they could not abide. So Whalen offered to take the two at the price of one, and on that basis they shared with him the shack, herded the flock and cooked the grub. They soon knew as much or as little about sheep as Brick himself, and the proprietor found opportunity to break the monotony of camp life by occasional trips to the railroad and once to San Francisco.

"I [illegible] to see my friend Martin," he told the boys. "Now, tend to business and don't let any get away." And the boys gave their word that not one should escape.

During Whalen's absence in the city he went out of the sheep business even more abruptly than he went into it the previous autumn. The instruction to the boys was fulfilled to the letter. Not any got away.

It happened on a hot day in June when, contrary to the usual custom, the boys brought the flock to camp and the shade of sheds at noontime. It never rains in that arid region, but sometimes pours. This was one of those times. Charged with ice and water, a great black cloud came drifting down the wind and emptied out its load upon the camp and the hillside above it. The canal, curving around its base, formed an eave trough for the whole mountain and poured several thousand inches of water into Whalen's improvised sheep sheds. The flood very soon subsided, but when the cloud had passed and the sun again shone forth there were no living sheep. Not many minutes are required to drown a rat in a hole.

Meanwhile the boys, greatly frightened by the sudden storm and with no thought for the safety of the flock, were in the shack. The hail pounded and the wind shook it. Water covered the floor.

"Pray, Billy," said the one on the barrel.

"No; you do it," he answered from the table top.

The shack had no window, and with the door closed it was pretty dark in there. When Whalen reached home two hours later, the floor was still wet and the boys were yet roosting on table and barrel, but outside, in the bright sunlight, the ground appeared already almost dry. A solitary goat stood upon the shed roof. He had been among the sheep in the pen.

"You can't keep a good man down any more than you can a goat," was Brick's comment on the catastrophe.

While Whalen was working the boys double time at pulling the wool from the dead sheep he had the happy thought of stocking his ranch with bees. Having money enough from the proceeds of his wool sale to buy 100 stands, he promptly carried the thought into effect.

Again he sat down in the door of his shack to "double his money."

"This is better than sheep," said he, "for they herds themselves. And they are like mules in one thing—you are liable to get hurt if you fool with 'em."

This wave of prosperity broke up as soon as former ones had done, for he had imported a bad case of foul brood, and within a year the hundred swarms had petered out. When we went down there last summer in the interest of a new company which has taken up the work of completing the canal, Whalen gathered the bones out of the old shed in the cut and hauled them to the railroad, where he sold them for fertilizer, realizing enough to buy two more mules. With his four mule team he is at work in the ditch for day's wages. Somewhat grizzled now, and not so brick red of hair and whisker as formerly, he is happy as ever and sanguine that he will double his money.

"Here's hoping" that he may.—G. B. Dunham in San Francisco Argonaut.

Barristers' Fees.

Barristers' fees in England are a variable quantity As viewed in a solicitor's bill of costs they look somewhat mysterious. A barrister's guinea ($5.25) is always £1 3s. 6d. ($5.87); 2 guineas ($10 50) are invariably £2 7d. ($11.75), and so on. This is explained by the fact that he charges a supplementary fee for his clerk at the rate of 2s. 6d. (62 cents) for every guinea he earns. No fee is less than a guinea. An unwritten law, dating from the time when the guinea was a coin of the realm, decrees that barristers must not accept silver. One transgression of this rule is recorded. A somewhat impecunious member of the profession accepted a few shillings as payment from a poor client. He was promptly called before the benchers of the inn to explain. His plea was that if he did not take gold he at least took all the man had got, whereupon he was at once honorably acquitted. It was impossible to cavil at such a worthy upholding of all the traditions of the profession. Like physicians, barristers cannot recover their dues at law. The fee is supposed to be an "honorarium" which was not expected. There is a quaint survival of the alleged sensitiveness of barristers about fees. In their gowns may still be noticed a sort of long, narrow pocket arrangement, hanging down at the back of the left shoulder. Its occupation is gone now, but in the old time it was the recognized receptacle for the guineas which were supposed to be dropped in surreptitiously by the client. Very different is the brazen effrontery of these days, when eminent pleaders will calmly demand their 50 guineas "retainer" to induce them even to look at the proffered brief.—New York Mail and Express.

Saved Against His Will.

Another V. C. of my acquaintance—he is anything but a doctor—once saved a trooper whose horse had been killed. His argument was rather original. The man was on foot, and the enemy—Zulus this time, and they are beautiful fighters—were coming down at a run, and he said very decently that he did not see his way to periling his officer's life by double weighting the only horse there was.

To this his officer answered, "If you don't get up behind me, I'll get off and I'll give you such a licking as you've never had in your life." The man was more afraid of fists than assegais, and the good horse pulled them both out of the scrape. Now, by the regulations an officer who insults or threatens with violence a subordinate of his service is liable to lose his commission and to be declared "incapable of serving the queen in any capacity," but for some reason or other the trooper never reported his superior —Rudyard Kipling in Youth's Companion

The Society of New England Women intends to give an entertainment in November, and the "Mask of History" will be presented The central feature will be the representation of events of general and local American history by the descendants of those makers of the nation who participated in them.

Fit and Faught.

One would have thought this an Americanism, but I find it in Garrick's "Miss In Her Teens," where Tag says to Flash: "Oh, pray let me see you fight! There were two gentlemen fit yesterday." etc. (act 2).

A SECRET.

Sunk deep in a sea,
  A sea of the dead,
Lies a book that shall be
  Never opened or read.

Its sibylline pages
  A secret inclose—
The flower of the ages,
  A rose, a red rose.

That sea of the dead
  Is my soul, and the book
Is my heart, and the red
  Rose the love you forsook
—Julian Hawthorne in Lippincott's.

A DAY OF ROSES.

A scent of roses made Aylmer think of something that was over long ago and that he had almost forgotten. The roses were everywhere in the drawing room he had just entered. They stood in jars on the mantelpiece. Flat bowls held them on tables, and singly in slender vases they were to be seen here and there among the china and the odds and ends of silver and enamel, and delft and marble that filled the dainty room.

Audrey had loved roses. There was one day in the little cottage under the beech trees where Aylmer had spent many an hour that seemed of a sudden passing happy now—one day which he and she had called the day of roses. He had only to shut his eyes—indeed, had not to shut them—to see again the flower strewn room. It was Audrey's birthday, and he had brought her roses. They were in the hamper first in which they had been packed. Ah, Audrey's little cry of delight as she raised the lid and saw them lying softly among their damp leaves! Then they were on trays, two big trays that yet would not hold them, and they overflowed on to the table, where, with their foliage, they lay, a litter of crimson and yellow and green, over which, with caressing touch, leaned Audrey, the sweetest flower of all. He could see her gather up a handful and bury her face amid the petals that were scarcely more delicate than herself. Then there was the seeking of things in which to put them. Every suitable vase and jar and pot the cottage contained was requisitioned, and there were still roses. He had been reminded vaguely of the woman of the sons of the prophets—without calling her all that—and the miraculous pot of oil, for, as with her: "It came to pass when the vessels were full that she said * * * Bring me yet a vessel." And there was no vessel found. Four roses remained over. One of them he must wear. He chose the smallest, an opening bud. The other three Audrey, kissing them first, put into the girdle at her waist.

That was the day of roses, and Aylmer, back from his two years' travel, had forgotten it till a chance scent recalled it and the idyl that had been an incident among incidents in a somewhat thoughtless life.

But he was dreaming, and here was Diana. She came in with an apology and a rustle of silk. She was grieved to have kept him waiting. She put up her face to be kissed; the first time of his dining with her, and not to be there to receive him! But it was inexcusable—inexcusable. She had had an afternoon of delays—just that; delays everywhere. First the tiresome lawyer people, and then the trustees, and at the last moment a young woman from Antoinette's about her trousseau. What a business marriage was, and the fact of having been through it before did not ease matters at all!

Complicated them, Aylmer suggested.

Complicated them, she agreed.

"I'm giving you a lot of trouble, I'm afraid," he said smiling.

There was to be no sentiment in this marriage. Diana had "gold and green forests." Aylmer had spent his gold, and the potential cutting of certain timber at Aylmer's Keep had brought about the engagement. Lady Aylmer had perhaps a hand in the matter, when she asked the comely widow of Fontenbrink Granton of Broad street to the Keep to meet her son.

"All that will have to go," she said one day to Mrs. Granton, and waved her hand toward a wood on the hill.

Mrs. Granton raised her eyebrows.

A day or two later, driving through the wood in question, Mrs. Granton observed a couple of men with notebooks and pencils who saluted the Aylmer carriage as it passed, and she observed Aylmer's face, too, as he returned their salute with a wave of his whip.

Lady Aylmer caught—perhaps sought—her eye and sighed.

That evening Mrs. Granton was the first to come down from dressing, and she strolled out on to the terrace. The sun, setting behind her, shone upon the doomed woods. Gold steeped them. The shorn hill would be an eyesore.

She heard a step on the gravel, and saw Aylmer approaching from the house.

"The prettiest view in England," she said.

He came and stood beside her, and the eyes of each were on the woods.

"I am told you are going to spoil it," she said then.

"For a time."

"A lifetime."

The lady's gaze ascended the hill to the top, where the trees stood up against the sky.

"It seems a pity," she said, and said no more just then.

The gong sounded presently, and they went in. You could see the shining hill from the windows of the dining room. Midway through dinner, as the evening closed in, a servant went to draw the curtains. Mrs. Granton faced the window.

"Oh," she said to Lady Aylmer, "might he wait a little? It is all so beautiful from where I sit."

Lady Aylmer turned and looked, and Aylmer looked too. In truth, the scene was too fair to shut out.

"Leave the curtains as they are, Charles."

"Very good, my lady."

So Mrs. Granton saw the woods to the disappearing point of dusk.

But later the moon rose. Aylmer and she found themselves upon the terrace once more. The night was warm. Mrs. Granton's eyes were on the woods. Their changed aspect in the moonlight was excuse itself for any comment.

"Must you?" she asked suddenly.

He looked for her meaning.

"I!" he said. "I! It is not I."

"Who then? Ah, yes. I understand. They are mortgaged."

Foreclosure was a word she associated with poor plays. Such things happened then! She remembered the two men with the businesslike air and the notebooks.

She laid her arm on the stone ledge of the balustrade.

"There must be a way out," she said. "If I could find it."

An hour or two later, when she took her candle from his hand, she said:

"Look for the way out."

She smiled, and he followed her with his eyes as she mounted the stairs, her skirts trailing and the candle held high. She did not look back at the turn in the staircase. Aylmer, in the smoking room, was ruminant.

It was impossible to mistake her.

Nor did he misunderstand. She said "Yes" when he spoke the next day.

Lady Aylmer said, "Diana, Diana, dear woman, God bless you!"

"Perhaps he will," said Diana.

Now, in her drawing room, the woods saved and his future mortgaged instead, Aylmer took a rapid survey of his life up to the point it had then reached and decided that he had pursued the only course open to him. Neither did he in calmness repent the step he had taken. Diana Granton had not her money alone to recommend her. She was of the world and admirably fitted for the position he offered her. That she was comely has been said, and she took a sensible view of the situation. He was not in love with her, and she was wise enough to conceal from him the secret that her own heart had been revealing to her gradually for some time past.

At dinner that evening she looked at him and knew that she loved him. He looked at Diana and thought of forgotten Audrey.

It was the fault of the roses in the drawing room.

The scent of them haunted him—followed him home. Poor little Audrey! What would she think? But near as he had come to loving her, he had never made love to her and had nothing to reproach himself with, for which now he was fervently thankful. Yet he was not quite happy as his hansom took him to Clarges street. A memory of something that was wistful at times in Audrey's eyes stirred him. The thing was absurd, inconceivable. Her mother, gentle as she was, was a woman of the world and had known that he "meant" nothing. Audrey was a child to caress and pet. It was he who had suffered at the parting. Her tears were the frank tears of childhood and rolled down her cheeks unconcealed.

His misgivings told him that he had done well to go.

He thought of the restlessness that had possessed him during the early days of his travel. It had sent him from place to place. He had written a letter then that was never posted, and had refrained himself until time and distance allowed him to write calmly. Presently the need to write at all ceased and he knew himself cured.

But tonight Audrey haunted him. He could be thankful that he had not made a fool of himself. The girl was not of his world, and he knew the folly of an ill assorted marriage, but she had been very dear to him.

How fair she was! Her face insinuated itself persistently between him and sleep. She must be grown up now—yes, Audrey must be 19. The curves of her slender figure would be rounded and many subtle changes mark the time that had seen the crossing of the border line of womanhood, but she would be the same Audrey that he had known and had been so near to loving.

It was late before he slept. Then Audrey came to him in dreams that had no definite shape. He tried vainly afterward to remember in what guise and to what accompanying circumstances she had appeared to him. He only knew that she had been with him, sleeping as waking, through the night.

The air and the light of day, however, cleared his brain. He spent a morning with Diana, and by the time she was sitting opposite to him at lunch he could view the situation calmly and see that his happiness lay in the direction he was taking. Nor was he consciously selfish.

He parted with Diana and walked homeward. It was a time of roses. The roses in a flower shop caught his attention. They filled the window.

He found himself in the shop. He had been attracted by red roses, yet in the end it was white roses he chose. He believed that he made his choice by hazard, though now he sometimes wonders. It may be that some thought of Audrey's nature influenced him.

He took out a card and paused. What to say? His love? He hesitated and wrote, "For auld lang syne." Then he gave his directions as to the sending and left the shop.

Three days later a letter reached him.

He opened it carelessly, not recognizing the handwriting. His fingers tightened suddenly upon the sheet.

"I put your roses on her heart," wrote her mother, "loose, as they came. She would have loved them so."—Lady's Realm.

An Interesting Reminiscence.

A. Wilder of Newark, N. J., writing to the New York Voice, gives the following reminiscence:

"In the autumn of 1852 the national woman's rights convention was held at Syracuse. I was present and reported the proceedings for the Associated Press. The lights of the cause were present, Lucretia Mott, Paulina Wright Davis, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Ernestine L. Rose, Clarissa Nichols, Martha Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and Antoinette L. Brown. The latter two had recently graduated from Oberlin. Mrs. Mott presided and displayed parliamentary ability and tact of a superior character. Miss Brown evinced her logical ability, Mrs. Rose her characteristic energy, Miss Stone her readiness and grace of delivery. She was the star, but the others supported her well. This, however, is not the point. There was free speech on all sides, and some of it was very free. Several men were far from complimentary, and the defects, the petty spites and other naughtinesses of women were forcefully depicted. One evening a lady whose name I forget took the platform. 'We read,' said she, 'that God made heaven and earth in six days. Then he created man. After that he created woman from one of his ribs. Now, if that one bone of man is so wicked what must the whole of him be?' "

An old cook noted for making the most delicious of loaf cakes was asked her secret for never having a failure and replied: "It's all in the baking. The richer the cake the slower must be the oven."

A woman's journal has been started in Constantinople, in which the doctrine of the equality of the sexes is vigorously advocated.

THE CONTEMPORARY SUITOR.

Time was that Strephon, when he found
  A Chloe to his mind,
Sought not how Dun reported her,
Nor lagged while time distorted her,
But rushed right in and courted her
  As nature had designed.

It's different now. My Lucy, there,
  How gladly would I woo,
But shapes of such monstrosity
Confront with such ferocity
My impecuniosity—
  What is a man to do?

Strephon and Chloe had a hut,
  And, though about the door
The wolf might raise his serenade,
No latter day menagerie bayed
Its warning grim to man and maid,
  "Wed not if ye are poor!"

But I—what monsters must I face
  When I for Lucy sue;
What landlords roaring for their rent,
What troops of duns by grocers sent,
And shapes of want and discontent
  Calamitous to view!

Stay, Lucy, stay! I'm bold and stout.
  I'll rout the grisly crew.
Be constant, love, and hope and wait,
And by the time you're thirty-eight
I may perhaps have conquered fate,
And when I've won the right to mate,
If you're not too much out of date,
  I'll surely mate with you!

—E. S. Martin in Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine.

"WHO MAKETH ALL."

The scholar sat in his study before his writing table, but he did not write. He leaned his elbow on the table and his head on his hand, and he was thinking of Phyllis far away in Ral Pindi with her husband. The table was piled with books—several stood open invitingly—and a fair white sheet of paper lay on his blotting pad—but he did not write.

Presently Jakes opened the door and said: "There's a young woman, sir, asking to see you. Shall I say you are engaged?"

"A young woman, Jakes?" queried the scholar. "What sort of a young woman, and from whence?"

"Well, sir," and Jakes closed the door behind him, "I do think she's from the circus as is on the village green."

"From the circus!" repeated the scholar. "What can she want?"

"She won't give no name nor yet no message, sir. Shall I say that you're engaged, sir?"

Jakes considered it the "height of imprudence" that a hussy from the circus should dare ask to see his master and longed to send her about her business. Fine doings, indeed, for such as she to be asking for gentlemen, as bold as brass.

The scholar pondered, then he said half to himself: "Phyllis would like me to see her—she was always kind. Jakes, you can show her in."

Jakes departed, much displeased, and presently ushered a young woman into the room and shut the door after her carefully and in a fashion that said as plainly as possible, "Well, I wash my hands of this foolhardy proceeding."

The young woman advanced into the middle of the room and then stood awkwardly and said nothing. She was a tall, slight girl, attired in a variety of garments, startling in hue and having apparently no connection with one another. Her hair was brushed about her forehead and stuck out in a series of large "rolls" behind. The hair was crowned by a hat of portentous size adorned by several rather dejected looking feathers. But under the furze brush of hair the face was oval and almost beautiful in its regularity of feature and pure color.

The scholar rose and bowed, then with old fashioned courtesy he set a chair for her and, having seen her seated, murmured something shyly as "to what he was indebted for the pleasure of this visit."

The girl stared at him with wide blue eyes, then said abruptly: "I say! You're a knowin old cove, aren't you?"

The scholar stared a little at this description of himself and waved his hands in a deprecating way. The girl went on: "I've 'eard in the village as you are always a-studyin old books and knows all sorts of heathenish lingo. Now, do you know how to make a love poshin?"

The scholar gazed at her in speechless astonishment. Then he grasped the edge of his writing table for support and stammered, "Do I understand you to ask me if I know anything about love philters?"

"Yes, that's the ticket," said the girl genially. "I want a love poshin to give my young man. 'E's been and took up with Mlle. Leonore, what does the trials of strength, and I wants to bring 'im back to me. You give me the perskiption and I'll ask the galipot to make it up. I was sure as you'd know."

The scholar felt quite sorry for her when he realized the disappointment he was about to inflict, she smiled so prettily and looked so pleased. He shook his head. Then he said gently: "I'm afraid I am quite unable to help you in this matter. I know nothing of such things; neither do I believe that they can have the smallest effect."

"But I thought you was always a-studyin ancient days," said the girl in an argumentative voice, leaning forward in her chair. "Do think—in some of them old books" (waving her hand in the direction of the book lined walls). "Ain't there somethink in some of them old books?"

"I fear not," said the scholar almost sadly. She was so eager, so much in earnest. The girl drew herself up in her chair and said abruptly:

"I'm a honest girl, I am."

"That I am sure you are, and therefore you need no love philters. Believe me, you are quite pretty and good enough to inspire love, an honest love, without recourse to magic." The scholar spoke persuasively. His voice was very gentle and his manner courtly. The girl winked her wide blue eyes and made a little swallowing motion with her throat. Then she coughed and continued.

"My father's brought us up strict, 'e 'ave. 'E doan't 'old with swearin for women, and if we was light 'e'd lay the 'orsew'ip about our shoulders, 'e would. 'E's clown in our show, 'e is."

There was silence for a minute in the big library. Then the scholar said gently: "Why do you want a love philter? Is the—man you are engaged to fickle?"

"Well, 'e runs after Mlle. Leonore, and I can't stand it, and I rates 'im, and 'e laughs at me, and I'm beastly miserable, I am."

The girl's voice broke, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. The scholar was much distressed. He was a very learned man and instructed in the best wisdom of many lands, but he had also studied diligently a book that it requires no great erudition to understand, but only, what is quite as rare, a humble heart. A certain saying in that book, "But thou hast mercy upon all and winkest at the sins of men, because they should amend," came into his mind, and the trouble of this poor circus girl was very real to him. She wiped her eyes with a gayly bordered pocket handkerchief and said:

"What would a lidy do?"

The scholar pondered for a moment, then said diffidently and with extreme shyness: "I think that she would not—show that she minded; that she would try to be always sweet and good tempered and gracious, above all to Mlle. What 's-her-name. Don't let him think himself so precious, my child. We all value what is hard to obtain. He's too sure of you or he wouldn't tease you. If you are wise and if he is worth having—if he's worthy of you and of your good father—you'll find that all this nonsense will come to an end as a tale that is told."

It was a long speech for the scholar to make. He flushed a little as he made it, and the circus girl gazed at him admiringly, exclaiming:

"You are a knowin old cove."

The scholar shook his head and said humbly: "I fear I am ignorant in these matters. I have only known three women intimately in my life—my mother, my wife and my daughter."

"Is that what your daughter did—the young lidy as is just married?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know what she did," answered the scholar gently. And indeed it was true, for the engagement had come upon him as a bolt from the blue while he was thinking of Phyllis as still in pinafores.

"Was she very 'ard to please?" persisted the girl.

Had Phyllis been hard to please? the scholar asked himself. He did not know. It had not taken long to please her, anyhow, so he said, "I don't know if she was hard to please, but I know that whatever she did was right and sweet and womanly, and you can do all that yourself, my dear."

"I wish I was a lidy," sighed the circus girl, "but father says as one can be as good a girl in a troop as if one was a Scripture reader, 'e do. I see as you're a sky pilot by yer choker. What do you say?"

"I quite agree with your father. He must be a most sensible man, and I wish I knew him. Believe me, a circus lady can be just as useful a lady as any other if she will only try, and I am sure you'll try."

The girl rose from her seat, so did the scholar. She held out her hand to him, and he took it, and the old man and the girl looked into each other's eyes.

"Goodby," said the girl. "I'm glad I came, though you are so iggorant about love poshins."

"I'm very glad you came," said the scholar heartily, "and, believe me, you need no 'love poshins.' You are quite charming enough without." The girl flushed up to the roots of the furze brush. Then the scholar said, "Would you like some roses?" The girl said, "Please, sir," in the shyest, smallest voice, and the scholar held the door open for her to pass out. Then he followed her across the hall and through the open front door. He took his pruning knife from his pocket and he cut her a great bunch of the roses that were famed throughout the county. Then he walked down the drive with her, and at the lodge gate he bade her goodby.

She started down the road and then, looking back and seeing him still standing at the gate, she ran back, saying breathlessly: "I wish you'd come and see me ride. I can jump through the 'oops beautiful, I can. I should like to show yer."

The scholar's eyes were very kind, but he shook his head, saying: "I'm getting an old man, my dear. I hardly ever go out at night."

"But there's a matinee—an afternoon show," she explained, "this afternoon."

The scholar wavered, then the beseeching blue eyes caught his and held them. "Phyllis would like me to," he muttered; then, "I will come and see you ride this afternoon."

"I shall look out for you, mind," said the girl. "Don't you forget."

The scholar did not forget—he went. —Windsor Magazine.

Better Than Wealth.

It is a laudable ambition which prompts any person to earn and to save a portion of the earnings. The foundations of most if not all of the colossal fortunes of the rich people in the world had their beginning in that way. But there are better things in the world than wealth. Good health is one of them. We are quite apt to envy the possessor of great wealth, but far more is to be envied the man or woman with robust health, unwavering courage and the disposition to go through life with a song and a smile. The happiest people in the world are those who work and work cheerfully.—Housewife.

Gold From Sea Water.

To extract gold and silver from sea water automatically a tank is placed over the water at the right height to be filled as the tide ebbs, a valve preventing the escape of the water through the inlet pipe, compelling it to flow out through a filtering material composed of alternate layers of coarse and fine carbon covered with a layer of wire cloth.

The Way to Teach.

Any method which is productive of lasting and beneficial results is a good method. "Reasoning," says Locke, "is the faculty of deducing unknown truths from principles already familiar."

The principal difficulty with teachers today is the same as Horace Mann pointed out years ago, "We do too much telling and too little teaching." Professor Dewey says of present day methods, "They succeed in crushing out all spontaneous interest in the subject itself even if they do not all but destroy a capacity for it."

It is this spontaneous interest that must be awakened and kept alive. The teacher must be spontaneous, enthusiastic, very much alive. Such a teacher never uses a textbook during a recitation, is ready and apt in his illustrations, pleasing in manner of presentation, able to present the same thing in different ways, never resorts to sarcasm as a means of correction or to cover up his own lack of information, gets his class where the members are not afraid to try, sits little during recitation, possibly not at all, censures sparingly, praises much. But this kind of teaching takes time for careful preparation, and much hard work is required.—Journal of Pedagogy.

UNAWARE.

I would not have you so kindly
  Thus early in friendship's year.
A little too gently, blindly,
  You let me near.

So long as my voice is duly
  Calm as a friend's should be,
In my eyes the hunger unruly
  You will not see.

The eyes that you lift so brightly,
  Frankly, to welcome mine
You bend them again as lightly
  And note no sign.

I had rather your pale cheek reddened
  With the flush of an angry pride,
That a look with disliking deadened
  My gaze defied.

If so in the spring's full season
  Your glance should soften and fall,
When, reckless with fever's unreason,
  I tell you all.

—The Late H. C. Bunner in Scribner's Magazine.

MY PATIENT.

It was about 5 o'clock one Saturday afternoon, a time when the east end doctor sometimes, but not always, gets a few minutes' rest.

The inner door was pushed slowly open, and the head of a thorough little gutter urchin appeared. He was a capital specimen of the London "gamin"—naked feet and legs up to the knee, ragged trousers, a thin cotton shirt, open at the chest, a ragged coat and no hat. He was grewsomely dirty, but his thin, almost delicate fingers told me at once that he was a pickpocket.

"I want Dr. Prebble," he said in a hoarse voice.

"Well, you've got him," I answered.

"Bill's fell down and hurt 'isself," he said slowly.

"Who is Bill?" I asked.

A shade of disappointment passed over his face. I had evidently fallen in his opinion. My not knowing Bill proved conclusively that I had not mixed in the choicest society.

"'E's our lodger," he said cautiously, "an I ain't a-goin to tell you no more."

"Why didn't he go to a hospital?"

"I dunno," he said. "'E was at work, and fell off of somefing. So 'e come 'ome. That's all."

Luckily a medical man is safe in almost any neighborhood. Moreover, I was well known, and as I went along I heard the gossips saying:

"There goes the doctor. He's come to see after Bill."

Clearly Bill was a celebrity.

At last my guide stopped at a house, and, nodding to a woman who stepped on one side to let us enter, said, "It's all right, old gal."

I found out subsequently that the "old gal" addressed was the young gentleman's mother. Respect for parents is not a leading feature in that neighborhood.

Without wasting a minute I knelt on the floor to examine Bill's injuries. I found they were serious—a dislocated shoulder, two ribs broken and internal injuries, which might prove more serious still.

On his fingers were the marks of oakum picking, which showed that Bill was an ex-jailbird, and in the corner of the room stood a suspicious looking bag, out of which peered a jimmy. It was then fairly safe to assume that Bill had met with an accident while engaged in his professional duties as a housebreaker. He was educated. One could see that at once by the development of his brow. In his face, too, there were some lingering traces of refinement.

I looked up at the boy, who was watching me carefully, and, I have no doubt, reading my thoughts.

"You ain't a-goin to tell no tales, gov'nor?"

"My business is to cure him if I can," I said briefly. "Now, I want your help."

With some difficulty I managed to get his shoulder back into position. Then I set his ribs. Beyond that I could do nothing until he recovered sufficiently to answer a few questions.

It was necessary to find a nurse. The man ought to have been in a hospital, but it was impossible to move him. Indeed, it was almost a miracle that he had ever reached home in such a mangled condition.

Not far from my dispensary there was a nursing institution, supported by some ladies, who devoted their time and money to nursing the poor in their own houses. The matron was a splendid woman, who never stopped to inquire whether a case was deserving. The fact that a man or woman was ill was all that she cared about. Their crimes and shortcomings she left to other people.

Miss Shepherd listened to my story with her usual sympathy.

"There is only one young lady I can send," she said thoughtfully, "and she has not had much experience. However, we must do something. I'll introduce her to you and see what you think."

It is a curious thing that on first seeing that girl she did not strike me as at all good looking. Since then I have learned to know her well, and I think her one of the most beautiful women in the world.

In these years of work among the poorest of the poor I met no woman of such a radiant, glorious nature as the pale faced girl whom I saw for the first time that Saturday evening.

To my great disappointment on reaching the sickroom her composure quite gave way. I had hoped she would be strong enough to maintain her self control, instead of which she trembled and turned deadly white, looking almost inclined to burst into tears.

"Come, come, Miss Clinton!" I said. "You must get accustomed to scenes of distress. If you break down, you won't be able to help me at all."

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Prebble," she stammered hastily. "It was only the first shock. Everything is so horrible. You may depend on my doing what you require."

Then I explained the case to her carefully and taught her the duties of a nurse as well as I could in such a short time.

Miss Clinton must have nursed her patient better than I expected she would, for he passed a fairly good night, and when I saw him at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning the fever had abated somewhat, leaving him, of course, very weak and in a more or less precarious condition.

The nurse whom Miss Shepherd had sent to take charge of the case during the day was a highly experienced woman, whom I knew well.

"It's a bad case, doctor," she said. "Will you pull him through?"

"I can't say yet," I answered. "Ask me tomorrow morning. What time did you relieve Miss Clinton?"

"At 8 o'clock. She didn't like to go away, but I insisted on her having a rest. I can't help thinking that Miss Clinton takes something of a personal interest in the case," said the day nurse. "Have you read the morning's paper?"

"Not yet. Is there anything in it?"

She produced a Sunday paper and pointed to a paragraph headed "Daring Attempted Burglary." The burglars had entered a window on the first floor by means of a ladder, but they were disturbed at their work and had been forced to escape hurriedly, leaving the booty behind them. It struck me at once that in all probability Bill was one of the burglars. In making his escape he had no doubt fallen from the ladder.

But there was another feature in the case which was more striking still. The owner of the house which had been entered was named Clinton.

On first seeing the sick man Miss Clinton had lost her composure to an extent that surprised me. What was the link that bound these three people together—a wealthy city merchant, a young lady devoting herself to work among the poor and a broken down ex-convict lying sick, perhaps dying, in an east end slum?

On returning to his bedside at 5 o'clock in the afternoon I found Miss Clinton was again on duty. She was quite calm and self possessed and without a trace of nervous excitement.

The progress which had been shown in the morning was all lost and a change had set in for the worse. A brief examination told me that he was in a state of collapse, which was the one thing I dreaded. Within a few hours he would be a dead man.

"When will it be?" she said in a steady voice.

"Before midnight," I answered. "Would you like me to stay with you, or shall I ask Miss Shepherd to send somebody in your place?"

"I will watch alone."

"Are you a relative of the Mr. Clinton whose house was entered Saturday morning?" I asked, leading her to the window.

"He is my uncle," she said.

"And who is Bill?" I asked.

"He is my brother."

She spoke in the same steady voice

"He went wrong as a boy of 19," she continued. "My uncle might have saved him, but refused to. That is why I have taken up nursing. I knew he had sunk, but I didn't know he had come to this. I hoped I might find him if I mixed with the poor."

In one little matter I was able to save her some pain.

At the door I met an officer in plain clothes whom I knew by sight.

"I'm after a man for the Forest Gate robbery. I hear he is in this house."

"He is up stairs," I said, "but you are too late. He is dying." The detective hesitated.

"I give you my word as a physician that he will be dead before midnight. If you arrest him, he will certainly die on the road to the station. Do you know his real name?" I asked.

The detective looked at me sharply.

"No; what is it?"

"William Clinton, a nephew of the man he tried to rob. At the present moment his sister is watching by his bed."

The officer made a note of it in his book.

"I shall have to keep an eye on him, doctor," he said kindly, "but you may depend I sha'n't interfere, for the sake of the young lady."

And so William Clinton passed through the gate of life in peace.—Answers.

The Helpless Lord Chancellor.

The responsible office of chairman or president of a legislative body is one that generally carries with it both powers and privileges. There are, however, exceptions to the rule. In the British house of lords it is not the lord chancellor but the whole house that is addressed as "My lords."

The speaker is the sole judge of all questions of order in the house of commons. In the house of lords such matters, when there is a conflict of opinion, are decided by the whole house and not by the lord chancellor.

If several members of the house of commons rise simultaneously to take part in a debate, the speaker decides who shall speak first, but if two or more peers rise together in the house of lords the lord chancellor cannot decide who shall first be heard. It is the voice of the house that determines.

Happily etiquette is so strong in the gilded chamber that it rarely happens when the house by cries expresses its desire to hear one of the contending peers that the others do not give way. But some years ago there was a notable scene over the question whether a peer who had risen from the front Tory bench should be heard in preference to a peer who had risen from the front Liberal bench.

Neither noble lord would give way, and to bring the curious situation to an end Earl Granville moved that the Liberal peer be heard. The house divided on the question and decided by a big majority that the Tory peer should be heard first.

It is difficult for the average man to understand why the lord chancellor should not be able to exercise authority which is vested in the chairman of every public meeting, but there is a subtle constitutional point involved in this apparently ridiculous procedure.

All peers are equal as legislators in the house of lords. No one of them can be vested with authority over the others. Therefore, when a point of order is involved it is the whole house and not the lord chancellor that must decide the issue.—London Sunday Magazine.

Kings In Servants' Clothes.

The lord mayor of London has 15 servants, eight of whom are over 6 feet 3 inches high. They are dressed in sapphire blue velvet uniforms, with heavy gold bullion lace. I once asked an eminent clothiers' firm in Ludgate Hill, which seems to have the monopoly of supplying uniforms to lord mayors' and sheriffs' servants, why they were not handed on from one lord mayor to another.

"They are the perquisites of the servants," was the reply.

"And what do they do with them?" I asked.

"They sell them to African kings, though a few of them go to the theaters for kings' servants there. We once made a crown to go with one of these uniforms out to Africa," continued the clothier. "In fact, we have supplied African kings with most things they require, such as thrones, and so forth, from time to time."—London Correspondent.

Good Rules For Living.

Much of late has been written about the various kinds of food which particularly nourish or supply the waste of the brain. That the labors of the brain are exhausting to the animal economy is very true, but the experience of the studious has proved that it is not so much the intensity of the study as the length of time spent on it and neglect of relaxation that produce the exhaustion. German students generally study more hours than we do here, yet breakdowns very rarely occur among them. The reason of this is they take better care of the body for the sake of the mind —of the house because of the tenant that occupies it.

The real fact is that the majority of us rust out rather than wear out. That the brain is affected both by the quality and quantity of the food and drink like other parts of the body—perhaps more in proportion to the amount of blood it contains—no physiologist will deny. But that there are certain kinds of food—say fish and milk, as some have maintained—which are specially adapted to repair the exhausted brain has never been actually demonstrated. The best way to preserve the brain is above all not to unduly tax it, to eat temperately of such food as has been found by experience to agree with the stomach, to avoid late suppers and night work and to sleep as much as nature requires.—New York Ledger.

Quaker Honesty.

In the "Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement" is given an instance of integrity which deserves to be made historical. It is related of three brothers who were importing merchants in North Carolina before the war of the Revolution. They were Quakers, as were many of the early colonists of that state. The story, if true, goes to show that in this country private honor is too often superior to the public conscience.

During the war North Carolina, and, we believe, others of the colonies, passed an ordinance requiring citizens owing money to subjects of Great Britain to pay the amount into the treasury of the state, which thereby assumed the position of debtor to the foreign creditor.

Harcourt Bros. owed at the time a large amount for goods imported, and this amount they paid as soon as possible to the state treasurer. After the termination of the war and the signing of the treaty of peace, the English creditors, unable to recover the amount due them from the state, which had been hopelessly bankrupted by the long and severe struggle for independence, demanded payment from the original debtors, as they were allowed to do by the terms of the treaty of peace.

The Harcourts, who were honorable merchants, paid again in full, although in so doing they were, in their old age, left comparatively poor.

Services of the West to Education.

The susceptibility of Americans to new ideas is a notable element in the prosperity of the country. The people are willing to try anything that is new. This is specially true of the west, where the enterprising inhabitants are always seeking short cuts to wealth and to knowledge. This adventurous spirit often leads to superficiality, but it has also been very fruitful of new methods of school education. The kindergarten idea was taken up and developed in the west. There manual training was first tried on a large scale with satisfactory results. And it was teachers in the west who first brought about the introduction of "literature" in the lower grades as the best means of interesting undeveloped minds. In fact, they demonstrated the truth that it is better for the child to feed upon ideas, upon thought, upon real stories, and the lives of real people, and the stimulating sentiments of all the ages, than upon the inane sentences and jejune and successful effort to be childish of the reading books.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

For a Sty In the Eye.

When you feel that pricking pain and see the fatal little spot of red on the eyelid which surely foretells the coming of a sty, put into a small bag a teaspoonful of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten. As soon as cool enough put it on the eye and let it remain until morning. The sty will in all probability be gone. If not, one more application will be certain to remove it.—Good Housekeeping.

How Thimbles Are Made.

Dies of the different sizes are used, into which the metal, whether gold, silver or steel, is pressed. The hole punching, finishing, polishing and tempering are done afterward. Celluloid and rubber are molded. The best thimbles are made in France, where the process is more thorough. The first step in the making of a Paris thimble is the cutting into a disk of the desired size a thin piece of sheet iron. This is brought to a red heat, placed over a graduated hole in an iron bench and hammered down into it with a punch. This hole is in the form of a thimble. The iron takes its shape and is removed from the hole. The little indentations to keep the needle from slipping are made in it and all the other finishing strokes of the perfect thimble put on it. The iron is then made into steel by a process peculiar to the French thimble maker and is tempered, polished and brought to a deep blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then pressed into the interior of the thimble and fastened there by a mandrel. Gold leaf is attached to the outside by great pressure, the edges of the leaf being fitted in and held by small grooves at the base of the thimble. The article is then ready for use. The gold will last for years. The steel never wears out, and the gold can be readily replaced at any time.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Her Awkward Nurse.

Helen Hunt Jackson's descriptive power was eloquent, even on a sickbed. I find this picture of her awkward nurse in a letter written in March, 1872:

To Dr. Nichols:

A communication, 6:45 a.m.

Can I endure the presence of this surly, aimless cow another day? No! Why?

She has less faculty than any human being I ever undertook to direct in small matters.

When I ask her to bring me anything, she rises slowly with a movement like nothing I ever saw in life, unless it be a derrick.

She sighs and drops her underjaw after every exertion.

She "sets" with a ponderous inertia which produces on me the most remarkable effect. I have a morbid impulse to fling my shoes at her head and see what would come of it.

She asks me in dismal tones if I am well in other ways besides my throat, conveying the impression by her slow rolling eye that I look to her like a bundle of unfathomable diseases.

She takes the tray out of a trunk to get some article at the bottom—where articles always are—and, having given me the article, asks helplessly if she shall put the tray back again. Happy thought! Next time I'll tell her: "No. We keep the trays in piles on the floor."

Is this Christian? No, for she is well meaning and wishes to do aright, and I don't doubt every glance of my eye sends a thrill of unexplainable discomfort through her.

But as a professional nurse she is the biggest joke I ever saw. I honestly believe a person seriously ill might be killed in a few hours by her presence. If you ever wish to practice euthanasy with safety on one of your hopeless cases, send Mrs. B—— to nurse it, unless the patient has a sense of humor keen enough to rise above all else. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

—Time and The Hour.

A Moslem Solomon.

Readers of the "Arabian Nights" are familiar with the manner in which the cadis dispensed justice with more regard to equity than to law, and it seems that instances of the same kind are of modern occurrence. An example is given in Golden Days:

Not long ago a Turk, while repairing a roof, fell into the street upon a wealthy old man, who was killed, without any serious damage to the workman. The son of the deceased caused the workman to be arrested and taken before the cadi, with whom he used all his influence to have the poor man condemned, and, though the innocence of the laborer was clearly established, nothing could pacify the son but the law of retaliation.

The cadi stroked his beard and then gravely decreed that the workman should be placed exactly upon the spot where the old man had stood.

"Now," said he to the son, "you will go on the roof of the house, fall down upon this man and kill him if you can."

Of course the son declined to do anything of the sort, and the case was dismissed.

The Opposite.

Grant Duff has in his reminiscences the following story of Lord Houghton: The Cosmopolitan club was accustomed to meet in a room which had been Watts' studio, and on the walls of which hung an enormous picture by him of "Theodora and Honoria." Some one asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh," he replied, "you have heard of Watts' hymns? These are Watts' hers."

What Is "Social Position?"

People who belong to what is called the "best society" in large towns or cities, says Henry Childs Merwin in The Atlantic, are usually quite unconscious of the fact that society is graded just as minutely beneath them as it is in the plane with which they are familiar. But, in fact, every individual in a complex society, down to the beggar in the street or the tramp on the highway, has his "social position." The city missionaries of Boston report, with some astonishment, that a great social gap exists between the peanut vender on the sidewalk and the peripatetic organ grinder and that the children of the former are forbidden by their parents to play with the children of the latter. It is indeed asserted, and with considerable truth, that mere wealth is a passport to the best society, but this is less true in America than it is in England and less true in Australia than it is in America.

The reason is that in England the best society is a state institution and therefore is more sure of its position and can afford to be less exclusive—to be more hospitable not only to wealth, but also to intellect and originality—than is possible for the corresponding class in a democratic country. More over, even from the most aristocratic point of view, a good reason can be given for accepting wealth as a substitute for birth. The fact that a man has made much money implies, as a rule, that both his mind and his physical strength are far above the average. From what better stock, then, could the best society be recruited? This, of course, is not the motive of the rich man's reception in good society. It might better be described as nature's reason for permitting the anomaly.

Washington as a Sportsman.

In the biography of George Washington by Professor Woodrow Wilson (Harper's) occurs the following description of Washington as a sportsman:

"Washington loved horses and dogs with the heartiest sportsman of them all. He had a great gusto for stalking deer with George Mason on the broad forested tracts round Gunston Hall and liked often to take gun or rod after lesser game when the day fell dull, but best of all he loved a horse's back and the hard ride for hours together after the dogs and a crafty quarry—a horse it put a man to his points to ride, a country where the running was only for those who dared. His own mounts could nowhere be bettered in Virginia. There was full blood of Araby in his noble Magnolia and as good hunting blood as was to be found in the colony in his Blueskin and Ajax, Valiant and Chinkling. His hounds he bred 'so flew'd, so sanded,' so matched in speed and habit, that they kept always tune and pace together in the field. 'Twas first to the stables for him always in the morning and then to the kennels."

There were other pleasures, too, in the life of a country gentleman of Virginia, and Washington did not scorn them.

Spontaneous Ignition.

As is well known, a frequent source of "unaccountable" fires turns out to be, in reality, the spontaneous ignition of various materials more or less saturated with oils or fats. The following is considered a reliable list of common materials of the class which, when containing oily matters, will, under favorable conditions, oftentimes ignite naturally: Waste, tow, rags, sawdust, shavings, cotton and woolen cloth, roofing felt and, in fact, all porous combustible bodies containing any oily or resinous substance having an affinity for oxygen. All vegetable and animal oils have more or less affinity for oxygen, while those produced from the distillation of petroleum and shale are practically unacted upon by the element. But the oils which oxidize in the air most rapidly are the vegetable oils, such as linseed, hempseed, poppy oil, etc. Briefly, by far the most frequent sources of fires from spontaneous combustion are those which result from heat induced by the absorption of atmospheric oxygen.

In the long arctic night there is a constant difficulty in keeping awake. Greely had to make very strict rules to keep his men awake during the long arctic night. Beds were not allowed to be made, and the men were compelled to get up and move about.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market n different trade centers :

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 25, 1897.—Fancy white 13c. No. 1 11c to 12c. Fancy amber 10 to 11c. No. 1, 9 to 10c. Fancy dark 8 to 9c; No. 1, 8c. Extracted white 5 to 6c. Amber 4½ to 5c. Dark 4c. Beeswax 25c.

C. C. CLEMENS & Co,

CINCINNATI, O. Sept. 30. 1897.—Fancy White 11 to 13c. No. 1 10 to 11c. No, 1 Amber 7 to 10c. Extracted, White 5 to 6c. Amber 4 to 5c. Dark 3½ to 4c. Beeswax 20 to 25c per lb.

The demand for all kinds of honey has been exceedingly slow during September, Perhaps because of a too liberal supply of fruit on the market.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON

DETROIT, MICH.. Sept. 25, 1897.—Fancy White 11 to 12c per lb. No. 1 White 10 to 11c. Fancy Amber 9 to 10c. Fancy Dark 8 to 9c. Extracted White 5 to 5½c. Amber 4 to 5c Beeswax 25 to 26c per lb.

The demand for honey is improving as the season advances. Supply is fully equal to the demand.

M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch. Mich.

BOSTON, MASS, Sept. 25. 1897.—Fancy White 13c. No 1 11 to 12c Fancy Amber 9c. Extracted, White 6 to 6½c; Amber 5 to 5½c. Beeswax 27c.

Comb honey is in light receipt, particularly the fancy grades, which is mostly sought for on the market. Demand is good. Beeswax is practically out of the market, the supply being light and the demand good at the above price.

E. E. BLAKE & Co., 57 Chatham St.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 27. 1897.—There is now a large stock of honey, mostly buckweeat and ordinary clover of comb honey on our market and selling freely at 8 to 9c for Buckwheat and 10 to 11c for ordinary clover. Fancy white 12 to 13c. But little demand for extracted yet and plenty of it on hand; 5 to 6c for light and 4 to 4½c for dark

CHAS. W. MCCOLLOUGH & Co., 380 Broadway.

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So universally successful has Swamp-Root been in quickly curing even the most distressing cases, that if you wish to prove its wonderful merit you may have a sample bottle and a book, sent absolutely free by mail. Mention AMERICAN BEE KEEPER and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

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Send us the names and addresses of three or more performers on the piano or organ together with ten cents in silver or postage and we will mail you ten pieces full sheet music, consisting of popular songs, waltzes, marches, etc., arranged for the piano and organ. Address, Popular Music Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER

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The Honey Market.

BY R. J. H.

Harry Lathrop, quite a prominent bee-keeper of Wisconsin, in a recent issue of *Gleanings* says: "The honey market is smashed. It looks to me as though the business has fallen by its own weight, and foul brood and bad seasons have been friends instead of enemies."

It is a blessed good thing for the future of beekeeping that Mr. Lathrop will, more than likely, be permitted to monopolize his optimistic view.

The business will fall by its own weight when after honey has been systematically introduced into the homes of the people, and the masses have been educated to its use, not alone as a table delicacy but its many culinary uses, and a surplus "weight" has accumulated, and not until then. It may fall from other causes, but surely not from its own weight, when probably not one person in a thousand has been informed as to its excellence as an article of food, its medicinal properties and diversified household uses. It may fall as a natural result of negligence upon the part of producers to unite in elevating it to its rightful place among the staple articles of commerce.

Contrast Mr. Lathrop's view with that of R. C. Akin, a progressive specialist of Colorado, who, in a most excellent contribution to the same journal upon the subject of marketing, suggests the organization of companies or associations to establish packing houses in producing districts, to put all honey according to a standard grading system, in uniform retail packages of convenient size, under the association guarantee and a registered trade mark, distributing it throughout the country, in proportion to the actual demand existing, or that may be created by the educational efforts which would necessarily constitute a part of the work of such an organization.

Now, note the concluding remarks of this specialist regarding the "weight" of our infantile industry, which Mr. Lathrop sees thus permaturely crushed to earth by its own weight, even before it has risen to recognition as a legitimate vocation. "Let me here repeat what I said in the previous part of this discussion, that there is not honey enough on the market to make it an object for people to invest in honey depots or packing houses, or to get the product properly before the public."

The Care of Honey.

BY FRED S. THORINGTON.

I know of but few subjects pertaining to beekeeping that needs to be written and rewritten more than the care of honey, both extracted and comb honey. The experienced apiarist has learned his lesson well, partly by some well-written article penned for the sole purpose to kindly advise the novice in beekeeping how to avoid mistakes made by our fore-fathers, and partly by his or her own experiments. The knowledge is gained though sometimes by the harsh and sure teacher, experience. Sometimes the beginner has no way to learn from the writings of others; yet so cheap as our bee-journals and text books are now, but few need to go without one or more of them for the want of mony. They can be had from 50 cents to $1.50 each, and there are some good ones as low as 25 cents. Yet with all the bee books of the present day I find a vast ignorance in the proper care of bees and honey. I know of some beekeepers who take as good a bee-journal or journals as there is published, that will say when asked a week or more after they get a number if they have read a certain article. "No I have not," and seem surprised there is such an article in the journal. The writer knows of one young man that took a good journal and when a number was received he would lock it up in his trunk and never read it. The money he paid for it was wasted, and it is such ones that is apt to say in a few years beekeeping don't pay. In beekeeping like every other industry we must inform ourselves in some way if we succeed. We should procure good journals and books published in the interest of beekeepers, then read, read, read, and at the same time practice the good we read, and at the same time we can find out some things ourselves. This rule will hold good in regard to the care of honey as well as any other branch of beekeeping. Our honey needs care long after we dispose of it. The middle men and consumers as a rule know but little about the proper care of it and it is often injured if not spoiled entirely after it has been marked. I often wonder how this class of people that is inseperably connected with beekeeping can be informed as to the proper care of honey. There are but few of our newspapers that will spread the information, and the beekeeper has but little chance to do it as many of the people never see a bee journal. How can it be best done? I tell all such ones I can, but such a course is slow and unsatisfactory. Last fall one of our grocery keepers told me if I would keep my comb honey until cool, frosty nights he would buy it of me. He further stated he had no good way to keep it cool until then, and it would drip so in warm weather. This same man has sold honey for years past and should have been better informed. This fall a hotel keeper ordered some comb honey of me, and said, "I want the comb because I have no place to keep the extracted. I have a good refrigerator and I always put the comb honey in it as soon as I get it. I buy the extracted in the winter," but did not say where he would keep it. A few days ago an intelligent lady called at my home who was a stranger to me. During her stay she tasted some of my new white clover extracted honey and inquired into the care of honey. She said she had been buying extracted honey during the summer, but thought it was not pure honey as it did not taste good. The next day I was in Chillicothe and her husband told me his wife said last night she would order honey of me and then he gave me the order himself. Now the honey she spoke of may have been unadulterated, but poorly cared for after it was taken from the hive, or taken before it was properly cured. We must keep our comb honey from cold, damp, musty places. The chamber is better than the cellar, because it is nearer to the sunshine. It should be kept dry and warm. In summer it requires plenty of air to keep it from sweating and thereby discolering the comb and injuring its sale. When extracted honey is well cured it should be kept from the air, by making the vessel it is kept in air tight until wanted for use.

Chillicothe, Mo.

Straight Combs Without Foundation, Etc.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent wishes me to tell the readers of the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER, how straight combs can be secured without using full sheets of foundation in the brood frames, how to avoid the building of too much drone comb, where only starters are used in the frames, and how often he should look after his bees; so I will give a sort of a rambling talk along these lines, as in my younger bee-keeping days I used to pick up more of real worth, to me, out of rambling articles, than I did out of many fine spun theories, which many writers are quite prone to give. As a rule I prefer natural swarming to any mode of making swarms, and as the time of natural swarming will be in its heighth when this article reaches the eyes of the reader, a word or two regarding how I manage them in view to securing straight combs, will be in good time. Having all of my queens' wings clipped, as I believe this is right where natural swarming is allowed. I hive the swarms by letting them return, which they will do as soon as they miss the queen; moving the old hive to a new location and setting the new hive containing the full number of frames (I use nine) in its place, while the swarm is out. In two days I open said hive and usually find the bees have made a good start in five frames. These five frames I place together at one side of the hive and a division board is placed next to them so as to confine the bees to them. This throws the full force of bees on these five frames and will soon fill them with straight worker comb, as a general rule, as I use a starter of worker foundation one-half inch wide in each frame, so that they may be started straight and right, on the start. If there are more bees than can well get on these five frames, the surplus arrangement, or as much of it as is required, is placed over them. If you get these five built straight you will have no trouble in getting the rest so, as they can build them in no other way if placed between two of those already built. If drone comb is likely to be built in these last put in, which is often the case, I would use comb foundation in these, even if I had to pay a dollar a pound for it, unless I could get worker combs built in some way, at a less price. If every comb is a straight comb, and all worker, such a swarm will be a profitable one, or a lucky swarm, as it used to be termed. If you attend to the building of the comb the first season and have it as above, you will have all profitable swarms. No apiarist, if he has no more than three or four colonies should consider a swarm in proper working order until each comb is a straight worker comb. There is no need of having hives half full of drone comb and so crooked that they cannot be handled. Do things at the right time and in the proper manner and your bees will more than pay you for all the time spent on them. It makes no particular difference what hive you use, this method of getting combs built is the correct one, if you do not wish to use foundation or feel too poor to buy it. Suppose a large swarm comes out when honey is coming in plentifully and you hive them without paying any further attention to them; they will build comb very rapidly, filling their hive in eight or ten days, as I have known them to do, and their combs will be quite apt to be crooked and at least one-third drone or store comb, which is good for nothing for raising worker bees the next season, and is an actual damage as the drones will consume a greater part of what the workers will gather. Such swarms or colonies will be unprofitable, either for raising bees or storing honey, just so long as you allow the combs to remain in that condition. Again, by the use of the division boards I keep all colonies strong in the spring as far as they go, and a colony that can keep two combs full of brood and covered with bees is a perfect colony to all intents and purposes. They will build up just as fast in proportion and will send double the number of bees into the field that they would if scattered over five or six combs, with hardly half as much brood. This economizing of all animal heat is not mere theory, but can be proven in twenty-four hours at any time in May or June. Take one of these small swarms at night, remove the division board and move the two frames, bees and all, into the center of the hive, and the following day nearly all the bees will stay at home to keep up the necessary temperature. Place them back at night as before, adjust the division board and the next day they are ready to go to work again, and you will find the queen can and will deposit some eggs wherever there is empty comb. When these two combs become crowded with bees, I put an empty comb on an empty frame for them to fill, between them. By so doing, when the hive is full, every comb is occupied with brood, and all the eggs, instead of being laid on the outside of the cluster, are where they should be, in the center, where the greatest amount of heat is. Both new swarms and weak colonies in the spring, should have only as few combs as they can cover and be a little crowded, especially those swarms where comb is being built, for in this way the combs which are begun are rapidly carried forward, rather than starting many to go slowly and crookedly, being finally finished off with more or less drone comb. If they are liable to crowd out on the hive because there is too little room, put on a part or all of the sections, thus securing an early start in the same, while at the time giving additional security against the building of drone comb. If any person expects to realize a large income from their bees and never look after their condition (simply hive the swarms as they issue and put on the sections,) they will find themselves greatly mistaken. How many who read this article know the exact condition of their bees at all times. If you do not, you are not caring for them the same as you would for your pig or cow, neither can you expect any more profit from them than you would from a cow or pig if you never looked after those. Bee-keeping only pays when our pets are properly cared for, and with this, as with all else, success can only be achieved by untiring energy.

Borodino, N. Y.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1898 will remain as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Per 100—	$ .50.	$ .40.	Per 1000 @	$3,00	$2.50.
" 250—	.85.	.75.	" 2000 @	2.85	2.35.
" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as are charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1898 catalog which will be ready Feb. 1st, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

Clubbing List.

We will send the AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER with

the—	PUB. PRCE.	BOTH.
American Bee Journal,	($1 00)	$1 35
Bee-Keeper's Review,	(1 00)	1 35
Canadian Bee Journal,	(1 00)	1 35
Gleanings in Bee Culture,	(1 00)	1 35

Our Correspondents

ED. AM. BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir.—Please find enclosed 50 cents in stamps, subscrption to AMERICAN BEE KEEPER, commencing with current number.

Thank you also for the little pamphlet "Successful Beekeeping," inclosed with catalogue just received. But I wish you would get someone of your writers to give in detail a description of the handling of Bees, say in extracting honey—that is in the style of a clinical lecture, not omitting all the details. Now I want to do some of that work but not having seen anyone else at the work, I can only guess, and perhaps my guess may be all wrong. Experts write, but as they take it for granted that because the little points are familiar to themselves, all others must know them also. Let me name a few points that I do not know, and have failed to find treated on in the books:

I want to extract from an eight-frame hive:

How many frames, supposing them all in the same condition, shall I empty? Four, six or all?

After extracting shall I replace the same frames in the hive, or is it better to put in fresh wired foundation?

Will the manipulation injure the brood that may be in the comb, and how may that injury be avoided?

Is it not advisable or necessary after extracting to at once commence feeding, or is it better to let them shift for themselves until the gathering season is over?

These are a few of the points I hope to find answered in your journal, but indeed there is so much that I do not know about beekeeping that I fear to tire you. Respectfully. G. W. L.

New Jersey.

[Will some of our readers comply with the request of our correspondent. We shall be glad to have an article answering the questions and giving all details of the work. Ed.]

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir,—In the July number of the American Bee-Keeper, page 207, it was stated that Prof. F. C. Harrison of Guelph, Ont., would make Foul Brood the subject of special study. This is refreshing to hear, and no doubt our neighbor bee-keepers on the other side of the line will soon extinguish the malady of Foul Brood by scientific treatment. If the doctor does not know the cause of a disease he cannot cure it, so if an inspector of foul brood does not know the cause of it, he is not likely to be able to cure it. A certain inspector has said "the remains of decayed brood is the whole, sole, real and only cause of foul brood." (American Bee Journal, Vol. 31, page 506.) Now he is greatly mistaken for every well posted man knows something of Bacteria and Baccillus-alvei.

The other day I read in a bee paper than a man expressed himself on this matter in the following language: "If an inspector of foul brood in Canada did not believe in Bacteriaism or did not know the difference in the two types of foul brood, viz: the mild one and the malignant one, then he would not disinfect his clothes after he visited a foul brood yard, and would carry the spores of Bacillus-alvei to another sound apiary, and so spread the malady instead of extinguishing it."

The lamented Mr. S. Corneil, one of the most prominent bee men in North America, said: "If the foul brood inspector advised bee keepers not to disinfect their hives, foul brood will not be 'a thing of the past' in Ontario, and it will be sometime before the foul brood inspector will find his occupation gone for want of hives requiring to be inspected."

We in the United States have no need of such foul brood inspectors.

Your truly, A. Forward.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From American Bee Journal.)

WHERE SHOULD COMB HONEY BE KEPT?

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

A correspondent writes me regarding his honey sweating, or, as he words it, his "honey in some of the sections has turned watery, apparently, as the comb looks transparent, and there are drops of water or thin sweat standing in many places on the combs." Then he wishes to know whether I can explain to the readers of the Bee Journal what the matter is. This is a matter which has been often discussed and written upon, but as it is one that will bear "line upon line," perhaps it will not be amiss to say a few words more on the subject.

Only a few days ago there was a man at my house from one of the Western States, who seemed surprised that I stored my honey in so hot a place, and when asked where he would store it, he said he took the coolest room in the house, supposing that the cooler honey was kept the better for it, the same as for fruit or and other things. Some seem to think that the cause of honey becoming watery is because the bees do not thoroughly ripen it before sealing over; but if they used a little more thought on the subject it would seem that they must see the fallacy of such an idea ; for, whether ripened or not, the honey can only ooze from the cells after being capped over, on account of a large bulk of liquid being in the cell afterward than there was at the time the bees sealed the cell. This can come from only one source, which is always brought about by either cold, damp weather or a non-circulation of air, or both.

Honey swells only as it becomes damp, and the first that will be seen of that dampness will be in the unsealed cells where the honey will have become so thin that it will stand out beyond the cells, or, in other words, the cell will be heaping full. If the dampness remains, the sealed honey will soon become watery or transparent, while the honey from the unsealed cells will commence to run out, daubing everything below it; and eventually, if the cause is not removed, the capping of the cells will burst, and the whole will become a souring mass. In one or two instances I have seen honey left in such cold rooms, where the moisture was also apparent, that it became so very thin that it ran down from the combs and stood in puddles on the floor all around the bottoms of the nice white cases in which it was stored. It was evident that this honey had once been of the very best quality, from the nice appearance of the cases; but the grocer had put it in the cellar when it arrived at his store, and there it had been left till it had thus become very nearly good for nothing, while be was wondering why the bee-keeper who produced it could not have left it on the hive till it was "ripe."

When I first commenced to keep bees I stored my honey in a tight room on the north side of the house, where it usually remained for from four to six weeks before crating for market. In crating this honey I always found the center and rear side of the pile watery and transparent in appearance. As that which was stored first was always the worst, I thought that it must be owing to that being the poorest or the least ripened, until one year I chanced to place this early honey by itself in a warm, dry, airy room, when, to my surprise. I found upon crating it that this first honey had kept perfectly, and was better and nicer than first taken from the hive, while the later or more perfect honey, as it came from the hive, stored in the old room was as watery as ever.

This gave me the clew to the whole matter; so, when I built my shop I located the honey-room in the southwest corner, and painted the whole of a dark color to absorb the heat of the midday and afternoon sun. On two sides of this room I fixed platforms for the honey, and the sections were so piled on these platforms that the air could circulate all through the whole pile, even if it reached the top of the room. During the afternoons of August and September the temperature of the room would often be raised to nearly or quite 100,° which would warm the pile of honey to nearly that degree of heat; and as this large body of honey once heated retained the same for some length of time, the temperature of the room would often be from 80 to 90° in the morning after a warm day, when it was as low as 50 to 60° outside at 6 o'clock a. m.

By this means the honey was being ripened each day, and that in the unsealed cells became thicker and thicker, when, by Sept. 15 to 20, or after being in the room from four to six weeks, the sections could be tipped over, or handled in any way desired, without any honey running from even the unsealed, open-mouthed cells that might happen to be around the outside of any of the sections. By having the door and window open on hot, windy days the air was caused to circulate freely through the pile, when I found that it took less time to thoroughly ripen the honey than it did where all was kept closed. In doing this, of course it was necessary to provide screens, so to keep flies and bees out of the honey-room.

If I wish to keep honey so late in the season that the rays of the sun fail to keep the room sufficiently hot, or should I desire to keep it into the winter, or at any time when the temperature of the room falls below 70° while the honey is in the room, I build a fire in the room, or use an oil-stove to heat it up to the proper temperature of from 90 to 100.° In this way honey can be kept perfectly for an indefinite period, and can always be put upon the market in the very best condition. We should all strive not only to see how large a crop we can obtain, but also to have the crop, whatever it may be, of good quality; keeping it looking nicely at all times, and put it upon the market in enticing shape.

It seems foolish to me to neglect our honey, after once having obtained it, till it deteriorates to the condition of a second or third class article.

Onondaga Co., N. Y.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

(From Gleanings)

BEE-KEEPING IN BANANA LAND.

Some Interesting Facts About the Flora.

BY H. G. BURNET.

There is no tract of land in the world, of the same size, that I know of, that has as diversified a climate and soil as this island of Jamaica. This diversity is very pronounced, so that in a journey of a few miles, one can pass from arid plains to where there is a rainfall of sufficient amount to keep vegetation in luxuriant growth the year through. These conditions are brought about by the peculiar topography of the island, in combination with the northeast trade-winds. The range of high mountains through the center of the island causes most of the rain to fall on the north and central portions, while on the south side there are districts where the rainfall does not exceed ten or twenty inches, and on the mountain-tops and north side it is from 80 to 150 inches a year.

On the dry Liguanea plains on the south sides there is a very interesting honey flora, the most noted being a variety of acacia, locally known as "cashaw," that blooms twice a year -- in May, and again in August and September, and that grows luxuriantly all over the dry plains. The honey from this source is thick and white, and of very fine flavor, much like white-clover honey. Then there is the lignum vitæ, logwood, and quite a long list of trees, plants and vines that yield more or less honey; and when seasons are favorable, very large yields are obtained---so large, in fact, that it is almost impossible to overstock the range, and large apiaries pay well.

In the dry districts the flows are very distinct, and great skill is needed to keep bees strong at the proper time to catch the full benefit of the yield; for often for weeks bees will do nothing; then the cashaw or logwood blooms suddenly open, and fairly drips with nectar; and the careless bee-keeper will lose nearly all of it while the bees are raising a force strong enough to gather the abundant harvest. So it is often the case that he goes to work and extracts too closely, and his bees starve or abscond, or "the moth" plays havoc, and "bee-keeping doesn't pay." But there are some wide-awake apiarists who have the best modern appliances, and are quietly increasing the number of colonies, and starting out-apiaries, and who will surely reap a well-deserved harvest. In the district about Spanish Town there is complaint that the hundreds of acres being cleared up and planted to bananas---under irrigation---is reducing the flows very materially; but there are large areas still untouched. Cocoanut palms also yield honey, as do nearly all of the palm family.

Leaving the plains, and getting up into the hills, we find a more varied flora; for the rainfall is greater, and, with decent care, bees will never need feeding, as they often do on the dry plains, for there are nectar-yielding plants in bloom all the year round. Logwood, which is found sparingly on the dry plains, here grows with great luxuriance, and is found in nearly all the pastures on the great cattle-ranches—here called "pens"—which abound throughout the island,

About Christmas, bees get more or less honey from a convolvulus-like bloom called "Christmas pop," that stimulates brood rearing, which is of great value, as it puts the bees in good shape, if properly managed, for the harvest from logwood in January and February, which lasts from four to eight weeks. Oranges abound in many parts of the island, and, where plentiful, give considerable honey, following closely after the logwood.

The list of nectar-yielding plants in the hills is quite a large one, including many large trees as well as small weeds and vines. A good many swarms have escaped to the rocks and many caves that are found throughout the hill country. With the facilities of good roads—none better anywhere—and convenient railway transportation, it is a wonder some of the apiarists on the plains have not moved their bees into the hill country after the cashaw flow has stopped. J. S. Morales, the enterprising secretary of the Jamaica Apicultural Society of Spanish Town, not only handles Root's goods, but rides a bicycle to his out-apiary, and is much in request by a number of beginners in various parts of the island. Friend Morales finds a wheel invaluable in his business, as does the writer; for with the magnificent roads everywhere through the island "it's just fun" to wheel through the lovely and varied tropical scenery.

I again invite A. I. R. to visit this island next winter. He will find many things that will interest him as much as any thing he has seen on any of his travels—immense fields of bananas grown under irrigation; great waterfalls, wonderful medicinal springs, large sugar plantations, truck-growing under irrigation, great caves, etc., as well as a wealth of tropical vegetation that will be a revelation to him, He can bring his wheel, and ride everywhere, and he will find that he has many friends here as everywhere.

Linstead, Jamaica.

BEES AS AGRICULTURISTS.

When one thinks of the important part played by bees in agriculture one cannot help wondering why the experiment stations of the United States pay so little attention to beekeeping. We do not recall a single station where beekeeping is carried on at all. The Rhode Island station had a department devoted to poultry and bees, but if memory serves, that has been abandoned.

Honey bees and the bumble bees are expert in some lines of agricultural work that men do not very well understand, and could not succeed in if they tried ever so hard- They do a very important work, and do it for nothing, boarding themselves in the meantime.

If it were not for bees we would not have large fruit crops, if we did not experience failures. At the time when fruit trees are in bloom there are but few insects abroad and if the bees did not visit the blossoms in search of honey the fruit would never mature, as it would not be pollenized.

If it were not for the work of bees we could not grow clover and this important crop would be unknown. So important is this that large sums of money have beent spent to import bees into Australia in order that clover might be grown there.

Honey bees follow civilation and are unknown where civilized man has not taken up his residence. They are colaborers with the pioneer and help him to conquer the wilderness and in the introduction of improved fruits and crops.

Every home owner, from villager to the bonanza farmer, should keep bees, for the help they are to agriculture alone. The business of bee-keeping is not well understood even by experts, and is a great opportunity for good work from the experiment station in promoting a wider knowledge and a greater interest in bee-keeping, an industry that might be indefinitely extended with profit to those who keep them, and to those whose field they roam over in search of honey.—Exchange.

(From Gleanings).

SMOKER FUEL.

Some New and Valuable Kinks in Handling Bees.

BY N. E. BOOMHOWER.

About every apiarist has his own whims and ideas; and among them are some who would rather use a thing of their own originating than to use one they knew was better, but decline simply because some one else got it up, and say it is "no good."

I will give a few points that perhaps will do some one some good if he will try it. One of them is, *fuel for the smoker*. We use old phosphate-sacks that have been laid out in the rain, and washed out, or burlap of the same nature, which can be had in almost any quantities at the junk-shops for one-fourth cent a pound. This fuel has been used by a good many, but perhaps not in the same shape we use it. We take a phosphate-sack and roll it up lengthwise as tight as we can handily with the hands; then we take common cotton twine and tie around the rolls about five inches apart, or about the right length to fit in the smoker; then chop up the rolls between the strings with an ax, and so have a very handy piece of fuel that will just fit into the smoker. One bundle will last two or three hours, and make a much nicer smoke than any wood I ever saw.

We take sacks and fill them with the bundles, and send one to each apiary, and that will last through the season. The advantage of this fuel is that there are no sparks, and those who have chaff hives will know that this is one good point. Only a short time ago I burned up four chaff hives on account of using wood for fuel. Your smoker is always cool, easily lighted, and I have known a smoker to stay lighted three hours without being touched. In lighting the smoker, take the burnt fuel that was used the last time, and by touching it with a lighted match it will burn like charcoal, thereby saving the time of cutting shavings. The cost is about five cents per hundred colonies per season and about fifteen minutes' work to prepare it.

W. L. Coggshall, I think, was the first to use fuel in this shape, and you could get him to use no other.

Another useful point is in putting a hook on the smoker—one stamped out of band iron, about $\frac{7}{8}$ inch wide and 3 inches long, with one end made sharp, and bent like a fish hook, so it can be screwd on about the center part of the back of the bellows, and about two inches from the top, where it does not interfere with the hand. This will be found very handy, as, instead of groping around and bending over, or reaching to find a level place where the smoker will stand, you can hang it on the edge of the hive, and be out of your way, and save a good deal of time and annoyance.

Another point we just caught on this season is in driving the bees down in the supers, either in extracting or comb-honey supers, where bee-escapes are not used. This is done by taking hold of one corner of the oilcloth and pulling it loose, just so the opposite corner hangs, and by blowing smoke from the smoker by the side of the cloth, and flapping the oilcloth up and down quite rapidly, you will be surprised to see how quickly the little fellows will leave and go downstairs. It seems to draw just the amount of smoke required, and it scatters it evenly over the frames, and forces it down in between the combs farther than a smoker will do it, and not so much, and does not get the bees excited. With a little practice a person can nearly clean the supers of bees, and where you extract you hardly need to brush the combs.

[Mr. N. E. Boomhower is a son of Frank Boomhower, of Gallupville, N. Y. As I saw Mr. N. E., or Novice, as he is familarily called, working in one of Mr. Coggshall's apiaries, I can testify to the correctness of every point he makes. It is indeed true that this old gunny-sack smoker-fuel is cheap and lasting, and it gives a good volume of smoke without sparks. I think Mr. C. told me he bought for this purpose old phosphate-sacks. The smell of the phosphate would do no harm, but, on the contrary, would have a more favorable effect on the bees. I do not suppose it would pay ordinarily to buy new burlap for the purpose of making smoker fuel, and yet it might.

The idea of flapping smoke into extracting-supers for the purpose of expelling bees by means of the enamel cloth or quilt is a valuable one. The principle seems to be in causing a partial vacuum in the super. A continuous stream of smoke is poured over the frames. The flapping of the enamel cloth, as explained causes a suction, driving the smoke further into the super than it can be done with the smoker itself, strange to say. You have probably noticed this, that, while in bed, if the bed-clothes are held fast at one end, and raised up suddenly, it will cause a suction. In the case of the hive the smoke seems to be driven into, or rather sucked into, the super, not by a *downward* flap, but by the sudden uplift of the cloth.

Well, how about the results? I saw young Boomhower drive bees out of super after super, and when he took the combs out to shake or brush, in many cases there was hardly a bee on the combs, so thoroughly did it do its work. I shall have more to say about this when I come to tell about my visit at Mr. Coggshall's, but in the meantime, brethern, try it and see how it works. If you use a flat cover, and enamel cloths, try the ordinary rubber-cloth that Dr. Miller recommended, but have it wet. As soon as the cover is removed, lay this on the frames, then try the flap act, and notice what it will do. Now try to smoke the bees down in the ordinary way with the smoker, in another hive, and I think you will notice the difference as I did at Mr. Coggshall's. Of course, you know Mr. C. does not use a bee-escape. His reasons for not using one I will explain at another time.—Ed.]

THE PHILADELPHIA BEE-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.

A Report.

The Philadelphia Bee-keepers' Association held their September meeting as guests of Mr. John L. Kugler at his residence near Darby, adjourning to visit, at Mr. Kugler's invitation, the apiary of Mr. E. G. Ludwick, about a mile further on.

Mr. Kugler, confessed to it that he had rather the meeting should continue longer upon his porch and that the members would stay to tea, but he had felt for months that the reports he had rendered at the parlor meetings of the doings at the Ludwick hives were listened to with suspicion, and he was losing standing for keeping true to facts and figures, so he must sacrifice his inclinations in self-defence.

The apiary of Mr. Kugler is made up of a dozen or more hives, from two to four stories tall, ranged in benches in the little yard in the rear of his residence. All of the honey gathered not needed for the bees is extracted, and in course of a season amounts to a large number of gallons, all of it gathered from the fields and gardens of the vicinity.

The meeting was held on the porch and, in the absence of Dr.Harry Townsend, president, and Mrs. Carrie B. Aaron, vice-president; Mr. W. E. Flower, Ashbourne, was chairman, Mr. F. Hahman, Harrowgatelane, secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting held at the Flower Apiary commended Mr. Flower's methods in bee-keeping.

New members enrolled were Dr. Lyman F. Keebler, E. S. Richards,

J. F. Collins, Louis Dietrich, Isaac Benners and Henry Charles Bridley. Topics discussed were "The Fall Flow," "Poison in Honey," "Spraying Fruit Trees" and "What to do with Weak Colonies."

Mr. W. A. Selser, of the Woodcliffs Apiaries, at Jenkintown, just at home from the West, in answer to "the most interesting thing he saw there," told of 24-frame hives from which the bees never swarm. Every frame of this apiary is run through the extractor once a week. The bees are shaken off, and the frame, brood and all, is put into the machine, its honey whirled out and then put into another hive than that from which it was taken. The queen and bees have the same frame only seven days, and don't seem to mind the change. Jenkintown bees would never stand such doings nor would any other he had ever seen around Philadelphia, but the Westerners worked right on as if out on a wager, and never seemed to mind at what or where it went to. Four men and a big wheelbarrow did all the work. The honey extracted was not capped. The specific gravity was very low. It was put into uncovered tanks and let stand in a warm room, and drawn from the bottom. It actually evaporated itself. The honey as it came from the extractor seemed to be free from brood. That extracted in the afternoon was lighter than that of the morning.

Of the present honey flow, Mr. Hahman said his bees up in Frankford were working very lively and bringing in a beautiful light-colored honey from the smartweed. There was an abundance of white clover everywhere, a third crop, but it had neither odor nor nectar. Others reported the same.

Mr. Mark Schofield reported his bees, near by in Woodland avenue, were working well. "The flow in the vicinity is tremendous," he said. "The whole atmosphere being permeated with the honey odor, all from the wild asters and heartsease." A swarm had gone out from his hives August 10. He had extracted nine gallons from the ten hives in his back yard for the spring flow.

Mr. Moore, Germantown, reported his honey as dark colored and rich, averaging sixty pounds to the hive; was extracting wholly.

Mr. Hahman said the honey of the spring was usually dark, but this year has been light. Whether there was no dark or whether the light was so attractive the dark was not taken was a question. The dark is from the poplar.

Mr. Flower reported Mr. Doolittle as saying buckwheat yields honey only once in five years, and Mr. Hutchinson as saying a ten acre patch of raspberries should give work to a hundred colonies for six weeks.

A gentleman claiming to be 82 years old, a visitor, told of beekeeping as practiced when he was a boy. He was a beekeeper now because a swarm came to him. He put it in an old box, and this on a board with an opening, so the bees could get it. By and by he bored a little hole in the top and put another box over it, and by and by added another, so it is three stories high now. The first swarm swarmed, and ten days after swarmed again. Altogether now he has five colonies from the one that came.

The apiary of Mr. E. G. Ludwick swung Mr. Kugler's reputation for extravagant statements clear back to the general assertion that he had not told the half.

This bee town is off Avenue F. between Seventy-ninth and Eightieth streets. The residence of Mr. Ludwick, as it fronts the street, is level with it, but apparently rests on the edge of a sharp rise, as the rear portion can only be reached by a long outside stairway, and underneath it is the high ceiled room that is a workshop for bee fixings and honey room. To the rear of the house is a garden and a grape arbor leading to the little lot, less than than 100 feet square, where are located the 189 families, each over 50,000 strong, each with its mother bee—nearly 10,000.000 of creatures, all busy gathering the nectar from the flowers of the fields, making from this waste material one of the choicest products of the market.

The output of this apiary last year, st is said, was over 10,000 pounds of extracted honey.

This year only comb honey is grown, but with the increase in the number of colonies the product would be but little less.

Formerly this apiary was nearer the main road, but people passing were afraid of being stung and a couple of horses were "hit." so the present location "in the swamp" was taken, and if not a swamp it is near to it, being covered with water at high tide and in heavy storms. The hives are, therefore, on benches in rows. The entrance to the hive is far below. The hives being airtight the water could not get in after the entrance was covered by it.

Mr. Ludwick is a cabinet maker, and except for a few weeks at swarming time, works at his trade. By reason of his skill with tools his hives, all home made, differ from the ordinary in being only 12 inches square. The second story is of the same size and covered by a board, which fits flat on the top. This is covered by sheetiron or tin, the edges overlapping four or five inches, so as to fit close over the hive top like a box cover. The size, shape and arrangement is with the one idea of conserving the heat.

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EDITORIAL.

Mr. Doolittle has abandoned the "Long Idea" hive because he found it awkward and tiresome to manipulate, as compared with double stories. Mr. Poppleton of Florida, has adopted them exclusively because of their conveniences and the ease with which they are handled. As "difference of climate" fails in this case to afford the usual reconciliation, difference of anatomical avoirdupois will clearly harmonize the adverse conclusions of these worthy veterans.

The question of amalgamating the National, and the United States Bee-Keepers' unions, though defeated by decree of the National's members, is still quite a live one, and as it is becoming more thorough understood, all signs now point to the ultimate consummation of the project. There seems indeed to be no good reason why the two societies should not join hands, and in their broader field of labor, under one constitution, become a power of good to the beekeeping fraternity. "In union their is strength;" uniting Unions ought to develope Herculean power.

Cash premiums aggregating $464.00 were this year offered in the apiarian department of the Illinois State fair.

G. W. Williams, in American Bee Journal, is loud in his praise of the Simpson honey plant; that it is so far ahead of sweet clover that there is no comparison between the two, that it is easy to grow if one knows how, and that beekeepers would be surprised at the nectar it affords. For half an acre, sow two ounces of seed March 1st, in a bed 16x20 feet, prepared after burning a large prush pile upon the ground. When the plants are three to five inches high, transplant in rows 3 to 4 feet apart. Cultivate same as any other crop.

A recent letter from E. M. Stover of Saussey, Ga., states that they have had a fair season in Clinch county this year. In concluding he says: "I do not like the place and think I will make a change soon. I started the season with 95 colonies, 45 in log gums, and now have 125 in frame hives; took 5,000 pounds of honey and about 100 pounds of wax-" Mr. Storer is a veteran specialist and during the past year has been testing the reported advantages of Southern Georgia with the about result, and will probably return this winter to his old field in Brevard county, Florida. He has in years gone by had charge of several apiaries along the Mississippi river. Among others that of E. T. Flanigan, at Bellville, Ill., where he succeeded that prince of migratory bee-men, Frank Curl, who is known personally by nearly every bee-keeping specialist throughout the South and West, from Olympia to Miami. And now he has abandoned the Pacific coast. When last heard from, a year or so ago, he was quartered at Key West, Fla., awaiting the results of an advertisement for a bee-keeping job in the West Indies. Seeking "other worlds to conquer."

At the Buffalo convention Mr. McIntyre stated that he found the bees always stored less honey for a day or two after extracting the combs, they were repairing the breaks and bruises resulting from the operation, and they were hindered in the storing of honey. Editorially the Canadian Bee Journal, commenting upon the above, says: "If this is the case, we have a strong argument in favor of extracting only a portion of the combs of a hive, the bees can then repair and prepare one lot, while going on storing in the other." No practical bee-keeper will question the fact that every time a hive is opened and the combs disturbed, the bees' time is occupied to a greater or less extent in repairing breaks, etc., just in proportion to the disarrangement resulting from the manipulation. Every time we extract from a hive, whether we use escapes or smoke and brush, we necessarily interfere with the work of the bees. The number of gorged bees and general confusion would be but slightly increased by a complete extracting, as compared with the double-trip plan suggested. Dividing the work into two jobs in no way lessens the damage to combs or the work of repairing them. On the contrary, the work is increased. Verily, the "strength" of the argument is not apparent.

The Canadian Bee Journal says that hundreds of bee-keepers in Ontario have lost money by adopting the Jones hive, and clearly points out several glaring defects of this once popular hive. Fifteen years ago it was thought by many in Canada that to adopt the Jones hive was the chief requisite to success. But, alas, its "glory hath departed."

There have appeared in this locality as well as other parts of the state during the past few weeks, great numbers of small, greenish-colored, flies or gnats which Dr. Hargett of Syracuse University pronounces to be a species of plant lice. They have been a great annoyance to bicyclists and others as they get into ones eyes and cause considerable irritation, which comes from a secretion which they are capable of excluding from their bodies. The fluid is of a sweet, transparent, sticky nature, and often covers the leaves of trees which they invest, and collects on the ground beneath, forming food for bees, wasps, etc., and is known as "honey-dew."

Under the law the head of the State Department of Agriculture is authorized to appoint a "bee agent," if five bee keepers of any county petition such an appointment, alleging that foul brood exists there. Such a petition was recently filed from Schoharie county, and the commissioner of agriculture, Weiting, appointed Frank Boomhower of the town of Wright. The agent so appointed receives $2 a day, which is paid by the county seeking the appointment, and it is his duty to locate the hives contaminated by the disease and direct the owners to burn them.

-He who puts the finest product on tne market reaps the riches reward. Bear this in mind when preparing your honey for the market.

The best time to extract honey is just as the bees begin to cap the comb. Thus the labor of uncapping is avoided, and the honey is in good condition for the extractor.

There is no industry that pays so well for the labor and expense attending it as bee-keeping, but nevertheless the proper attention must be given it to insure success.

We are always in want of good articles for publication, as well as communications of any sort relating to bee-keeping. We wish our readers would write up their experiences of the past season and send them to us. *Don't* hesitate on the score that you have never "wrltten for a paper" before, we can overlook any errors that you make and will be glad to revise whenever necessary.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

Literary Items.

THE HICKS 1898 ALMANAC AND PAPER.

We are informed that the 1898 Almanac of Prof. Irl R. Hicks is now ready, and judging from its past history, it will not be many weeks finding its way into homes and offices all over America. It is much larger and finer than any previous issue. It contains 116 pages, is splendidly printed and illustrated on fine book paper, having the finest portrait ever given of Prof. Hicks. It can no longer be denied that the publications of Prof. Hicks have become a necessity to the family and commercial life of this country. His journal," WORD AND WORKS, aside from its storm, weather and astronomical features, has taken rank with the best literary, scientific and family magazines of the age. Do not believe hearsay and reports. See the Hicks Almanac and paper for yourselves. You will then know why they are so popular. They are educators of the millions, and unrivaled safeguards to property and human life. It is a matter of simple record that Prof. Hicks has foretold for many years all great storms, floods, drouths and tornadoes, even the recent terrible drouth over all the country. The paper is $1.00 a year with the Almanac as a premium. Send to

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⁂

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

The first Thanksgiving dinner was celebrated in this country two hundred and seventy-six years ago, at Plymouth, Massachusetts. The whole American army was present—it numbered twenty men. Miles Standish, the backward lover of Priscilla, sat at the feast while Priscilla served at the tables. The story will appear in tha November issne of *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Here Indians and whites sat down together by the tables set in the woods, and enjoyed the roast turkey, beechnuts, clam chowder, fish, salad, cakes, fruit and other delicacies provided. It was at this historical dinner that the first oysters were served. The illustrations of the article shows portraits of the Pilgrim fathers,

On the 8th day of October more than 10,000 students were on the rolls as members of the first Freshman class of the Cosmopolitan University. The confusion into which the plans regarding the COSMOPOLITAN's educational work were thrown by the retirement of President Andrews, in order to meet the urgent wishes of his friends at Brown University, has been met by the acceptance of the Presidency by Dr. Eliphalet N Potter. President Potter has been at the head of two great colleges for nearly twenty-five years, and brings to the work excepional talents as an organizer and man of broad culture and common-sense idea. He is already at Irvington engaged in organizing his staff of professors. The work of the University has been grouped under fifteen heads, covering the various branches of knowledge. Each of these will be in charge of a professor. As soon as the task of selection is complete, the students will be assigned their work and the largest Freshman class in the history of the universities of the world will begin its studies.

The extraordinary dimensions of the class thus formed has opened the eyes of the public to the importance of the gap in educational facilities which the COSMOPOLITAN has undertaken to fill. Knowing that the appropriation made by the COSMOPOL. is a limited one and that the entries are far beyond the most sanguine expectations, embarrassing the work by their proportions many professors and other prominent men have already made the offer of advice and assistance without pay.

It is estimated that the turkey trade of the United States exceeds $12,000,000 annually. The greatest of the turkey growing states are Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas.

Rupshu, a district on the north slope of the Himalayas, 15,000 feet above sea level and surrounded by mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet higher, has a permanent population of 500 persons, who live in goat hair tents.

WHEN MOTHER GETS TEA.

When on a Sunday afternoon
The children are away
And wife and I at home alone,
She'll look at me and say:
"We'll let the servants all go out.
When only you and me
Are left, just as I used to do,
I'll get your Sunday tea."

And so we watch them as they go,
The maids in ribbons gay,
Butler and cook and all the rest
Depart in brave array,
And when the last has disappeared
I rub my hands in glee
And say, "Now, Mary, for old times!"
And "mother" gets the tea.

Stand back, each Jane and Bridget,
And hide your blushing face!
If you could only cook like this,
You'd never lose a place!"
Such oysters and such omelets,
Chicken and toast—ah, me,
How happy 'twas when, long ago,
She always got the tea!

Those good old days, when we were poor
And boys and girls were small!
Since then the Lord has prospered us,
While they've grown strong and tall
And think they ought to have "more style."
Perhaps such things must be,
But still I'm longing for the days
When "mother" got the tea.
—Louise Edgar in New York Independent.

VACATION IN FOG.

Biggs came into the office with an air of not caring who knew it, and Riggs said to him: "What, back from your vacation so soon? A little earlier than you expected, isn't it?"

"Yes, I am back earlier than I expected," Biggs answered, "and I don't want you to ask me what I came back for either."

"Well, I won't ask you," said Riggs soothingly. "What is it to me?"

"I came back to get warm," said Biggs, "if you must know."

"I don't want to know," said Riggs.

"Isn't it enough," said Biggs, "to have everybody, from the proprietor of my hotel to the elevator man here in the building, worrying me about what I came back for?"

"It seems as if it ought to be enough," said Riggs.

But it appeared that Biggs really wanted to tell, and as soon as the two started for luncheon together he began of his own accord. "I always said," he began, "that New York was the best place to be in the summer. It may be pretty hot sometimes, but New York is better prepared to stand hot weather than any other city in the world. And so with Manhattan Beach and Long Branch and the highlands close at hand. I always thought that the bother of going far for a vacation was more than it was worth, and I seldom went. But this year my cousin Polly wrote to me how lonely it was down on the coast of New England where she is staying, with 20 girls in the hotel to one man, and how much she wanted me to come down, and finally I went down.

"I don't know what I wanted to go for. It wasn't uncomfortable here. The night I got there I nearly froze to death sitting on the piazza. Polly said the wind was a little fresh, even for that place, but I ought to have been there the week before, when the storm was and when they all went out with their winter clothes and rubber boots on to see the waves, and the fishermen said there hadn't been anything like it before since 1873. But the wind was blowing 35 miles an hour right then, and that was enough for me.

"The next morning I put on a fresh, clean outing suit, just as if I had expected summer weather. It was a beautiful suit that I bought on purpose to wear down there, and Polly said she was proud of me, though she was a little afraid I might get pneumonia. Evidently she was proud of me, or of the suit, or something, for all that day she just took me around and showed me to the other girls. I didn't know another soul in the place, so she had me all to herself, and it really was worth something to see how happy she was when she looked at the other girls.

"You'll die of modesty some time," said Riggs. "You ought to do something for it."

"It wasn't altogether so easy showing me to the other girls either," Biggs went on, "for the fog was thick enough all that day to boil potatoes in, only the air didn't suggest boiling at all. But Polly said that this weather was unusual. She had been here two summers before, and sometimes it was almost warm. She thought that so much cold was a sure sign that it was going to be warm soon. It was foggy all the next day, too, and for that night a moonlight sail was announced. They called it a sail, though it was to be on a steamboat. When I saw the advertisements and saw the fog, I was inclined to make light of it, but I soon found that it was a serious matter, for it appeared that they were going to have it regardless of the weather, and Polly was bent on going and on taking me with her.

"I told her I would much rather sit on the piazza with her alone and talk about the days when we used to make mud pies together, or some other pleasant subject. She said that the disparity in our ages was too great for us ever to have made mud pies together, and she didn't remember anything about it, but it was not too great for us to go on a moonlight sail together. I spoke about the fog, and she said that it was likely to clear up any minute.

"I remember that the last time I had seen the moon, before I left New York, it was past the full. I looked the matter up and found that it would not rise that night till after 10 o'clock. Polly said that the party would probably stay out a good deal later than that, so it would be all right, and anyway a moon was of no great consequence on a moonlight sail. I found at last that she simply regarded that moonlight sail as an especially convenient occasion to dangle me before the other girls some more. It appears that where there are a lot of girls on a moonlight sail men are regarded as uncommonly desirable. I didn't know anything about it before, but Polly let me into the secret.

"Well, we went. We had not much more than started when I overheard the captain saying to the purser: 'We can't do anything tonight. Wait till we have been out 15 minutes and then go around and take up the tickets, and we'll go back.' Oh, they're a nice, honest lot, these hardy, seafaring people!"

"Why didn't you make a row about it," said Riggs, "if you heard him say a thing like that?"

"Make a row about it? Why, I would have given $5 to get back, if it had been necessary, instead of the 50 cents they asked. But it was not to be. That bay is as full of islands as a shad roe—shut up; you know what I mean—and we zigzagged about among them. As we were creeping around the end of one of them Polly asked me what that man up forward was looking for. I thought he must be watching for a buoy that marked the point that the boat must go around in passing the island. Polly said that she had often wondered why they didn't have those buoys placed nearer to the shore, where it would be easier to go around them. Just as she had wondered that there was a bump and a terrible grinding noise and the boat stopped. Her question was answered, and we were stuck fast on the rocks just inside the buoy.

"Well, then there was a row. Children screamed, women fainted and men put on life preservers—on themselves usually, not the women. Polly wasn't frightened a bit. She just sat close to me and gloated over the other girls."

"And what did you do? You were just as brave as she, I suppose."

"Brave! What was there to be brave about? The boat was fast on the bottom. She couldn't have sunk any farther if she had been a sieve, and she probably didn't draw more than five feet of water, so even if we had fallen overboard we should only have had to stand up and our heads would have been out of water. I don't claim any great bravery, but I'm not a fool. Neither is Polly. It doesn't run in the family."

"Oh, I don't know!"

"Well, we stuck there for an hour and a half, till the tide rose and took us off, and Polly gloated. Then they took us ashore, and we walked back to the hotel, and Polly was the only contented person in the crowd. I suggested that we were pretty full of fog and needed something to warm us up. Polly suggested tea. I said that a hot scotch would suit me better, and Polly nearly fainted. She said that this was a no license town, and there probably wasn't such a thing as a hot scotch this side of Boston, and I couldn't get it even if I was there because it was after 9 o'clock. It was then that I thought of New York. The next morning, as soon as the telegraph office opened, I sent a dispatch to you."

"What! That crazy dispatch that you ——

sent to me, asking me to telegraph it back to you, signing 'M. D.' after my name?"

"Yes, and then I told Polly that my doctor had telegraphed to me that the air of that place was too bracing for me and that I must come back, and I showed her your dispatch to prove it. Then I packed my outing suit and came."

"It appears to me," said Riggs, "that your cousin Polly is a good deal more devoted to you than you are to her."

"No," said Biggs hesitatingly. "I don't think so. If I had been one of 20 men, and she the only girl in the place, it is likely that the rest of the conditions would have been reversed too."—New York Tribune.

Fog and Gaslight.

According to the statement of Professor Lewes, a London fog deprives coal gas of 11.1 per cent of its illuminating power, but this is not so astonishing as is the fact that, under similar circumstances, the searching light of an incandescent burner loses as much as 20.8 of its efficacy. The reason given by Professor Lewes for this phenomenon is that the spectrum of both the incandescent and the electric light approaches very nearly that of the solar spectrum, being very rich in the violet and ultraviolet rays. It is precisely these rays which cannot make their way through a London fog. To this is attributed the fact that the sun looks red on a foggy day. The violet rays are absorbed by the solid particles floating in the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere, and only the red portions of the spectrum get through. The interesting additional statement is made in this connection that the old argand burner is much more successful in resisting a London fog than any of its later rivals.

English Dinner Orators.

Twenty years ago the best dinner table talkers in England were thought to be Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Queen's Counselor Judah P. Benjamin, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Lord Rosebery and Dean Stanley. Twenty years before that Macaulay and Carlyle headed the list. In Dickens' time he ranked as the best after dinner speaker, and Sala enjoyed that distinction for a few years before his death. There is now rather a dearth of talkers and speakers of the first luster in that country.

An Iron Mountain.

In the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high, and the iron is from 60 to 70 per cent pure. The metallic mass spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for 1,000 years.

Couldn't Fool Stewart.

The late A. T. Stewart belonged to the Century club, although he rarely visited its rooms. The club once bought a carpet of his people, and when it had been down for several months Stewart happened to come in. He seemed to be greatly interested in the carpet, studying it attentively. "Where did you buy that?" he demanded of one of the house committee. "At your place, I believe." "Impossible!" rejoined the millionaire. "We never had the pattern in stock. We have had a pattern exactly similar, except that these little violet flowers were white." The committeeman took the trouble to hunt through his vouchers and produced a receipted bill of A. T. Stewart & Co. Mr. Stewart shook his head. "There is some mistake," he said. "The little flowers on our carpet were white." It was found on investigation that the little flowers had been white—so offensively white and spotty to the eyes of some of the æsthetic members of the club that Louis Lang had gone over them with a stiff brush dipped in violet ink.—New York Letter.

The latest Paris device for filling out slender figures consists of ruffles about three inches wide, made of ribbon, muslin or lace to match the gown, sewed inside the body across the bust. They give a soft fullness and are much more healthy than cotton or the heavy pads formerly used.

Missouri produced in 1896 200,000,000 bushels of corn, 13,000,000 bushels of wheat, 22,000,000 bushels of oats, 3,500,000 tons of hay, 14,000,000 pounds of cotton, 7,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 500,000 bushels of flaxseed and 6,000,000 bushels of potatoes.

AUTUMN ON WIND RIVER.

The black pines stand high up the hills,
  The white snow sifts their columns deep,
While through the canyon's riven cleft
  From there beyond the rose clouds sweep.

Serene above their paling shapes
  One star hath wakened in the sky,
And here in the gray world below
  Over the sage the wind blows by,

Rides through the cottonwoods' ghost ranks
  And hums aloft a sturdy tune
Among the river's tawny bluffs,
  Untenanted as is the moon.

Far 'neath the huge invading dusk
  Comes silence awful through the plain,
But yonder horseman's heart is gay,
  And he goes singing, might and main.
    —Owen Wister in Harper's Magazine.

BILL'S LITTLE GAL.

Being a man with a wide circle of acquaintances, I purposely avoid accuracy as to dates and localities. It is not even necessary to explain how I became associated with General Surly in the management of a big cattle ranch. He was one of the southern gentlemen whose earthly possessions were pretty well wiped out by the war, but he did not stop to chide fate nor wait for something to turn up. He converted his available assets into cash and made the investment in which I was eventually interested.

Of course the general had a beautiful daughter, or I would have nothing worth the telling. I avoid going into rhapsodies by simply saying that she grew to be a strong, stately and graceful woman whose physical attractions were matured in the outdoor world, whose education and accomplishments were those that few women have the mental grasp to acquire and whose heart was as tender as when her little girlish voice was raised in angry protest against placing the cruel brand upon some bleating maverick. I'll not betray by how many years I was her senior, but I fell in love with her the first time I saw her, a little vision of beauty astride a burro, riding wildly and without fear, swinging a miniature lasso, her black eyes aglow and her raven hair streaming in waves that even the sweeping wind of the prairie did not straighten.

Though she was a gentle little mistress, every one about the place was her slave. Even stoical old Bud Whipley, who should have lost every vestige of romance in his experience as trapper, scout, Indian fighter and cattle man, had secretly adopted the little witch in his heart, which had come warm and true through all these experiences. Like many a man who led the rough life of the frontier, he idealized a good woman, and the adoration bestowed by him upon Kitty Surly was as devoid of our earthly conception of love as though she had been an angel.

It was after she had been east to school and returned to us with all her natural beauty enhanced by the refining influences and opportunities she had enjoyed that old Bud came to me. "I don't like the way that coyote from the Robelda ranch is a-tryin to git-inter the round up over here," he began. "Jim Bumper's no sorter feller fur sich a woman as our Kitty. I never heerd yet where he wiped out a feller critter what he didn't take unbeknownst or to a disadvantage. He's made big money, but he ain't square, an he'd make it hell on airth fur a woman. He's makin a strong play fur to git on the good side of the gineral, an I ve 'bout made up my mind that I orter to tend to slippin Jim's cinch. Takin chances with critters like him is the same as takin chances with rattlesnakes. Jist say the word, an I'll make Jim Bumper git out o' here or fight, an he won't fight me fur certain reasons as is private till I git ready to turn loose. I reckon he's feelin kinder panicky already, fur I give it out all an singular to the boys over to the ranch that our Kitty warn't agoin to graze her pritty face on no range 'ceptin our own an that any feller what tried ropin her wouldn' never know jist how it happened he was disapp'inted. I don't of'en cut loose, but there hain't none o' the boys is hankerin partickaler to be round when I blow up."

I could see that the veteran was in deadly earnest, for his parchmentlike face bad an unwonted glow of color, and in his deep set gray eyes there was a glint as ominous as a death warrant.

"See here, Bud," I said in a conciliatory tone. "There are some things about this case that I understand better than you do. I'm as determined as any man living that Jim Bumper shan't have Kitty Burly. I happen to know that she loves another man who would try to be worthy of her and who will marry her if the general can ever be convinced that a big fortune is not essential to her happiness. Jim's immense wealth, got nobody knows how, dazzles the general for a time, but he will never ask Kitty to marry against her will, and I can see that Jim is losing ground every day in the general's esteem. It is all right to let matters take their course, and nothing must be done that will make her talked about."

But old Bud did not belong to the class of men who are content to drift. The necessity of his life had been to plan, plot and anticipate the movements of the enemy. But he said nothing, and I accepted the matter as at an end for the time.

It was a month before we were startled by a very unexpected occurrence. Bud rushed into the room where the general and I were transacting some business to announce that Jim Bumper had kidnaped Kitty and was following the old trail to the nearest large city. No time was lost in lamentations or inquiry. With a rush for arms and horses we were in the chase. For hours Bud staid right with us on his dilapidated broncho that he always said had done nothing more than switch its abbreviated tail when struck by lightning some 15 years before. Though Jim had one of the best mounts in the whole territory the extra weight began to tell, and a little after midnight we had our quarry in sight. The general was a dead shot. Bud never missed unless he wanted to, and I had a craving for vengeance that was only aggravated by a gentler passion.

What happened in the next few minutes can only be explained by the story which Bud afterward told with a series of chuckles and an occasional wheezy laugh that seemed to expend most of its force internally.

"I knowed all the time," he declared, "that Jim Bumper wouldn't play no square game when the stakes was so high, so I c'luded fur to take a han myself. I went over an smoked a pipe an had a council of war with big Bill Planters. Me an Bill uster be pardners. He has a mighty likely darter, an Jim had been shinin round her, lettin on she was 'bout the kind o' wife he was lookin fur. When I tole Bill how things was shapin up here to the ranch, I had to fairly put hobbles on him fur to keep him frum goin right over an spongin Jim off the yearth. He was mad chin deep, but I showed him a fist full o' trumps.

"The upshot was we makes a late call on Hank Yummers. Both me an Bill has saved Hank's scalp num'rous times, an he'd try fur to stan off satan himself if we'd intermate we wanted it. Nex' day Hank hires out to Jim Bumper, an it hain't long till them two is thicker than two brothers. Hank never mentions no gal by name, but he allus says she was the sweetest critter what ever picked posies from the parary, an why didn't Jim jist rope her on the sly, run her off an marry her. A game man could do it, an there'd be no trouble squarin up with the ole man arterward.

"Jim gits up his sand an agrees, Hank guaranteein to give the gal some sleepin medicine an have her in a hammock back o' the gin'ral's house, but there mus' be no brace game. Jim mus' marry the gal soon's he could git to a parson or a squire, or he must settle with Hank. If he done square, Hank would stan by him 'gainst a whole army o' rustlers, if it kim to that kind o' a show down.

"When this 'greement was all made, Hank gallops over an tells me an Bill, an we tells him fer to go ahead an have Jim run off the prize. One o' us would be at the round up."

When the pursuing party came within easy range of Jim Bumper, we saw there were two horsemen instead of one. When the general's voice rang out a "Halt!" one of the men faced his horse toward us and threw up his hands. Jim swung himself in the saddle, laid the girl tenderly by the side of the trail and struck the spurs into his panting horse. The general fired, but Jim plunged ahead. I took careful aim and pulled, but a shout of defiance from Jim was the only result, for we were using blank cartridges without knowing it. Then old Bud's long rifle gave forth its whiplike report, and the retreating horse went down, while his rider pitched headlong to the ground. It was with the greatest difficulty that we prevented the general from doing some more shooting, especially when he discovered that Jim's companion was Hank, whom the general had done many a favor.

"Durn me, if this hain't Bill Planters' gal!" shouted Bud as he knelt by the side of the trail.

"Course it is," snorted Hank. "That's her, an they won't be none of you gents walkin round tomorrer what says it hain't her. Jim Bumper wanted her fur his wife, an she wanted him, an I 'greed to see 'em through. When I gins my word, there hain't nothin less 'an a bullet goin to make me out a liar. There's goin fur to be a weddin or a few 'ristocratic funerals."

When Jim discovered that he had really carried off the wrong woman, he began to bluster, swear and deny, but when he felt Hanks' gun at one ear and old Bud's at the other, while the latter told that "me nor Hank won't see no shame put 'pon a darter o' Bill Planters, as has allus been our pard," he wilted, went meekly back with us and sat down to breakfast a married man. And a charming little wife she that was Miss Planters made him. Indeed, as old Bud put it, "she jist coaxed all that sneakin meanness out o' Jim an made him 'bout as decent a critter as you gen'rally see in double harness."

When Kitty and I were married, Mr. and Mrs. Jim were both at the wedding, and for the first time since the "kidnaping" he had a talk with Bud. "Old fellow," he said, "you rung in a cold deck on me, but I was a winner after all and there's no grudge. I git even with big Bill by calling him grandpa now, and Hank don't find time to do much but roll around with the baby."—Detroit Free Press.

The Value of Relics.

We do not believe that by worshiping relics we attain Nirvana, obtain any remission of our sins or gain even merely any worldly benefit. These advantages are effected only by persevering in the path of virtue.

An example: During a season of drought even the foul water is taken for drinking purposes after purifying the same. The purification is effected by removing the mud and filth from the water and putting a kind of gem (osakaprasada) into the water. The gem will not cleanse the water if it has not been first separated from the filth. In order to purify our heart it must be first freed from sinful thoughts.

Again, as a fan helps us to feel the refreshing breeze and a musical instrument to feed our ears with melodious sounds, so the relics, be they of Buddha or of his holy disciples, give us courage in our attempt to alleviate our misery. The mere keeping of the fan without fanning or the musical instrument without playing will give us neither the breeze nor the music.—Rev. Seelakkhandard in Outlook.

It All Depends.

She (sweetly)—Do you believe that kissing is unhealthy?

He (cautiously)—Well, I—er—is your father at home this evening?—Chicago News.

John Milton's Cottage.

One of the best preserved historic country houses in all England is John Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, to which the blind and aging poet fled when the great plague swooped down on London. That was in July, 1665, and Milton had just finished "Paradise Lost" and received a £5 note for it, with a promise of three more £5 notes if the poem sold four editions of 1,300 copies each. The cottage stands at the top of the village, and it is in practically the same condition as when Milton left it. Here the poet received his distinguished guests during the latter part of his life. It is now one of the favorite objective points of London bicyclists.

Well He Might.

Ethel—And what did George say when he proposed?

Maud—He said nothing. He started to say something, gasped, turned deathly pale and then fainted away. Of course I knew what that meant; so when he came to I told him he might ask papa.

Ethel—And then?

Maud—Then poor George fainted away again.—London Figaro.

THE MOB.

We dragged him out of the jail at night
  And out of the reach of aid,
And off through the gloomy chaparral
  We marched in a grim parade.
('Twas not for the evil heart he had.
  He was no worse than we.
But he was tempted, and we were not,
  And we all were as bad as he.)

So we swung his soul to another world
  While the moon looked on serene,
A silhouette of the tree and man,
  With a stretch of rope between.
('Twas not for the evil heart he had.
  He was tempted more than we,
And not a man in the sullen crew
  Was better or worse than he.)

—Town Topics.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

Housekeeping Under Difficulties — How Clothes Are Washed—The Cook's Domain.

An American woman would grow gray headed in a month if she attempted to keep house in Mexico on the same plan pursued by the native housewives. There are no water mains in the average town, and water for domestic purposes is drawn from the public fountains and sold from door to door by leather aproned venders, who carry it in picturesque vessels of hide or pottery. Pulque and milk are brought to market in skins of sheep, pigs and goats, which are stripped off the animal carcass by cutting only the neck and legs and turned inside out, all the openings but one being tied up securely. The natives do not object to the flavor of goat hide and swineskin in the milk, but visitors do.

The washerwomen have no faith in modern methods. They get 25 cents a day and are satisfied This sounds improbable to the Chicagoan, who is being "done up" by his laundress and has to endure it. The washerwomen all do their work beside an open stream of water in a trough of stone or wood, beating the articles with a round stone, a piece of homemade soap and their strong hands. No hot water is used. The scene at the public washhouses is an interesting one. The method breaks buttons, bends buckles and tears goods with the same ease as does a steam laundry in the States.

The average Mexican cook is as primitive as the washerwoman. No matter how many times the use of a modern cook stove were explained to her, it is probable that she would build the fire in the oven and put the bread to bake in the fire box. What she would use is called the brasero. Among the poor this is an urn shaped affair of pottery with a hollow base, where a tiny charcoal fire may be kept alive by constant fanning, the whole being not much larger than a common flowerpot. In the homes of the upper classes the brasero is built in of brick, mortar and piles, its surface as high as an American cook stove, with holes a foot square, under each of which a charcoal fire is kept burning. Some of these stoves have 25 or 30 ovens, and the operation of cooking is so laborious that the cook has a relay of assistants to prepare the vegetables, wash the dishes and attend the fires. —Chicago Journal.

She Misunderstood.

Many singers fail to realize the importance of distinct enunciation, and the charm of a beautiful voice is often lost by the listener who is vainly struggling to catch the meaning of the song. A young woman who considers herself an admirable ballad singer one day received a severe shock from the criticism of an old lady who had formed one of her audience. Among other ballads the singer had rendered "Rory O'More" in her best style and had received much applause.

The old lady, who sat in the front seat in the little hall where the entertainment was given, looked at first puzzled and then distressed as the familiar song proceeded, and at the close of the concert she waited to speak to the young woman.

"My dear," she said in a quivering voice, "I remember when 'Rory O'More' first came out. I have never been a singer myself, but have always been interested in music, and I am sure I never heard the words as you sang them tonight. I am not deaf. My hearing is unusually good, but will you tell me where you get your authority for singing:

> He poulticed the hock,
> And she salted it down?

For, though I cannot remember the original words, I am sure they were not like that."

The young woman's face was crimson as she showed the old lady her copy of the song and pointed to the words:

He bold as the hawk
And she soft as the dawn.

—Youth's Companion.

Well Mixed.

The Moultrie (Ga.) Gazette says that there is a family near by which consists of two mothers, four fathers, one grandmother, six sons, one grandfather, three daughters, three sisters, six brothers, five husbands, three aunts, two nieces, seven uncles, six nephews, two wives, one mother-in-law, three sisters-in-law, seven brothers-in-laws, one father-in-law, one son-in-law, six grandsons, two granddaughters, and there are only ten in the family.

SUPERSTITIONS.

The Momentous Part They Sometimes Play In Human Affairs

The London Truth gives the following inside view of a great historical event said to have been hitherto unpublished:

When Sir Charles Napier had conquered Mehemet Ali, he found it impossible to force or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only would make his victory effective. He had 19 interviews with Mehemet, in which the Englishman by turns argued, flattered and threatened his antagonist, who listened day after day with the same immovable, smiling countenance.

One day Sir Charles, in speaking of England, said casually that it "was governed by a lucky woman." A strange flash passed over the pasha's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier was gone, Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egyptian, and demanded:

"You were in London when the English queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good?"

"All good."

'You think that good luck is written on her forehead?"

"I did not think upon the matter before, but now that you ask me I believe that it is. When she asked Allah to help her in her work, her eyes ran over. Allah loves the innocent."

"No doubt of that," said Mehemet anxiously. "She must be lucky."

Early the next morning he sent for Sir Charles and signed the treaty. English power and English cannon he could brave, but not "the luck" written upon the forehead of a good woman whom he had never seen.

General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated, to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the Tae-Ping rebellion he was followed by an army which did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal, but which believed that he was protected by an invisible being who led him to victory. No sword could wound him or bullet kill. A certain black ebony cane which he carried was supposed to be the magic talisman which brought him victory, and General Gordon was shrewd enough always to carry this cane when he led them into battle.

These superstitions seem absurd to us, but they at least show that the ignorant men who hold them believe in an invisible power who can give good or ill fortune at his will. Are they more foolish than the educated, busy man, who recognizes no power in life stronger than his own will and effort?

The Barrier.

"Say," said Weary as he looked up from the clover in the fence corner. "How do they git at the gold up ther in Alasky?"

"By washin," replied Weary's pard.

"Count me out," said Weary.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of the latest achievements in chemical science is a pellet containing the concentrated elements of coffee, sugar and milk. It may yet devolve upon chemistry to beat the coffee and sugar combines and upon pharmacy to enfranchise the breakfast table.

A Japanese Argument.

Japan has an income tax, and this is the way they enforce it: If a taxpayer protests that he is rated too high by the officials, he is thrust into a dark room and told to "think it over carefully." Sometimes a man stays there 24 hours, buried in darkness and thought, and finally he is apt to agree with the officials that he is richer than he had at first supposed.

MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN.

THEIR QUEER CALCULATION AND NOTIONS ABOUT THE SERVICE.

The Absurd Distinction Made Between a Year and a "Butt"—Odd Ideas the Bluejacket Has About Work and Play Aboard Ship and on Land.

On the day after his enlistment for a period of three years the American man-of-war's man begins to figure on the amount of time that is to intervene before his discharge. He has "two years and a butt" to do, the "butt" being the remaining 11 months and 29 days of the first year. On the day following his completion of the first year of his enlistment he has only a year and a butt to get through. No matter if the butt is only a single day under a year in length, the bluejacket contemplates the term with the blandest complaisance. It is, at any rate, not a whole year, even though it be 364 days, and this fashion of throttling each year of his service makes him happy; it seems to bring his discharge and the more or less tempestuous joys he carefully maps out long before his discharge within closer range. When he has put in 18 months of an enlistment, he breaks out the homeward bound pennant; he is going down the hill, and when he has finally achieved two years and has only the butt to accomplish joy fills his cup.

"Once a sailor always a sailor" is not strictly true of man-of-war's men of the American navy. Only about one-half of the men who complete one enlistment ship for another three year cruise, but about nine-tenths of the men who put in two cruises settle down to a lifelong continuance in the service. Six years of navy life seem thoroughly to inoculate them with what the Germans call wanderlust. When a bluejacket passes a few of his summers in the latitude of the North cape and a couple of winters down among the Bermudas or in the salubrious south Pacific, he is likely to acquire a dislike for the climate of the United States, and this dislike has more weight than anything else in forming his decision to remain in the navy. Moreover, after a few years in the navy the bluejacket seems to become possessed of the odd idea that he is really doing nothing aboard ship to earn his pay, that the perpetual scurry in which he is kept from all hands in the morning until pipe down at night is really not work, and with this quaint notion he also acquires an exceedingly exaggerated idea of the terrific amount of grinding labor a man has to perform in order to gain a livelihood ashore. Put to a bluejacket who has put in a couple of naval cruises the direct question, "Are you going to 'take on' again when your time is out?" In nine cases out of ten he will look you in the eye with an expression of stupefaction and inquire, "What the devil do you think I'm going to do—work?"

But for all of the resignation with which he in time comes to regard a lifelong career in the navy the bluejacket gazes forward at first with a wistful eye to the arrival of the day of his discharge, and when that day finally approaches within clear view—is only about a month in the perspective, for instance—he presents a singular picture of nervous anticipation and is not worth a water rotted rope yarn for work. He moons about his ship like a man in a dream, consuming great quantities of tobacco that he finds flavorless, and during this period he is pretty likely to miss a few ship's calls in his abstraction and get himself jumped upon at the mast for the delinquencies. His shipmates with comparatively long periods still to serve on their enlistments regard him with the jaundiced eye of envy, which they show by picturing to the short time man the most gloomy things that await him as soon as he steps over the gangway, beach bound, with his bag and hammock.

Overtime men being shipped back to this country on a man-of-war are not compelled to do any of the ship's work. They simply stand the military calls, eat their meals and smoke their pipes, watching the while with lazy happiness the daily round of labor of the less fortunate bluejackets attached as members of the crew of the ship on which they themselves are practically passengers. The overtime men occasionally emit arrogantly humorous directions to these temporary shipmates, the ship's company of the boat that is hauling them home. "Gwan, now, and shine up that bright work, you long time dub!" they will shout to a deckhand when the officer of the deck is aft and out of hearing, and "Get down to your bunker, you grimy flatfoot and rake out your coal" is the kind of thing the man of the black gang below hears from the passengers whenever he tries to smoke a peaceful pipe on the topgallant forecastle.

One of the immemorial customs of the navy jacks is to secrete in the ditty bag of the discharged shipmate who is about to go ashore a can of corned beef, a few potatoes and perhaps one or two other articles of sea food. This is done in order to remind the discharged man when he opens his bag ashore that in the opinion of his shipmates he will be unable to earn enough to eat on land if he takes it into his head not to ship over, and that they have, therefore, taken a small measure to shield him from starvation with a little navy grub when he has spent his pay day. Discharged men try all sorts of schemes to keep this stuff from being placed in their bags, but nevertheless they nearly always find it there when they get ashore.—Washington Letter.

The Home of the Hot Devils.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated Gheko Kamdha Gumko, or "home of the hot devils," known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological eccentricity is really a lake of boiling mud, situated at about the center of the plains of Grobogana, and is called an island because of the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it and gives it that appearance.

The "island" is about two miles in circumference and is situated at a distance of almost exactly 50 miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then quickly withdrawn

Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are several gigantic bubbles of hot slime that rise like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall spirelike column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake, which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime, a marvel to the visitors who come from long distances to see it.

Weighing an Elephant.

An Indian writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shahjee, the father of the first ruling prince of Mahrattas of Hindustan, who lived at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money, but the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was, and all the learned and clever men of the court seem to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length it is said that Shahjee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage, specially made for the purpose by the water side, into a flat bottomed boat and then having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down the latter was taken out and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to load the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.—Animal Friends.

There are in the several German universities 2,000 foreign students, of whom more than 400 are Americans—a larger number than of any other country.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Richter.

A single poppy plant has been known to produce 32,000 seeds.

NAMES FROM INDIANS

THEY ARE ATTACHED TO AMERICAN LAKES, RIVERS AND TOWNS.

Some Interesting Information Concerning Their Origin—They Contain Curious Bits of Native Thought or Fancy, History or Tradition.

Just as the history of Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman occupation is marked in England by the geographical names that these various peoples have left so in our own country the many Indian names of rivers, lakes, mountains, districts and towns remain a permanent witness, independent of written history, to the fact that the red man possessed the land before us.

Here, as in other parts of the world, "language adheres to the soil when the lips that spoke it have been resolved into dust. Mountains repeat and rivers murmur the voices of nations denationalized or extirpated in their own land."

The Indian names that dot the map of America are full of meaning. Many of them, when translated, are found to contain curious bits of native thought or fancy, history or tradition. Some, like Niagara and Oregon, are so euphonious that they easily lend themselves to the uses of the poet. Others, such as Moostocmaguntic, Mollichunkamunk, Wellokenepacook, are as savage as were the people that originated them.

Indian geographical names are very similar in origin to their personal names. The Dakota Indians of the present day have applied to General Crook the name Wi-can-hpi-yamni (Three Stars), in allusion to the stars on the shoulder strap of a general's uniform, and the cue suggests the name by which the Chinese are known to them—Pe-co-kan-yan-han-ska (scalp lock.)

This same quality of poetic descriptiveness is seen in most of their local and their river names. Modern explorers and geographers often apply personal names to natural objects, and thus we have Mount Hood, Pike's peak, the Mackenzie river, Hudson bay and many others. The Indians never did this, though sometimes they gave their tribal names to rivers near which they lived. The Hudson river was known to the Indians of New York as Mohicanittuck, the river of the Mohicans, and the native name of the Delaware was Lenapewihittuck, the river of the Lenape, or Delawares.

The Assiniboin Indians of Canada have left their name to a province, a river and a town. The word means "stone people," and is of no significance until we learn that this tribe, unlike the other Indians, made no clay pottery, but boiled their food by placing redhot stones in waterproof vessels of bark. Chippeway, pointed skins, is a name that refers to the peculiar way in which these Indians wore their skin robes, the points hanging down behind and before. Eskimo is an Algonkin word meaning eaters of raw flesh. Zuni, the people of the long nails, alludes to the fact that the medicine men of this pueblo always wore their nails long.

A South Carolina river, which now bears the prosaic name of Broad, was known to the Indians as Eswawpuddenah, the dividing river, after a bloody battle which made this stream the dividing line between the Catawbas and the Cherokees. The name Piscataway has much the same meaning. Devil's lake, in North Dakota, is still known to the Indians as Minnewaukan, the mysterious water. They say that in a terrible battle fought on its banks many years ago the contending warriors, as they slew each other, pitched the dead over the precipice into the deep water until very few were left. Since then mysterious sounds are heard in the neighborhood, and the Indians will neither drink the water nor eat fish that are taken from it.

Genisee or Geniseo means beautiful valley; Onondaga, on the hills; Canandaigua, place chosen for a settlement; Omaha, to go against the current; Attacapau, man eaters; Chitimacha (La.), they possess cooking vessels; Athapasca, place of hay and reeds; Yankton, end village; Sisseton, village; Owatoma, straight; Waseca, rich. Winona, little daughter (a town in Wisconsin), perpetuates the name of an Indian girl who, being disappointed in love, cast herself into Lake Pepin from a point called Maiden rock and was drowned. The same story, but without the name, appears in many other Lover's Leaps in various parts of our country.

Kanawha is a descriptive name meaning "it is long." Coronaca is Quooranhequa, the place of big white oaks. Wabasha means red battle standard. Passamaquoddy is an Indian word for pollock fish. Shamokin means the place of the chief. South Carolina was known to the Indians as Chicola, the place of foxes. The Delaware Indians called eastern Pennsylvania Winakaking, sassafras land.

The names of about half of the states and territories of the Union are of Indian origin. Alaska means the great land; Alabama, here we rest; Arkansas, bow on the smoky water; Connecticut, long river; Dakota, friendly; Idaho, gem of the mountains; Illinois, the men; Iowa, drowsy ones; Kansas, smoky water; Kentucky, at the head of the river; Massachusetts, the place of great trees; Michigan, a fish weir; Minnesota, whitish water; Mississippi, great river; Missouri, great muddy (river); Nebraska, shallow water; Ohio, beautiful (river); Oklahoma, red people, or beautiful land; Oregon, great river of the west; Tennessee, river of the great bend; Texas, friendly; Utah, dwellers in the mountains; Wisconsin, wild rushing river; Wyoming, broad plains.—John Hawkins in Philadelphia Times.

LOWELL.

Called the Most Human Man In the Antislavery Struggle.

The world, says Woodrow Wilson in The Atlantic, is apt to esteem that man most human who has his qualities in a certain exaggeration, whose courage is passionate, whose generosity is without deliberation, whose just action is without premeditation, whose spirit runs toward its favorite objects with an infectious and reckless ardor, whose wisdom is no child of slow prudence. We love Achilles more than Diomedes, and Ulysses not at all. But these are standards left over from a ruder state of society. We should have passed by this time the Homeric stage of mind—should have heroes suited to our age. Nay we have erected different standards and do make a different choice when we see in any man fulfillment of our real ideals.

Let a modern instance serve as test. Could any man hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln was more human than William Lloyd Garrison? Does not every one know that it was the practical Free Soilers who made emancipation possible, and not the hot, impracticable abolitionists; that the country was infinitely more moved by Lincoln's temperate sagacity than by any man's enthusiasm, instinctively trusted the man who saw the whole situation and kept his balance, and instinctively held off from those who refused to see more than one thing?

We know how serviceable the intense and headlong agitator was in bringing to their feet men fit for action, but we feel uneasy while he lives and vouchsafe him our full sympathy only when he is dead. We know that the genial forces of nature which work daily, equably and without violence are infinitely more serviceable, infinitely more admirable, than the rude violence of the storm, however necessary or excellent the purification it may have wrought. Should we seek to name the most human man among those who led the nation to its struggle with slavery, and yet was no statesman, we should of course name Lowell. We know that his humor went further than any man's passion toward setting tolerant men a-tingle with the new impulses of the day. We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. We are glad to see earnest men laugh. It breaks the strain.

CHEERED THE CENSOR.

How a Gallant Irish Regiment Took an After Battle Scolding.

The leading regiment of our column was the Fifty-third, commanded that day by Major Payn, afterward General Sir William Payn, K. C. B., a very fine regiment, who, being mostly Irishmen, were eager to meet their enemy. Meanwhile I received orders to cross the river by a ford and get round the enemy's right flank, and had gone for this purpose, and was crossing about a quarter of a mile lower down, when suddenly I heard loud cheering and a heavy musketry fire, and then I saw our troops gallantly advancing across the bridge to the assault. It turned out to be the Fifty-third, who, tired of the delay under fire, and, it was whispered, hearing that Sir Colin had sent for his pet Highlanders to take the bridge, took their bits between their teeth and without any further orders determined to rush the bridge themselves—which they accordingly did, and with great success. The enemy, once forced out of their position, showed but a poor desultory fight, and, as at Cawnpur, fell an easy prey to the cavalry, who, having crossed, some by the bridge, and others, including myself, by the ford, fell on them and pursued them with such success that we captured every gun they had.

The Fifty-third were well pleased with themselves and the result of the fight they had so suddenly initiated. But we heard that Sir Colin was greatly annoyed with them, and after the action rated them soundly for their insubordination. But little did these wild Irishmen care; they had had their fight, and a real good one, so far as they were concerned, and as Sir Colin concluded his speech of rebuke they gave him three cheers, and giving three cheers more for General Mansfield, Sir Colin's chief of the staff (who had formerly commanded their regiment), they quite upset the chief's equanimity, but at the same time cleared away his wrath.—"Old Memories," by General Sir Hugh Gough.

Autumn Tailor Gown.

An autumn tailor gown of Russian green English serge, says a New York fashion writer, has a jacket bodice finished with short flat basques. It opens over a vest of soft old rose colored ladies' cloth, a pale tan and gold braiding nearly covering its surface. The skirt hem is braided in the same design, and the revers and standing collar are made of green velvet. Another model has the back of the jacket cut into short postilion basques, the fronts in bolero shape, opening on a vest of soft corded silk, under the belt of which is an added basque cut in circular form. This can be sewed permanently to a belt or pointed [illegible], or it can be made adjustable, and, when added, converts a house dress into a street costume.

On a Tombstone.

In a French churchyard is a monument bearing an inscription of which the following is a translation: "Here lies Jean Pinto, the Spanish vocalist. When he reached heaven, he united his voice with the voices of the archangels. As soon as he heard him the Deity cried, 'Keep quiet, all you fellows, and let us hear alone the illustrious singer, Jean Pinto.' "

But Little Danger From Lightning.

Writing on "The Needless Fear of Lightning," Edward W. Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, says that "it will doubtless surprise the timid to know that only 200 deaths a year occur on an average throughout this entire country from lightning, or one person in every 350,000 people. Now, in comparison, 15 times as many people are killed each year by falling out of windows, over twice as many from being bitten by rattlesnakes, while 25 per cent more are killed with 'unloaded' pistols. More people are drowned around New York city alone every year than there are deaths from lightning all over the country. In fact, more people by 50 per cent are killed by being kicked by horses in New York city than die from lightning thoughout the whole of the United States. The casualties of the south show the dangers of being lynched and of being killed by lightning are about the same. The trolley cars of our cities kill a far greater number of people than do the lightning storms. Now, these are facts. They are strictly accurate and carefully computed."

Long and the Short of It.

According to an old French saying, "A man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter than he is." —Kansas City Star.

"The Year Book of Jews," published in London, estimates that there are in the world about 11,000,000 of that race, more than half being under Russian jurisdiction.

Honey and Beeswax Market Report

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers :

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 23. 1897.—Good demand for honey. Light supply. Price of comb 10 to 12c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. Beeswax 22 to 25c per lb.

Hamblin & Bearss, 514 Walnut St.

Cincinnati, O .Oct. 18. 1897.—There is no change in the market since our last. We quote 10 to 13c as the range of prices for choice white comb honey and 3½ to 6c for extracted honey according to quality. Demand is exceedingly slow since the beginning of September. Beeswax is in good demand at 20 to 25c for good to choice yellow.

Chas. F. Muth & Son
S. E. Cor, Freeman and Central Aves.

Detroit, Mich.. Oct. 23. 1897.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 8 to 12c per lb. Extracted honey 4 to 6c per lb Slow demand for beeswax; good supply; prices 25 to 26c per lb. The apple failure has helped the demand for honey.

M. H. Hunt, Bell Branch. Mich.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 23. 1897.—Fair demand for honey. Good supply. Price of comb 10 to 13c per lb. Extracted 5c to 7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax, Supply very light. Price 26c per lb.

Blake, Scott & Lee, 57 Chatham St.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 26. 1897.—Good demand for honey. Large supply. Price of comb 8 to 9c for buckwheat; 10 to 12c for clover. There is a large stock of buckwheat comb honey on the market, but fancy clover not plenty.

Chas. W. McCollough & Co., 380 Broadway.

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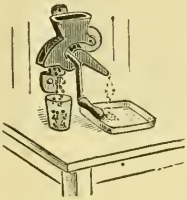

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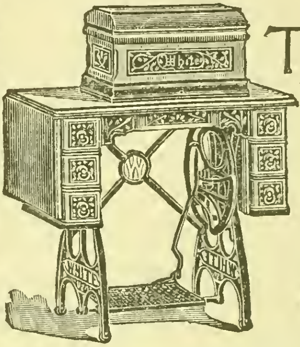

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Different Temperatures Inside the Cluster of Bees.

BY G. M. DOOLITTLE.

For many years the temperature inside the cluster of bees, during winter and at other times was unknown, as it was hard to get this temperature with the ordinary thermometer, for as soon as the thermometer was taken from the cluster it would commence to lower so fast that on a cold morning it would run down several degrees while taking from the cluster and looking at it, do as spry as work as we might. Being determined to know something of this matter I procured a self-registering spirit thermometer, which would register cold as well as heat, and suppose I would have an easy time with this, in getting the lowest temperature inside the cluster on any cold day. In this I was mistaken, however, for in the necessary disturbance caused by prying the frames apart, etc., to get it in the hive, the bees were aroused from their quiet slumbers, always taken by any colony of bees when wintering successfully, to an activity near equalling that of summer. The thermometer was put in at about four o'clock one afternoon when the mercury outside marked six degrees below zero. The next morning it was still colder, so I concluded that if I got the temperature when it was as cold as this it would not be far from what it would average, taking the very coldest weather together with that more mild. But when I went to take the thermometer out I saw that I could only take the degree registered when the bees were at their warmest point of excitement, caused by my opening the hive, for the registered heat stood at 87°, while that at which it stood on taking the thermometer from the hive was much lower. I now saw that I must work my thermometer the other way, so I placed it near the stove until 100 degrees above zero was marked, when I drew the steel registering bars down to that point, wrapped it in a warm cloth and took it to the hive. The weather now became very severe for Central New York, and continued so for several days. During this time the mercury went as low as 16 degrees below zero, but when I thought best to remove the thermometer from the hive it was standing 18 degrees above. I now heated a cloth to take with me to the hive so I could put the thermometer in it as soon as I could remove it, then I immediately went to a warm room, when I had a perfect register of 63 degrees above zero, as the lowest point reached during the days of extreme cold. In this way I kept on experimenting for several weeks, using several different colonies during the time, until I arrived at the following, which I think is very nearly accurate, when a colony is in perfect quietude: When the mercury stands at zero outside, the temperature in the center of the cluster of bees is 64°,and for every 15 degrees of change from this point (outside), the change in the cluster is 1 degree. Thus 16° below, gave 63°; zero gave 64°; 15° above gave 65°; while 30° above, (the highest it was during the experiments) gave 66° in the cluster. By the above it will be seen that the bees must burn as it were much fuel in times of extreme cold, in order to warm the temperature of the cluster up, from way below zero to 63° above that point. As this fuel must be honey or its substitute in sugar, all will readily see that it costs something for the bees to withstand cold winter weather in some bleak place on their summer stands. Understanding things as we do, the question naturally arises, whether those who are recommending out-door wintering, are not making a mistake and losing in dollars and cents by the extra amount of honey which must be consumed over cellar wintering. Surely, it cannot take as much fuel to warm the forty-five degrees above zero, which is the temperature all admit is best for cellar wintering, up to 65°, as it does to warm a temperature of from 10° to 30° below zero to the same point. Is not this a matter well worth spending some thought upon.

I have also conducted many experiments during the summer months to find out what was the right temperature for brood rearing. In doing this only colonies in a perfectly normal condition were experimented upon. In this case I had no trouble, as the outside air was always colder than the air inside of the brood nest, so all I had to do was to set the thermometer at the point it might chance to be when I open the hive to put it in, and let the bees do the rest. The first experiment tried was in early spring, when there was a prospect of some freezing during the night. I did not guess wrong in regard to the freezing, for the next morning the ground was white with frost, and upon taking the thermometer out at about nine o'clock I found that the very coldest point reached was 92° above zero, or a degree of heat not at all comfortable to the average member of the human family. Next I tried when the mercury stood at 90° in the shade, supposing that I would find a much greater amount of heat in the brood nest than on the frosty night, but to my surprise I found that the highest point reached with 90° outside, was only 94° inside, with the sun pouring its hot rays down upon the top of the hive, and at no time in all of my experiments did I find the temperature inside any brood nest above 98°, even though the mercury outside stood at nearly that point, and in one case a little above. This shows that the bees are capable of reducing the heat of the cluster as well as keeping it at the desired point when it is much colder outside. The more we study into the mysteries of the inside of the bee hive the more marvelous they become, and although I have been in the bee business for nearly 30 years, my "bee fever" is at as "white an heat" today as it ever was.

Borodino, N. Y.

Points on Wintering, Getting Ready for Next Season, etc.

FRED S. THORINGTON

The honey season of 1897 is now past, and my bees are enjoying their quiescent repose ever needful to them at this time of year. They have more than 25 pounds each of good honey to amuse themselves with eating when needed in their wakeful hours. I never like to rob my bees of honey too closely in the fall. Past experience in this locality has taught me better. We have a drouth at some time most every year, usually between the first of July and last of September, though it may come on at any time, and if bees are robbed too closely of their honey, feeding has to be resorted to, especially in the fall, which I don't like to do at any time; yet I would much rather feed bees in the fall than at any other time of year. If they have plenty of good stores to go into winter quarters with, I think they are much better prepared for wintering (provided they are prepared for winter in other ways as they should be) than they would be if we were obliged to open the hive every little while during winter and early spring to give them food. I like to have enough good honey in the hives at the closing down of the honey flow in the fall, to last until honey can be gathered from apple bloom or some other source in spring. I think the time that elapses between the final closing down of the flow in fall, until the honey is being brought in from blossoms or flowers in spring, can properly be styled the winter months in beekeeping, for during this time the bees are obliged to live upon the stores of the hive entirely, as they can get no food abroad in the fields.

At the approach of cold weather, bees naturally seal up all cracks and crevasses they can conveniently, to protect them from cold draughts of air in winter and to make things as firm and secure as possible. They amuse themselves sealing the ends of the top bars to the frames that they may be more secure, and the quilt or honey board that is placed over the frames is sealed all along the edges wherever it comes in contact with the edges of hive or frames. Why open the hive every few days in winter and rip up the honey-board or quilt, and tear up the frames clear to the center of the brood nest just to see what the bees want? I expect if they could talk as well as sting, they would ask their keeper why he or she did not fix them properly before real cold weather, then there would be no need of tearing up their home on a cold winter day, letting out the much needed warmth and otherwise doing damage which could not be repaired. On November 3, 1896, I finished putting on the cushions on my bees and not a cover except one was removed until in April, 1897. This one was removed sometime in March as it seemed the lightest of them all. The bees were found in good condition with plenty of honey to do them until well into spring, and I had no spring feeding to do, yet all wintered well. For fear the above remarks will be misleading to some beginner I would say don't let your bees starve at any time during winter or early spring for lack of proper attention. If in winter it is found necessary to feed your bees, do so as quietly and quickly as you can, and don't tear open the brood-nest. But if honey in the frames is to be fed put it next to the brood on either side and put the fullest frames of honey next to the brood where the bees can easily reach it in a warm spell. If candy is to be fed it should be placed directly over the brood on the frames, or if the bees are out of food a little of the candy could be pushed down between the frames, put back the quilt and cushion as snugly as found to avoid any direct draught of air through the hive.

Bees in this locality have done well the past season, and notwithstanding the protracted drouth here this last summer my bees stored a good amount of surplus honey from fall flowers; and I have just finished extracting about 80 pounds taken from the extracting supers when fixing bees for winter. The frames of comb are now ready for next season's use.

I am just finishing painting some new dovetailed hives (kept over) getting them ready for next season's use. When they are done I think I will have about supplies enough for next season, unless the season is extra good. I may have to have some foundation. Getting ready for next years honey crop in the middle of November may seem odd to some, but this is my old habit to be on time, and as near as I can be, in readiness when the honey season opens up and thereby avoiding the rush in bee-yard and factory. One can generally get a discount on supplies ordered early, and make them up at leasure during winter. If the order is put off until late in spring or summer, and the factory is run day and night to its fullest capacity to fill orders, it may be your order will have to wait several days before being filled if filled at all, as has been proven in some cases the past season.

Chillicothe, Mo.

OUR
CORRESPONDENTS

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir,—I noted an article in your Nov. number in which I was much interested. The title was, "Bees as Agriculturists."

Now I beg to inform you that there is at least *one* Experimental Station that has an Apiary Department. It was started in April, '97, and although no practical assistance was given to the bee-keeping world at large, still some work was accomplished during the past summer.

You, as a bee-keeper, know how much work is connected with starting an apiary and equipping a honey house and but little more than this was done. However, we tested the new drawn foundation with the thin, and started some experiments with bee-paralysis and breeding bees with longer tongues. We have not gone far enough on them yet to make the results public, but I will say that we are on the *right* road to get a strain of bees that have tongues as long as their bodies if need be. By actual measurement we have increased the length of one strain two-tenths millimeters in the past season. This was done by crossing.

We are also experimenting on the mating of queens to desirable drones.

Next summer, these and other experiments will be carried out and we hope some of them will be of use to every bee-keeper.

In order to help the apiarists, we must have their names and we will be glad to give whatever assistance is in our power, as well as send them our reports.

I noticed in another article, a beginner wants to know some points; one was extracting.

I should say extract all the frames at once and if the brood chamber is in proper shape the bees will keep right on storing honey. Use the same combs; if more combs are wanted add one or two sheets of foundation at a time. A colony should *always* be kept populous.

The sealed brood will not be injured if the extractor is not turned too hard and the honey is warm. Never extract from a frame with unsealed brood. Better use a queen excluder if running for extracted honey, then you will avoid having brood in the extracting combs.

I should not feed a colony in the height of the honey flow.

Mr. G. W. L. says that "there is so much that he does'nt know about bee-keeping."—My dear friend, we are all in the "same fix." Some are farther advanced than others. I always like to talk to a man who does not think that he knows more than most ordinary men. In fact, you can never give a man any assistance until he finds out that he needs it.

I have not written this, Mr. Editor, expecting you to publish it, but if any of the answers to the questions suit you, you may print them.

I should like, however, to have you inform your readers that they are *not* slighted by the Michigan Experimental Station. Yours Truly,

John M. Rankin.

Agricultural College, Mich.
Nov. 17, 1897.

ED. AM. BEE KEEPER, Dear Sir.—My bees have furnished me with a good crop of honey this season, and I feel very much encouraged to take care of them properly. I hope for an even better honey season next year. I say better, for we have had plenty of rain this season thus giving the clover a good start, and it is so well rooted that it will be ready in the spring to come forth and meet the bees half way.

The AMERICAN BEE KEEPER is all I take in the bee keeping line, and I want it as long as I am able to keep a few bees.

Some cruel bee keeper recently told in the BEE KEEPER how he clubbed toads to death in the bee yard. This is wrong. The toad is more a friend than an enemy and should not be killed. When I find one in my bee yard, I set one foot gently on him and then take him up by the hind foot and carry him ten or twelve rods to the garden where I leave him to catch insects. Yours truly,

S. M. Keeler.

Chenango Bridge, N. Y.
Nov. 29, 1897.

Ed. Am. Bee Keeper, Dear Sir:—I do not think that I am generally regarded as a fault-finder, but there are somethings that I have observed which I think should receive some notice and comment, and I propose to mention them right here. I am an old hand in the beekeeping business, and have also, in time past, been engaged in the manufacturer of supplies and consequently feel that I have some right to speak my mind on the subject. That which I have special reference to just now is the proneness of bee keepers, especially beginners and those new in the pursuit, to adopt every "new-fangled" contrivance that may be projected, many of which are but "a snare and delusion" invented, or more likely stolen, by some grasping manufacturer for the purpose of lining his pockets with the profits on the sales thereof. The latest "novelties" are the slatted or fence seperator and narrow, no-bee-way sections. These are old ideas that have been tried years ago, and if my memory serves me rightly they were soon discarded. They have some advantages perhaps, but these are more than offset by the disadvantages. My advice is this. Do not adopt anything new in bee-appliances, until it has been proven by experiments to be worthy. You will then save yourself much annoyance, disappointment and expense. You will hear further from me on this matter. Yours truly,

Con. Servative.

Nov. 27, 1897.

"How to Manage Bees," a 50c book, and the American Bee-Keeper a year for only 60c.

OUR
EXTRACTOR

(From Bee Keepers Review.)

PREPARATION OF COLONIES FOR WINTER.

L. A. ASPINWALL.

Although having been uniformly successful in wintering of bees by special repositories; still, with properly constructed hives, and the requisite amount of food for each colony; I am persuaded that out door wintering far transcends any or all methods heretofore advised.

Although success may attend our efforts in the beaten paths, still in some new way a degree of perfection may be reached, which will far overshadow the past. Such has been the result during forty five years of progress in bee-keeping. Most methods of the ushering in of those years are now almost obsolete.

With a successful out-door method of wintering, unristricted flight is maintained; the desirableness of which can only be appreciated when contrasted with the restless roar of bees confined in cellars during warm winters, especially towards spring. Furthermore bees wintered in the open air require absolutely no care; and the machinery of its success obviates the necessity of further brain effort. In this paper I shall endeavor to outline a simple arrangment favorable to successful out door wintering in ordinary singlewall frame hive. It will, however, be imperfect compared with hives made specially for the purpouse, (including closed end frames); still, insure reasonably good success.

To obtain a more intelligent understanding of the wintering problem, let us consider a few facts relative thereto, and the circumstances which necessitate slight changes in the arrangements. First of all it is a well established fact that single walls are insufficient for protection against the cold of our Northern states; hence, something equivalent to about two inches of packing on the bottom, sides and end must be included as a requisite to successful wintering. Above the frames I would recommend about four to six inches of packing for protection. The warmth of the colony naturally ascending necessities a greater thickness above to prevent its radiation With hives well packed on the bottom, ends and sides a tray of saw-dust about six inches deep will conserve most of the heat generated by an average colony. Preferable, the tray should have a muslin bottom, which when filled with saw-dust will conform to, and fill the shallow bee space above the frames.

With no packing at the bottom or sides the thin walls allow a constant radiation of heat from the colony and when the temperature becomes sufficiently low, we find consequent condensation of moisture. Under such circumstances a slow upward current is necessary to carry it off. In order to accomplish it planer shavings chaff should be used in the tray instead of saw dust. The reader will readily comprehend that an upward current can only be obtained at an expense of the vitality of the colony, and in consequence must draw largely upon their stores to maintain the requsit degree of warmth. This explains why the consumption of food is greater in out-door wintering than in cellars or special repositories. Let us bear in mind that converse is also true with a perfect system of out-door wintering. Never in all my life experience with special repositories or cellars has the comsumption of food been less, than with hives properly prepared for open air wintering.

With sufficent packing on all sides and bottom together with suitable entrance protection, the warmth of the colony is almost wholly conserved. A hive without entrance protection may be compared to a house with suitable warming appliances and having the door left open. I often have wondered why so many have attempted to construct warm hives, and leave the front door wide open. Of course to contract the entrance of an ordinary hive without first constructing some anti-clogging arrangement would prove disastrous—the result would be suffocation.

Without packing an increased amount of food is consumed necessitating an undue number of cleansing flights, which is one cause of dysentery.

I have found three essentials prominent in successful out door wintering. Outside packing—entrance protection—and a small filth chamber or box below the entrance to receive all dead bees which are carried there during warm spells. This prevents all clogging which is so common with the ordinary entrance.

Having given these three requisites in hive construction for sucessful out door wintering let us endeavor to approximate the combination, using the ordinary hive. Of course it will be imperfect compared with hives made especially for the purpose. First of all let us make, composed of slats two inches wide, set two inchs apart perpendicular to each other, a crate, in size when completed, four inches larger inside measurement, than the hive, and about six or eight inches deeper. At the bottom two cleats two inches wide are set edgwise to support a bottom board $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick of the same length and width as the hive. At the entrance end an opening should be cut two in. wide by three inches long for the dead bees to drop through into the vestibule to be placed at the front as will be discribed in another paragraph. To give room for this opening the front cleat should be set two inches from the end of the bottom board. It will be found best to nail the cleats to the bottom borad first then put them together into the crate using a nail or two to secure in position after packing underneath the same.

The vestibule entrance may be a small box made of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch lumber 2 in. deep. about 8 inch square. It should be placed with open side against the hive front, and a 2 inch x$\frac{1}{2}$ inch opening or entrance cut half way up opening between two slats of the crate. From this entrance to the one proper a two inch slat should incline for the bees to travel. It may be secured by nailing to a block beveled on the top and nailing to the front of the vestibule box. The inclination prevents all tendency to become clogged with dead bees. No alighting board is required to this small entrance. The tendency to clog with snow makes it objectionable.

A simple cover for the crate should be made which will fit over all with a roof inclined sufficiently to allow the water to run off. A slatted roof will answer provided the slates run downwards and are covered with oil-cloth nailed on the out side edges. Oilcloth makes a good winter roof if left undisturbed as it cracks very easily when cold. The heat of summer softens and destroys it. With the vestibule or box entrance placed at the bottom of the crate, which is two inches lo wer than the hive, the whole may be packed with leaves and straw. The leaves should be placed underneath the bottom board and straw at the sides. A piece of burlap or muslin (the latter is preferable) should be placed over the frame, and leaves or chaff over all. The cover should be secured in place with a nail or two as security against strong winds. No fears need be entertained as to the sides getting water soaked, the hive being sufficient protection against moisture. Even if the packing becomes somewhat wet, it still greatly serves to maintain the warmth of the colony. Preferably the crate and hive should set ten or twelve inches from the ground, which will obviate the necessity of keeping the entrance free from snow.

Although there is an air of cheapness in this structure which will answer as a makeshift, with hives made to combine summer and winter requisites, the expense will be grater and withal far more durable.

In considering the importance of complete out-door wintering attachments, the first cost should be counted including for many years of service. With bees properly wintered the loss ought not exceed a tea cup full. Naturally the remaining ones will be physically stronger and better able to serve as nurses and honey gatherers; so that the first season ought to pay something toward the extra expense of wintering.

In further considering the preparation for wintering, the matter of food should also receive special attention. This part of our subject, however, I discussed at some length in the Sept. issue, and it fully covers all that is requsite to that end.

Jackson, Mich.

(From Farmers Bulletin. No. 59.)

HOW TO AVOID STINGS.

BY FRANK BENTON.

First, by having gentle bees. If no other point of superiority over the common brown, or black, bee than that of gentleness could be fairly claimed for some of the race introduced, and some of the stains developed in recent years, it would still be worth while to get them on this account alone. When the fact of superiority in several other important points is considered also, there should be no further questions as to the advisability of procuring them in preference to the common variety. The beginner is advised never to think of doing otherwise. No one likes stings, and even veterans who effect insensibility to the wrath of his charges will find his interest and pleasure in them much increased by replacing blacks and their crosses with better varieties. Nor is this merely to gratify a fancy or for convenience alone. If an examination for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of a colony of bees becomes to the one who cares for the apiary a disagreeable task by reason of the stinging qualities of the bees kept, little things necessary to the welfare of the colonies will be postponed or omitted altogether and the apiary will soon present a neglected appearance, and the actual profit will be affected. As a race, Carniolans are the greatest; some strains of Italians equal in this respect average Carniolans, but the race native to Italy is by no means as gentle as that found in Carniola. The beginner need not hesitate, however; to undertake to manipulate pure Italians.

Crossing well established breeds produce bees which vary greatly in temper, especially in the first few generations. Only careful selection continued for some time will so fix the desirable traits as to result in their reproduction with a fair degree of certanity in the offspring. Bees having the blood of blacks and Italians are nearly always quite vicious in the case of the first cross, and are even harder to subdue with smoke than are pure blacks. Other races need not be considered here as they are adapted to special purposes, and the skill of the beemaster, the condition of climate, flora, etc., and the particular line of production to be followed, should decide whether their introduction is advisable or not.

The second essential to enable one to avoid stings is to have a good smoker at hand whenever the bees are to be handled. Any way of getting smoke of any kind into the hive and about it may answer the purpose, but for ease and effectiveness in keeping bees under control nothing will take the place of a modern bellows smoker.

A good one lasts years, and its cost is so slight that the expenditure may be considered one of the wisest that can be made in fitting up an apiary.

A veil made of black bobinet or Brussels net, to draw over the hat, and a pair of gloves, preferably of rubber, may be used at first. But whoever has peaceable bees and learns even a little about their ways will soon discard the gloves, unless, indeed, he be exceedingly timid, or one of those to whom a bee sting would be a dreadful affliction. The veil can be safely dispensed with if the gentlest bees are kept.

Simple and convenient hives, employing the Langstroth principle, and with stories and frames interchangeable and so constructed as to insure strait combs will much facilitate the avoidance of stings.

The use of the bee escape in removing surplus honey greatly reduces the risk of being stung during this operation, for it saves much manipulation of combs and shaking and brushing of bees. This useful device is fitted into a slot made in a board the same size as the top of the hive, and the whole, when slipped in between the brood apartment and an upper story or super will permit all of the workers above to go down into the lower story but not to return to the top one, so that in one night it is possible to free entirely a set of combs from bees without any manipulation of the combs, and without smoking, shaking, or brushing the bees.

Lastly, reasonable care in manipulation and a suitable system of management, which, of course, implies the doing of work in proper season, will with the observance of the foregoing points, make the risk of stings exceedingly slight. Indeed, intelligent attention to the most important of the points mentioned above, with extra gentleness and moderation in manipulation, will enable anyone who so desires to avoid all stings.

INDOOR WINTERING

A dry, dark cellar or special repository built in a sidehill or with double-filled walls, like those of an ice house may be utilized for wintering bees in extremely cold climates, It should be so built that a temperature of 42 to 45° F, (the air being fairly dry in the cellar) can be maintained during the greater part of the winter. To this end it should be well drained, furnished with adjustable ventilators, and covered all over with earth, except the entrance, where close-fitting doors, preferably three of them, should open in succession, so as to seperate the main room from the outside by a double entry way. The colonies, supplied with good queens, plenty of bees, 20 to 25 pounds of stores each, and with chaff cushions placed over the frames, are carried in shortly before snow and severe freezing weather comes.

Any repository which is damp or one whose temperature falls below freezing or remains long below 38° F. is not a suitable place in which to winter bees. When in repositories, the bees have no opportunity for a cleansing flight, nor do they, when the temperature rises outside, always warm up sufficiently to enable the cluster to move from combs from which the stores have been exhausted to full ones, hence in a cold repository they are liable to starve with plenty of food in the hive. As a rule, colonies would be better off out of doors in their summer hives than in such places.

OUTDOOR WINTERING.

Cold and dampness are the great winter enemies of bee life. A single bee can withstand very little cold, but a good cluster, if all other conditions are favorable, can defy the most rigorous winters of our coldest States. But if not thoroughly dry, even a moderate degree of cold is always injurious, if not absolutely fatal. Dampness in winter is therefore the most dangeros element with which the bee keeper has to contend. The matter would, of course, be quite simple if only that dampness which might come from the outside were to be considered, but when the air of the hive, somewhat warmed by the bees and more or less charged with moisture of respiration, comes in contact with hive walls or comb surfaces made cold by outside air, condensation takes place, and the moisture trickles over the cold surfaces and cluster of bees, saturating the air about them or even drenching them, unless by forming a very compact cluster they are able to prevent it from penetrating, or by greater activity to raise the temperature sufficiently to evaporate the surplus moisture, or at least that portion near them. But this greater activity is, of course, at the expense of muscular power and requires the consumption of nitrogenous as well as carbonaceous food. Increased cold or its long continuance greatly aggravates conditions.

Nature has provided that the accumulation of waste products in the body of the bee during its winter confinement should be small under normal conditions, but unusual consumption of food,especially of a highly nitrogenous nature like pollen, necessitates a cleansing flight. or diarrheal difficulties ensue, combs and hives are soiled, the air of the hives becomes polluted, and at last the individual bees become too weak to generate proper warmth or drive off the surplus moisture which then invades the cluster and brings death to the colony; or. what is more frequently the case, a cold snap destroys the last remnant of the colony, which has been reduced by constant loss of bees impelled by disease to leave the cluster or even to venture out for a clensing flight when snow and great cold prevail.

The problem then is: *To retain the warmth generated by the bees, which is necessary to their well-being, and at the same time to prevent the accumulation of moisture in the hive.* A simple opening at the top of the hive would permit much of the moisture to pass off, but of course heat would escape with it and a draft would be produced. Absorbent material about the cluster creates, without free ventilation, damp surroundings, and again the temperature is lowered. It is only necessary, however, to surround the bees with sufficient material to protect them fully against the greatest cold liable to occur, and to take care also that this enveloping material is of such a nature and so disposed as to permit the free passage of the moisture which would otherwise collect in the interior of the hive, and to permit the escape into the surrounding atmosphere of such moisture as enters this material from within. This packing should also be fully protected from outside moisture.

South of Virginia, Kentucky, and Kansas single-walled hives may be employed in most localities with good success in outdoor wintering. On the approach of the cool or the rainy season a close-fitting quilt should be laid over the frames and several folded newspapers pressed down on this, or a cushion filled with dry chaff or some other soft material may be used instead of paper. The cover or roof should be absolutely rain-proof, yet between this cover and the cushion or papers should be several inches of space with free circulation of air. In order to permit this ventilation above the top packing the cover should not rest upon the cap or upper story all of the way around, or if it does, an auger hole in each end, protected by wire cloth againt the entrance of mice, should give free passage to the air. In the more northern portions of the section referred to some further protection is advisable and in the mountainuous parts of the same territory is really necessary if the best results are to be obtained. Farther north, and especially in the cold Northwest much greater protection becomes an absolute necessity. Quilt with newspapers or thin packing above do not alone suffice. The side walls of the hive may be made of pressed straw. These, with top packing, if kept dry outside, are excellent for outdoor wintering, even in climates so cold that ordinary wooden hives do not afford sufficient protection.

In the severest climates, however, still greater protection on all sides of the colony is needed, and packing with chaff or other soft material is decidedly the best plan. The thickness of this surrounding packing should be 2 inches to 8 or10 inches for single colonies, according to the severity of the climate, but if four or more colonies are grouped for the winter, so as to make the natural warmth generated mutually advantageous, somewhat less packing will be sufficient. A most important point is to have the soft warmth-retaining packing come in close contact with the edges of the combs, and above all *not to have a hive wall, either thick or thin, between this material and the bees.* A good plan is to construct an open frame-work or skeleton hive of laths, cover it with sacking, or, preferably, some less fuzzy cloth which the bees will not gnaw, and, after placing it in an outer wooden case large enough every way to admit of the necessary packing about the colony, to fill in on all sides with some dry, porous material. If the frames are shallow like the Langstroth, it is better to construct the inner case so as to place them on end, and thus give a deeper comb for the winter. Layers of newspaper may come next outside the cloth covering of the framework. Wheat chaff answers well to complete the packing. Wool is to be preferred, but unless a waste produce is of course too expensive. Ground cork, waste flax, hemp, sawdust, etc., in fact, any fine porous material, if thoroughly dry, may be used.

A board passageway 3 or 4 inches wide and three-eighths of an inch high should connect this inner apartment and the flight hole of the outer case, thus affording an exit for the bees whenever the weather may permit them to fly. When these preparations have been completed, the hive is ready for the combs, which with adhering bees, are taken from the summer hive and inserted in the winter hive. A quilt is then laid on the frames and the top packing put on. This, for convenience, may be held in a cloth-bottomed tray. It is quite important, as already mentioned, that air be allowed to circulate freely above the packing. The outside case must be quite rain-proof or else wholly protcted from the rain by a roof.

All other necessary conditions having been complied with shortly after the gathering season closed, the combs may be lifted from the summer hives and placed in these specially arranged winter cases before cold weather wholly stops the bees from flying out. Thus prepared for the winter the colonies will need but slight attention from October until March. or, in the North, even later, and the losses will be limited to the small percentage of cases-due to failure of apparently good queens.

NOVEL READING NOT IMPROVING—THOSE WHO TAKE FICTION SERIOUSLY ARE APT TO TAKE LIFE FRIVOLOUSLY.

It is very easy for one who reads a great many amusing books to take the whole matter too seriously," writes "Droch" in the November *Ladies' Home Journal.* Reading novels is neither , improving your mind' nor 'being literary.' No doubt from the best fiction one may pick up a great deal of valuable observation of life which tends to general culture, and moreover, there is among them some of the stuff that is called literature. But knowledge comes high, and the price of it can seldom be paid in coin of imagination. The person who takes fiction seriously is apt to take life frivolously, If we can only get out of a book something to put us in a better attitude toward the various kind of people we meet we cannot complain of its influence. A novel is not, and cannot be expected to be, a great moral agent; morality is made of sterner stuff. But it does have an insidious influence on one's ideals of manners and conduct. The whole tone of the man who writes it is impressed on his work."

"HOW TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS,' forms the title of a short but interesting article in the December number of *What To Eat.*

What Shakespeare has to say about kissing for dyspepsia is told by Ira Gale Tompkins in a capital way, while James Courtney Challis supplements the article by a very funny poem entitled "The Bridger Cure," all fittingly illustrated.

The cover is beautiful, and the centerpage is a patriotic gem that all old soldiers and their friends should see and preserve. *What To Eat* offers $10 to the person filling out the following blank lines so as to make the best four lines of poetry, and $1 each to the next ten best. The only conditions are that you fill out the lines and send ten cents for sample copy of magazine.

I saw a man come down the street,
And he was full of——
The day was bright, the air was sweet,
And——

Other words may be used in the second and fourth lines if preferred.

10 cents a copy.

PIERCE & PIERCE, Publishers,
Lumber Exchange, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Prices of Sections.

Prices of sections for the season of 1898 will remain as follows:

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" 500—	1.50.	1.25.	" 3000 @	2.75	2.25

5000 @ $2.50 per M.

Large quantities will be quoted on application.

The above prices are the same as are charged by all manufacturers of and dealers in first class sections. Further changes of prices of supplies will be found in our 1898 catalog which will be ready Feb. 1st, and will be mailed free to anyone asking for it.

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EDITORIAL.

This is the end of 1897, and the Seventh-Volume of the American Bee Keeper. We have endeavored to give our readers the full worth of their subscriptions, and hope our efforts have met with their approval. We regret sometimes that we are not so constituted that we can indulge in the idle gossip and "twaddle" found in some of our contemporaries, for strange as it may seem, that sort of thing seems to suit many readers; neither is our religion of that nature that we can feel that it is quite proper to air it through our colums at every opportunity. We are not publishing either a society or a religious journal but we do furnish articles both instructive and entertaining, written by the best informed bee keepers in this country, and for which we pay the highest prices. This we shall continue to do, and we trust that our subscription list will continue to increase as a mark of approval on the part of our readers.

Suit has been brought by a Mr. Whittier, of San Francisco, against F. H. Hunt, a bee keeper of Redlands, California. Whittier owns a tract of land near Mr. Hunt's apiary, and in his complaint alleges that Hunt's bees befoul the water in his irrigating reservoir, sting his men while at work in the field, bother around his watering trough so that his horses will not drink, and that he is prevented by the bees from cultivating his land near the apiary. Whether the charges are founded upon facts or, as in similar cases in the past, are born wholly of ignorance or malicious spite, we do not know. We do know, however, that Mr Hunt has neglected to avail himself of the protection offered in such cases by either the United States Bee Keepers Union or the "National," and will in consequence have to make the fight alone against a man that is said to be a multimillionaire. "In time of peace prepare for"—defence.

This number of the American Bee Keeper completes the seventh year of its continuous publication, during which time many changes have taken place in the methods of handling bees, kinds of hives and supplies used and many other things pertaining to the persuit. We have always endeavored to keep up with the times in informing our readers of those changes, recommending those that in our judgment were worthy of adoption and condemning those devoid of merit or advantages. This we have done impartially, whether as manufacturers we were to be benefited or otherwise. Whenever an idea has been advanced that seemed to us to be gotten out more for the profit of some manufacturer than for the advantage of the bee keepers we have promptly discouraged it,—and we do not wish any special credit when we say that had all publishers of bee periodicals, especially those interested also in the manufacture of supplies, done likewise, bee keepers as a whole would have been very much the gainers thereby. Already there are several "new things" being pushed on the market by certain manufacturers for next season. Some of them may be useful and improvements on those in use at present, but many will be tried and found wanting, but probably not until a good many dollars have been passed from the bee keepers to the pockets of the dealers and manufacturers.

American Bee Journal: "We are more and more reaching the conclusion that if some of the time now devoted to whining about low prices of honey were invested in an honest effort to extend its consumption, there would be no time left for whining."

Our 1898 catalogue will not be mailed before February 1st, but orders can be made up from our 1897 catalog, as there will be very few if any changes in prices for next season.

The Titusville Poultry Association, Titusville, Pa., organized in 1895 will hold its Third Annual Exhibition, Dec, 14, 15, 16 and 17th, 1897. All indications point to a successful affair The premiums are liberal and the special premiums far in excess of anything heretofore offered. Two large ground floor connected rooms for the exhibition have been secured in the center of the city which will be illuminated with four arc lamps. Premium lists are now ready and will be mailed to any one who may apply. Col. J. H. Cogswell, a veteran newspaper man is president; E. W. Watson, a celebrated breeder of Wyandottes is treasurer, and C. M. Hayes. Secretary.

E. S. Lovesy: "One of the subjects which seems to be agitating the minds of many of our bee keepers at present is the marketing of our bee products. In union is strength, but the lack of it among our bee keepers seems to be the cause of much loss and trouble."

We wish our readers the usual "compliments of the season." May each of you have a stocking full of joy and prosperity for 1898.

5 *per cent. discount* will be allowed on catalogue prices on all orders received before January 1st, 1898. Excepting on sections, shipping cases and glass.

Wm Gerrish, East Nottingham, N. H., keeps a complete supply of our goods and Eastern customers will save freight by ordering from him.

OH FOR SOMETHING TO READ!

And it's oh for a Bible or saving tract,
A history, novel or two,
The ponderous tomes of the sages of old—
Medicine, law would do;
A paper, a pamphlet, a magazine
To stifle the thoughts that rise,
For the mind must feed, as the body does,
Or, like the body, dies!

Then it's oh for Dickens, Thackeray, Sue
And Lever and Lover's fun,
The stately style of the scholarly Burke
Or Hugo by the ton!
There's Shakespeare, Lytton and Dumas pere,
And fils of famed "Camille;"
Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and Poe—
They ring of the truest steel.

Then it's oh for a book of some kind tonight!
This slave is my only friend.
Like friendship, too, it is brittle and thin;
Once broken, hard to mend.
But with friends in books you ne'er fall out.
They're true in hour of need
So come, add a year to my time, if you will,
But give me a book to read.
—Philadelphia Times.

THE RAINBOW'S LUCK

BY C. B. LEWIS.

During the palmy days of the whaling fleet no craft sailing out of any port was referred to as often as the bark Rainbow. Her history from beginning to end was a curious one, and it would be hard to find an old whaleman who hadn't heard it half a dozen times over.

The ship Wanderer went whaling from the port of Bristol, commanded by Captain Joseph Watkins. She was out 18 months and never took a whale. Four of her crew died of fever, three were killed by accident, and the ship returned so wrecked that she was sold for a collier. The owners lost heavily, of course, and Captain Watkins was called a Jonah and could not get another craft. One day when he was digging in his garden he unearthed three jars which were filled to the brim with gold-pieces, and which had been buried for perhaps a century. His find footed up about $90,000, and with the greater portion of the money he built and fitted out the bark Rainbow. Instead of shipping a crew on shares he paid by the month, and thus set out on his first voyage with the best seamen of Bristol.

On the second day after leaving port the bark came across a dead whale floating about which yielded 80 barrels of oil. On the fifth day, just as the decks had been cleared up, she came upon the scene of a fight between five whales and seven or eight of that species of fish known as the killer, which is the mortal enemy of the leviathan and the only known one he has in any sea. The bark hove to and let the fight go on, and when it was over she had two dead whales to tow alongside and added 150 barrels of oil to her cargo. In four months from the day she left Bristol she entered port again, having a cargo of bone and oil which sold for more than $30,000. In addition to that she brought home the complete skeleton of a whale 85 feet long, for which the British museum paid $5,000 in cash.

The lucky voyage of the Rainbow created much talk, and when Captain Watkins was ready to set sail again he had to turn sailors away by the hundred. This time the crew was shipped on shares, and no man had reason to regret it. In 150 days the bark was back in Bristol with 2,870 barrels of common oil, 320 barrels of "case" or fine oil, and the largest cargo of baleen, or whalebone, ever brought to port by a whaler. She had not lost a man, boat or a sail. Everybody was astounded over the luck of a man who had been out a year and a half in another ship to meet with nothing but disaster, and the name of Captain Watkins was heard whenever two sailors met. He had money enough to enable him to live comfortably the rest of his days, but he was persuaded to make one more voyage. On this third cruise the leviathans of the deep seemed to hunt for the ship. In 156 days she made the port of Bristol with a cargo worth $6,000 more than either of the preceding ones.

When the Rainbow had completed her third voyage, Captain Watkins determined to remain ashore. There were so many men who wanted to buy the lucky ship that she was put up at auction. Men came from every seaport in England and Scotland to bid on her, and the price was run up until she sold for $5,000 more than she had cost to build. She was bid in by a Bristol firm, and the command of her given to a Cantain Travers. Her complement of men when ready for sea was 38, but so widespread was her fame as a lucky ship that there were over 700 applicants for the 38 places.

Three months after she arrived home on her third cruise the Rainbow went to sea again. Up to this time I had never seen the bark, but had heard all about her a dozen times over from men aboard of our whaling ship, the Nancy Lee of Marblehead. One day as we were cutting in a whale to the north of St. Helena the Rainbow came up from the east, and the two craft remained in company for three or four hours. The lucky ship had then been out of port 40 days without a capture and all were disgusted. More than that, she had been through a severe gale and had three men hurt and lost sails and topmasts. Her luck had changed. Captain Travers was a fine seaman, an old whaler, and had never brought an empty ship into port, but the fact remained that the Rainbow had not yet even lowered for a whale.

Just as she was ready to leave us, however, two large whales spouted water within a half mile of the ships. They were a quarter of a mile apart, and while we lowered for one the bark took the other. We had but little trouble in killing our prey, which was a female and good for 70 barrels of oil. The other was a bull whale and evidently in bad temper. He first led the boats a chase of three miles to the south and then slowed around and waited for them to come up. When the mate's boat was within 500 feet of him, he rushed forward and ran it down, and as it floated astern of him he smashed it with a blow of his flukes. Two men were killed by this blow.

Two weeks later, just as we had scrubbed our decks, and while we were under easy sail to the south of St. Helena, we lowered for a school of whales and got two. There were 12 in the school, and 10 went off to the southwest. We were making our captures fast to the ship when the Rainbow came down on us from the south. She was now 54 days out, and ill luck still pursued her. After parting from us she lowered for a whale and lost two harpoons and lines and had half a day's work for nothing. Two men had fallen from aloft, had broken arms or legs, and her captain had to come aboard of us to buy oil to keep his lamps alight.

As I was third mate of the Nancy Lee, I had an opportunity to hear of the feeling which prevailed aboard the bark. Her crew were on the verge of mutiny, and Captain Travers had become alarmed for his own safety. The men had come to regard him as a Jonah, and on the day he ran down to us had come to the decision that if the run of ill luck was not broken they would compel him to return to Bristol with an empty ship. Captain Travers was still aboard of us when a monster whale broke water within half a mile of the two craft. We got him aboard of his ship as soon as possible, but long enough before he reached her his mates had lowered and were away. The hour was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we knocked off work to see the fun.

There were those aboard of the Rainbow who said it was the same whale which had killed two men and smashed a boat to the north of St Helena. Be that as it may, he had a harpoon sticking in him and was badly tangled up in a whale line. He was rolling on the surface when both boats came up and made fast at the same moment. For 15 seconds the monster did not move a fin. Then he started off with a rush and made a complete circle about both ships, leaving such a wake behind him that there were times when we lost sight of the boats in the foam. Having completed the circle the monster slewed about until he was head on to the first mate's boat. He lay for a moment swinging his lower jaw to right and left and then made a rush. The boat attempted to shoot ahead and avoid him, but he caught her with a swing of that terrible jaw and left only fragments behind as he came down between the two ships and went on to the south. The second mate's boat was obliged to cut loose to pick up the other crew, but three men, one of whom was the first mate, had lost their lives. When the extent of the calamity became known, open mutiny resulted.

The men demanded that the Rainbow be headed for Bristol, and two hours later she laid her course for that port and left us. Never did a more disgruntled crew reach port. The owners at once removed Captain Travers from command. The men scattered, and it was three months before the bark started out for another cruise. She had lost prestige, but she was still looked upon as a lucky craft and there was no lack of applicants when she was ready for sea. On this, which proved to be her last cruise, she was commanded by Captain Thorndyke, who was a whaler of 15 years' experience and had commanded some of the best vessels in the fleet. On leaving Bristol he told the owners he would come back with a hold full of oil or not at all.

We in the Nancy Lee had meanwhile transshipped 1,400 barrels of oil and worked our way down to Cape Horn and 200 miles south of it. We were cruising east and west, taking a whale occasionally, when the Rainbow came down on us for the third time. This was some nine or ten months after her last adventure, and she had made the trip from Bristol without sighting a spout. She came down to us at 10 o'clock one morning, remained hove to until 2 in the afternoon and then headed away to the east.

We came about, and two days later sighted the Rainbow again. Neither craft had sighted a spout, but at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as they lay within a quarter of a mile of each other, a whale broke water within a cable's length of the bark. He was so close to her that we had no show and did not lower. It was a lone whale and a big one, and we no sooner had him under our glasses than we saw that he was a fighter. There were half a dozen scars on his head, and the way he rolled about showed his temper. As he was head on to us he must have seen both ships and the two boats lowered for him, but he made no move until the mate's boat was close upon him and ready for a dart. She had made a half circle to get out of his line of vision and approach him broadside on, but he heard the approach and indulged in a strange maneuver.

Few men ever saw a whale back water, and there are plenty of whalers that contend that he cannot. This whale, however, backed a distance of 100 feet, and with amazing swiftness, too, and striking the boat with his flukes he killed four men and reduced her to matchwood. Then he started straight for the Rainbow, and his rush was that of an avalanche. Every man of us had our eyes on him when he struck her on the port bow, and we plainly heard the crash of planks and timbers. After the shock he started off and settled down and was seen no more, but in ten minutes the Rainbow was at the bottom of the sea. No a man saved even an extra jacket. There was scarce time for them to lower their boats when the bark pitched forward and went to her grave. We, of course, took them aboard, and after a few weeks they were landed at Bahia.

Publicity.

Merely to stock a store and open it is not sufficient in these days of keen business rivalry. The merchant, in order to succeed, must make known his advantages through the newspapers that reach the people not only of this city, but of the surrounding towns as well. This is now called "publicity," but it can be quite as well recognized under the good old name of advertising.—Scranton Truth.

The Boss.

In a harsh, resonant voice the boss was shouting his orders over our heads to the farthermost portion of the works. His short, thickset, muscular figure seemed rooted to the masonry on which he stood. The mingled shrewdness and brute strength of his hard face marked him as a product of natural selection for the place that he filled. His restless gray eyes were everywhere at once, and his whole personality was tense with a compelling physical energy. If the work slackened in any portion of the ruins, his voice took on a vibrant quality as he raised it to the shout of "Now, boys, at it there!" And then a lash of stinging oaths. You could feel a quickening of muscular force among the men, like the show of eager industry in a section of a schoolroom that has fallen suddenly under the master's questioning eye. —"The Workers," by Walter A. Wyckoff, in Scribner's.

Conducive to Length of Days.

Longevity must be a very healthy profession, to judge from the number of people who have followed it for 100 years or more.—Boston Transcript.

WHEN PARLIN DRAWS THE BOW.

When Parlin rozzums up his bow
  An the horse hair whines an squeaks,
I know what's comin an jes' lay low,
  But when that fiddle speaks
B'gosh all hemlock, I kain't keep mum,
  An I whoop an holler so
Ye'd think 'twas dawn o' kingdom come
  When Parlin draws the bow!

The bar'l 'at Parlin's settin on
  Keeps still because it must,
But every human 'at hears the fun
  Hez got to dance or bust.
W'y, even the candles on the wall,
  They dance an flicker low
When the boys jes' stomp as they "sasshay
    all"
  An Parlin draws the bow!

They hain't a tune 'at he don't know—
  "Tempest" an " 'Ginny Reel,"
"Vesuvianny," "Blackbird an Crow,"
  "Lancers" an "Ole Tarheel."
An he plays with such a ticklesome touch—
  Ma's seventy-nine, you know,
But she'll skip an hop till it beats the Dutch
  When Parlin draws the bow!

I wonder ef ther's fiddle strings
  To sound in paradise?
W'y not? Ther's harps an trumps an things
  'At ain't not half so nice.
Waal, when I've crossed the crystal wave
  I'll dance a jig—by Jo,
I know I shall—on the jasper pave
  Ef Parlin draws that bow!
    —J. L. Heaton in "Quilting Bee."

A DRAMA OF THE SEA.

Deeply touched and still quivering with emotion, I write these lines.

Many and full of terrors are the sea tragedies enacted on this island, that is nevertheless rightly named the "beautiful."

Its lovable and courteous inhabitants are divided into two distinct classes—farmers and fishermen

The former plant wheat, corn, oats and potatoes

The latter catch the sweet fleshed tunny fish, sardines and lobsters

Neither farmers nor fishermen ever become rich, and meat is almost unknown in their homes

The people are, therefore, far from strong, the women especially being tender and delicate, with straight noses, slender, graceful necks and a slow, aristocratic carriage.

The men are of medium height and well built but lack the vigor characterizing the peasants of Normandy.

The islanders are proud and never beg A careful observer cannot fail to notice that among the many wrinkles which give character to their faces those written by laughter are wanting

Both men and women have a serious and melancholy air, and their foreheads seem burdened with sad memories or a certain restlessness Has not each one a father a brother, or a son on the malignant water that lies out there—out there—encircling the island everywhere as far as the eye can reach?

Here these people have lived for centuries surrounded by a moving, agitated cemetery that smiles so alluringly and at the same time so savagely.

Occasionally the laughter of a child in one of the huts bubbles out toward its mother working in the fields Her face lightens up for a moment, but she dare not seem happy, for as she turns there lies the sea, and its waves sob as they roll at her feet.

* * * * * * *

Yesterday there stood near me a dainty little girl of 13. She shaded her eyes with one hand in order to watch as long as possible her brother, who was walking down the street leading to the harbor of Bordery. Soberly as a matron she called after him: "Be careful of yourself and do not take cold. Au revoir! Good catch!"

The boy disappeared, and his sister returned to arrange her little household for the home coming of both her brothers, as the three were orphans to whom the state paid a small pension.

The girl was dressed in mourning, Father and Mother Gouenantin having died two years before—he in the hospital after 12 days of cruel suffering caused by the poisonous sting of a fish, she a few days later from consumption and grief.

Yes, there they lived, the three orphans. The elder brother, aged 18, had arisen at daybreak to be ready for his share of sardines, and the other, a lad of 15, was just to depart with his cousin Pierre-Marie to catch lobsters.

The three companions, Pierre-Marie Gouenantin, Eugene Gouenantin, the orphan, and Michel Samzun, boarded a little boat, L Enfant du Desert, hoisted its pale blue sail and disappeared.

* * * * * * *

The heavens were slightly misty, the wind came out of the west, and I, sitting on the rocks, looked before me dreaming the endless dreams born of the changeless yet ever changing sea as one gazes into its depths, full of charm and mystery.

Faraway cries caused me to turn my head and look about.

A flock of screaming sea gulls flying above me had attracted my attention I was just about to leave the rocks when new cries reached my ears. These were piteous and broken like the sobs of a child I arose and, looking toward the island where the lighthouse of Poulains stands, saw Mother Le Pelletier, the wife of the lighthouse keeper, down on her knees, waving her handkerchief, weeping and calling for help

Workmen, busy in the neighborhood, saw the woman just as I did. In a few moments the little island was crowded with people

What a painful, what a terrifying spectacle!

Opposite the point of the island, 300 meters from land, lay the boat L Enfant du Desert capsized. Her sails were under water, and on her keel, which rose in the air, clung Eugene Gouenantin, the orphan His face was as pale as a winding sheet, his eyes were closed, and his head, a plaything for the waves, swayed from right to left With my telescope I could follow the entire development of the tragedy.

The child had become helpless and was just about to loosen his hold of the boat Right near him lay Michel Samzun, clasping the edge of the keel convulsively, crying continually for help His voice, hoarse with the death struggle, was partly drowned by the waves rolling furiously over him, as if reluctant to surrender their prey.

A hundred meters from them Pierre Marie Gouenantin disappeared in the water, the boat's oar under his shoulders; but, strong and vigorous as he was, he arose with a cry of joy, for he had seen Father Le Pelletier coming. The lighthouse keeper, hearing the cries for help, had jumped into his boat and pushed from the shore without waiting for any of his companions for fear of being too late.

He was obliged to round the point.

"Courage! Hold fast!" called Michel Samzun to the little sailor hanging to the keel. "Courage! Father Le Pelletier is here, our gallant deliverer."

Then on came a wave, a sheer wall of water, with a foaming crest, and buried the boat. When it had spent itself, Michel raised his head and looked about—the keel was empty. Far away the wave was now rolling, and in its cruel bosom it held the orphan boy. Finally it disappeared in a whirl of waters, boiling and swirling in a horrible struggle for their victim.

The sun just then pierced the fog and shone dimly on the raging, tumultuous sea. In the meantime Father Le Pelletier had rescued Pierre-Marie Gouenantin, and then rowed to the place where the accident occurred. Great tears rolled over the weather stained cheeks of the brave lighthouse keeper, as with inexpressible tenderness he loosened Michel Samzun's cramped hands from the boat's keel.

For three-quarters of an hour the three fishermen had struggled with the waves and with the winds that had been blowing furiously for the last 20 minutes. When Michel's fingers were released, Father Le Pelletier drew him into the boat and placed him next to Pierre-Marie It being now certain that the orphan was lost, the lighthouse keeper made for the island where Mother Le Pelletier was waiting with dry underclothing, stockings, shoes and coats, while my maid had prepared a drink of hot wine.

Finally Le Pelletier stepped on shore and the two poor shipwrecked mariners followed The pilot shook the former by both hands, saying over and over:

"Brave fellow, brave fellow! Another rescue added to your long list."

"Oh," answered Le Pelletier, pale with sorrow and in a bitter tone, "a life has been lost!" And, although worn out and wet to the skin, he assisted the two fishermen, whose teeth were chattering, into some dry clothing.

Michel Samzun could not open his hands, so swollen were they They hung down limp as the hands of the dead and seemed to be clutching something invisible

Pierre-Marie, the elder—this was his second shipwreck—recovered first. With half suppressed anger he looked at the sea and cursed it Then in taking off his soaked wool jacket he felt his watch. He held it to his ear "It did not stop," he exclaimed, tapping the lid lightly "It is a very good watch "

When the sailors were dressed again and somewhat warmed by the wine, they asked about their boat. A deep flush spread over Pierre-Marie's face when he heard that the pilot, Alexandre, had saved it Although the sailors' limbs were still trembling and their hair stiff and wet from the salt water they at once stepped into the vessel, hoisted sail and steered for the pretty harbor of [illegible] Some one must tell "la petite [illegible] "

I took the road and arrived at the same time The murmurs of the sympathetic crowd was the first premonition the little girl had that something was wrong She came out of her door, still dressed in black, her restless little head covered with a white coif. She saw the farmers and fishermen form into a group She knew they were pitying her as they turned aside their heads She could hear the "alas, alas!" which the wind carried to her.

A nameless fear urged the girl forward to meet the crowd. With pale face and eyes wide open with horror the child understood at once when she saw the two fishermen alone. She fled back home, calling out in tones broken by grief: "He is dead! He is dead!" This was her message to the unseen dwellers there.

"He is dead! He is dead! Dead without confession!" she cried and fell down before the black crucifix that hung on the white wall.

"He is dead! He is dead!" she whispered, kneeling on the floor, her head pressed against the stones, her arms spread out toward the crucifix.

And the crowd of fishermen and farmers stood on the doorsill. They held their hats in their hands. They did not speak. They found no word of comfort

And I—I was in their midst, one of them.—From the French of Sara Bernhardt For Chicago Times-Herald.

Ignorance In Motion.

I do not in the least mind if England, when the people are less ignorant and more experienced in self government, eventually becomes a democracy. But violent, selfish, unreasoning democracy would bring expensive bureaucracy and the iron rule of a Cromwell Let the demagogue remember "Liberty forgetful of others is license, and nothing better than treason." The hero of the morning is too often the traitor of the afternoon It was the mob who smashed the Duke of Wellington's windows on the anniversary of Waterloo As Goethe says, "The worst thing in the world is ignorance in motion." The world would grow into the wickedest of worlds should all this babble and gabble ever succeed in impressing on the people that the obligations of contract are mere tyranny and that law is nothing but coercion.—Tennyson.

Quite Likely.

Teacher—Willie, if your father gave you 10 cents and then took away 4 and gave them to your brother, what would that make?

Willie—Trouble.—Yale Record.

Reflection of Sound.

In some of the large cities of Europe the principle of the reflection of sound is very ingeniously employed in locating the position of inaccessible obstructions in the pipes of the pneumatic tube service. Thus, when a pipe is constricted a diaphragm that is so thin as to vibrate instantly under the force of a sound wave is attached to the end of the pipe and connected electrically with a chronograph in such a manner that when the diaphragm vibrates it will close the electric circuit and register on the chronograph. A pistol loaded with a blank cartridge is then fired into the tube through an opening just below where the diaphragm is placed. When, therefore, the shot is fired, the sound wave causes the diaphragm to vibrate and registers the exact time on the chronograph. The sound wave will travel along the tube until it meets the obstruction and will then be reflected back. On this reflected sound or echo returning to the end of the tube it causes the diaphragm to vibrate again and make another registration on the chronograph, which by this simple operation will correctly indicate the exact interval of time required for the sound to travel from the end of the tube and back.—Exchange.

LOVE'S HAPPINESS.

Oh, do you e'er remember, love,
  How on one summer's night
We strayed upon the sandy beach
  Beneath the soft moonlight,
And as we sat beside the sea
  And listened to its roar
I press'd thy hand and vowed, dear one,
  To love thee more and more?
Oh, then, indeed, our hearts were light,
  And, like the summer flowers,
We drank in love as their frail buds
  Drink in the April showers.

The moonbeams with a holy light
  Fell on the glassy sea,
The stars shone pure jewel'd gems,
  But I—saw only thee.
I heeded not the beauties rare
  Which all around us shone.
My thoughts were all on one who was
  My beautiful—my own.
I only knew I clasped thy form
  Of classic grace with pride.
I heeded not the sea's low voice,
  For thou wert by my side.
  —Finley Johnson in New York Ledger.

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT.

The proudest sometimes unbend, and the botanical gardens were, for one afternoon, throwing off their usual reserve. Ordinary folk had only to come across Regent's park from Chester gate and present a card at the entrance to the gardens, and the bowler hatted old gentleman at the gate welcomed them as though they were most important members. Miss Llewellyn and Master Kenneth Waller, her friend, walked on the grass in the direction of music.

"Anybody you know here, Miss Llewellyn?"

"I don't suppose so, Kenneth."

"You don't know many people, do you, Miss Llewellyn?"

"Very few."

"Wonder at that," said the small boy, "because you're not bad looking, you know. Did you use to come here when you were well off? Do they sell lemonade here?"

"Seems possible. You think that everybody ought to have plenty of friends?"

"Plenty of friends," said Kenneth wisely, "but one in particular. Wonder how old you are?"

"That," said the young woman good temperedly, "that is the only question, Kenneth, that you must never put to a lady."

"I should guess," he said critically as they sat down in the low chairs near the refreshment tent and watched the people, "that you were about 26." Miss Llewellyn gave a quaint gesture of horror "Well, 25 then. Fancy!" The small boy whistled amazedly. "Twenty-five and not married yet."

"Young man," said Miss Llewellyn, flushing and affecting a tone of grave severity, "I find your conversation much too personal. You would like lemonade, I think, and two pieces of cake."

The scarlet coated band perched on seats near the glass house, with a crowd of smartly dressed folk in front of them, started a cheerful selection from a comic opera. Miss Llewellyn, a composed young woman in an ordinary way, as young women are who work for their living, found herself in quite a delighted mood. Music can do much when it tries.

"Of course," said her candid guest, with cake at his mouth, "I don't mean to say that you mightn't get married even now. I had an aunt once who was close upon 30 before she could get any one to look at her."

"The instance is encouraging, Kenneth. Don't eat too fast, mind."

"Still," said the youth wisely, "if I were a girl I should be jolly careful not to miss a good opportunity. Are those orchids they're carrying there? Hasn't that chap got a brown face who's telling the men where to take them? Seem to have seen him somewhere before. Shouldn't like to be an orchid, should you, Miss Llewellyn? Why, you'd have to grow out in South America and people would have fearful trouble to find you and risk their lives—hello, brown faced chap's coming this way!"

Miss Llewellyn looked up and then looked down again quickly, and for a moment her face went rather white. Her hand trembled as she held it out.

"Mr. Bradley," she said. "How do you do? I did not expect to see you here."

"I did not expect to see you again anywhere," he said.

There was the pause that comes after the banalities of greeting. Master Waller, not having spoken for quite half a minute, felt that he was in some danger of being overlooked, and coughed.

"This is my little friend, Kenneth Waller," she said. "Kenneth, this is Mr. Bradley."

"What's the matter with your face?" asked the small boy. "Have you been abroad?"

Mr. Bradley placed a broad fist on the round iron table and leaned down toward Master Waller good naturedly. He seemed as confused at the meeting as Miss Llewellyn, and as unprepared with conversation.

"I have been abroad, young man. I've been hunting orchids."

"Are you home for good now?" asked Kenneth.

Miss Llewellyn gripped the parasol that rested in her lap with both hands.

"I can't do any good at home," said Mr. Bradley. "I am off again to South America in a day or two."

"Why don't you stay in London?"

"Nobody asks me to stay."

"Should have thought," said Master Waller, "that you could have got somebody to do that. Have you any foreign postage stamps about you?"

Friendship between the two gentlemen was cemented and made permanent by the production of several foreign stamps and an envelope to place them in. People were coming up to the refreshment tent now, the band having decided to rest for half an hour and recover breath, and Master Waller invited Mr. Bradley to take his chair.

"You don't mind?" asked Bradley of Miss Llewellyn.

"Not at all," she said politely.

"May I smoke?"

"Let me strike the match," interposed Master Waller. "I'm awfully good at that. And tell us some of your adventures."

"They wouldn't interest Miss Llewellyn."

"Girls don't count," said Master Waller. "Tell me. Make it one where you nearly lost your life."

So 10 or 15 minutes were thus occupied, the small boy seated on Bradley's knee and staring at him with open mouthed astonishment. Miss Llewellyn, her head bowed, studied the band programme in apparently a laborious search for the misprints that a musical programme always offers. Bradley told the story well, without obtruding his own share in the adventure, and when he had finished punched the small boy humorously to bring him back from South America to Regent's park.

"And is that story true?" asked the small boy respectfully.

"It has that drawback, youngster."

"Well," said Master Waller, "I'm a man that's awfully fond of adventure, but I shouldn't care for that. What did you think of when that fierce animal was waiting to spring upon you?"

"Guess."

"Can't," said Master Waller. "Can you, Miss Llewellyn?"

She shook her head and again became interested in the band programme. Bradley looked at her and waited for her to speak, but she made no sign. Now, silence may at times be tolerable for grown up folk, but for impatient young men like Master Waller it brings nothing but weariness.

"Is there any chance of seeing these orchids, Mr. Bradley?" asked the youth. "It'll be something to brag about to my people if I could just get a sight of them."

"We'll all go over to the marquee and have a look. Miss Llewellyn, will you come, or shall we leave you here? There's rather a crush."

"Let's leave her," suggested Master Waller. "Miss Llewellyn likes being alone."

"I think I will stay here," she said.

"We shall be back in ten minutes," said Bradley.

Master Waller had to trot to keep up with the long strides of his new friend, but he did not mind this because he felt a kind of reflected glory in being accompanied by the man who had brought home some of the rarest of the amazing specimens in the crowded tent.

"Girls are a nuisance, aren't they?" said Master Waller, looking up confidentially.

"Sometimes," said Bradley.

"She isn't so tiresome, though, as some."

"I think I agree with you there."

"Works awfully hard—too hard, my mamma says."

"No necessity for that surely," said Bradley rather sharply.

"But Miss Llewellyn has to live," urged the small boy. "My mamma says that she was well off for a year or two before her father died, but since that"—

"Her father dead?"

"Here, I say," said Master Waller. "Don't grip a man's shoulder like that."

"Sorry!"

"They come into money, so my mamma says, a few years ago"—

"I remember that."

"And then Miss Llewellyn's governor put all into something, and it never came out again. That's why she has to manage the calisthenic school that I go to. And I say. Can you touch your toes with the tips of your fingers without"—

"Where does she live now?" Mr. Bradley seemed excited.

"In rooms," replied Master Waller volubly. "I've been there to tea along with my sisters. (That's a fine orchid there. You can't see it now. A girl's hat's in the way.) And Miss Llewellyn's got awfully nice furniture and photographs, and"— Master Waller slapped his knee suddenly. "I remember now where I've seen your face before, Mr. Bradley. Only without the short beard."

"Come outside," said Bradley, "and tell me."

They made their way through the crowd and reached the exit. Bradley held his breath and bent to hear the small boy's reply.

"On her dressing table," whispered Master Waller confidentially, "in the beautifullest frame you ever saw, and—Where are you going?"

"Back to Miss Llewellyn," cried Bradley.

"Well, but," said Master Waller protestingly, "wait for me."

Bradley did not obey the young man. He strode across the lawn, past the band, which was playing a quick march that was not quick enough to keep pace with him. Before Master Waller found the two there had been a swift exchange of low sentences that altered their views of the world and made them both think of it as a place where happiness is to be found.

"And why did you refuse me before, dear?"

"Because all my people pressed me to accept you," said Miss Llewellyn.

"The excuse of a very obstinate young woman."

"Why did you—why did you not ask me again?" she demanded.

"Because," said Bradley, "it was just then that your father came into that money."

"The excuse of a very independent man," said Miss Llewellyn, touching with pretty affection the big hand that rested on the round table. "When—when it is that you leave for South America?"

"Not until you tell me to go, dear," he said promptly.

"Here, I say," cried Master Waller, arriving after some difficulty, "you two, don't lose sight of me, mind! Miss Llewellyn, have I been a good boy?"

"I've a great mind to kiss you, Kenneth," she said.

"Rather have some more lemonade."

"As Kenneth declines your suggestion," said Bradley, signaling to a waiter, "may I venture to submit myself"—

"Hush!" said Miss Llewellyn.—Woman at Home

A Curious Epitaph.

The following epitaph is copied from a tomb in the vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:

"Here lieth the body of Louis Caldy, Esq., a native of Montpellier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at that place in 1692, but by the great providence of God was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat and lived 40 years afterward."—Nuggets.

When Bedlam Was Heaven.

A highlander had visited the capital of Scotland, and on his return to his "native hills" astonished his companions by telling them what he had seen and done there. "Dugald Macpherson an me," he said, "gaed doon to Luckie McNab's, in the Canongate, to meet some o' oor auld freens there. When we gaed in, there was anither ten or a dizzen heelenmen there, an they a' had their pipes wi' them. After we had taen a crack for awhile somebody proposed a tune. Wi' that we a' shoulthered our pipes an began to play different tunes. Mon, it was bonnie. I just thocht I was in heeven!"—London Telegraph.

And Granite Nerve.

A good story is told by an English tourist who staid for a week in apartments in Aberdeen, the Granite City.

"I had heard," he says, "of the canny folk of Aberdeen, and my experience, short though it was, proved that rumor had rightly estimated the character of the people. The streets are granite, the houses are granite and the inhabitants are granite, and when they have a granite baby they give it a ball of granite for fear it should break any other toy.

"I had a granite landlady, and one day when I was going fishing her son volunteered to accompany me. I provided the lunch, the rods and the lines; he provided the worms—dug them up in a neighbor's garden with a borrowed spade. I caught 16 trout; he ate the lunch and broke my best rod. When we got home, I made a present of 14 of the fish to my granite landlady and asked her to cook the other two for my tea. She did—and charged me threepence for the dripping in which they were fried."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Englishmen and Scotland.

The Englishman is looked on in Scotland and regards himself as a foreigner. Though the literary language of both countries is one and the same, many of the most common Scottish expressions are quite unintelligible to him, while the laws and institutions of the country are entirely unfamiliar. "How," in this connection remarked the Edinburgh Press, "how is it that, after living 1,000 years side by side, after three centuries of union and in spite of the yearly visit to Scotland of tens of thousands of English, there are still among them people, even writers, who know less about our country than about Patagonia?"

Found Repose Behind the Pulpit.

Seth Payne, a newspaper character of Denver in other times, was a victim of insomnia to a distressing degree. He finally obtained permission of Tom Uzzell to sleep in the Methodist church, and during the summer of 1879, wrapped in an ordinary blanket and stowed away behind the pulpit of the parish church, he found repose which he declared was denied him elsewhere. —Denver Times.

He Played What He Saw.

An itinerant musician who played the trombone in a little German band haled the leader of that organization to a London court and demanded that a week's wages which he claimed were due him should be paid. The leader declared that he had discharged the man for incompetency and that he had been paid in full. The plaintiff insisted that he was a skilled performer, and in explaining the incident that had resulted in his ejection from the band charged that the discordant noises which he admitted he was guilty of making on one occasion were the fault not of himself, but of his employer. In elucidation of this mystery the aggrieved musician said that the leader, as usual, had distributed the different parts to the players and had been careless enough to pass over the trombone part upside down. Being nearsighted, the player did not notice the mistake, but proceeded to sound the notes as he read them from the reversed score. "I blay vot I see," he declared in court, "and dere vas a noise." The leader said the "noise" was dreadful, as may well have been the case, and that the plaintiff had refused to stop playing when ordered to do so. Ingenious as was the attempted explanation, it did not convince the judge, and a verdict for the defendant was given.—Berlin Correspondence.

Eaton Hall.

Among the many famous and beautiful seats of the nobility of England is Eaton Hall, but few seem to know of the vast extent of this splendid home of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. So numerous are the rooms that 60 suits are set apart for visitors alone, but it is only on the occasion of a royal visit that the true size of this beautiful hall is shown. When the duke and duchess are alone or have only a small house party, they prefer to occupy a house which is attached to the hall.

The Reason.

She—Woman's mind is cleaner than that of man.

He—Certainly. She changes it oftener.—Indianapolis Journal.

The oyster sleeps in a folding bed.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

NECESSARY FLATTERY.

The Experience of a Young Woman Who Tried Plain Speaking For a Week.

It was the first afternoon of the club meeting, and the girl who prides herself on the earnestness of her aims and objects in life came into the room with the light of a noble resolve glorifying her countenance.

"I've been reading the loveliest book in the world, girls," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and henceforth I shall never flatter or deceive anybody! The author says that flattery is the worst of sins and that"—

"Tell us your experiences next week," interrupted the sarcastic maiden grimly. "They'll be a lot more interesting than an account of the book's preachings, and besides"— But the earnest girl had flown off in indignation, and she was decidedly meek and crestfallen when next the club members met.

"You needn't laugh," she remarked to the sarcastic maiden, who was grinning expectantly, "for I believe what the book said was true, only we're not sufficiently developed to live by such an elevated standard. You know, I said I should never flatter anybody again all my life. Well, that was last week. Now I'm going to flatter everybody. I've had enough of plain speaking to last me a lifetime. Last Monday I told mamma she was getting crow's feet when I knew she wanted me to say she wasn't. Next day Mamie asked me how old I thought she looked, and I told her honestly. Mamma hasn't got over being vexed yet, and, as for Mamie, I don't suppose she'll ever speak to me again.

"Wednesday our pastor called and wanted my honest opinion of his last sermon. I told him, and he was awfully hurt. Friday I told my dressmaker that I considered her awfully careless with nice material, and she left the house in anger, with my new dress half done and not a soul among us who knows how to finish it. Other dressmakers won't, you know, so what shall I do?

"That's the way things have gone all week. Now I'm going to say lovely things on principle again, whether they're true or not. You girls do look perfectly stunning," she continued sweetly as her listeners sighed sympathetically. "I do think we have the prettiest set of girls in the city in our club and the nicest."

And then she wondered that they didn't really seem grateful for the compliment. "They acted just as if they didn't think I meant it," she told her chum afterward.—Chicago Times-Herald.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PISTOLS.

They Have Lowered In Price and Increased In Reliability.

"There has been more progress made in the revolver trade in the past ten years," explained a Connecticut revolver manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter, "than in any other line of trade that I know of. There was a time when even the old fashioned single barreled pistol could not be manufactured to sell for less than $1, or even more. That time has gone, and the single barreled pistol is a thing of the past. In its place came the revolver, which is now made in all sizes, from a vest pocket revolver to that which is carried in a holster. The prices have kept on going down as the revolvers have improved in manufacture, so that now a perfect working and reliable revolver can be bought at retail as low as $1, and even the best makes for $2 or $3.

"The self cocking and hammerless revolver, which five years ago sold at retail at $10 and $12, can now be bought by the carload as low as $2 or $3, and the better goods at from $4 to $6. In these arms the best steel is used. The German revolver, which was the only one which ever seriously competed with those of American make, has about run out its race and is never offered any more except in country stores, where it is bought by boys. It is clumsier made and heavier than the American revolver and no more compares with the latter than than does the English line of revolvers, which at one time were very freely sold in this country. Likewise the American rifle and shotgun have outdistanced all other makes, though the German cheap shotguns still find a good market with those who do not care to put much money in a gun. The American double barreled shotgun, which sells at retail for about

$12, is a much cheaper gun in the long run than the German make, which sells at from $5 to $6, as all of those who have had experience with them discovered long ago."

Rather Personal.

"Ladies," said the chairman of the meeting of the Woman's Advanced Thought and Practical Experience club, "this meeting, I believe, was announced to be a symposium on the subject of 'Apartment House Nuisances.'"

There was a murmur of assent and approval, and from the way every woman in the hall straightened up it was evident that there wasn't one of them who didn't feel that she had something of importance to say on the subject.

"I hope," continued the chairman, "that we will be able to get through this afternoon, but it is unquestionably a most comprehensive subject, and, with your permission, I will undertake to divide it so that we can take up one feature at a time."

"So lovely!" "Just the thing!" and "How nice!" came from various parts of the hall.

"I would suggest that we first take up the landlord, as he"—

Cries of "Mean thing!" "Promised us a porcelain bathtub a year ago!" "Won't paper the hall!" etc.

—"is one of the greatest of flat building evils. After disposing of him, I think perhaps the janitor"—

Cries of "Disobliging creature!" "Freezes us to death!" "Absolutely insulting!" etc.

—"should claim our attention. We all can speak with deep feeling on this branch of the subject, and possibly we may find it necessary to limit discussion of it. Then I would suggest that we group children and dogs"—

Cries of "The pets!" "Darlings!" "Dirty creatures!" "Noisy youngsters!" etc.

—"and close with a discussion of flat building gossips, the most troublesome and notorious of their kind."

There was a dead silence as she ceased speaking. The women looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way, and then almost as one person they got up and moved toward the door.

"Personalities should be barred," said one as she angrily marched out.

"I never was so insulted in all my life," said another.

And thus the chairman was left alone.—Chicago Post.

Particularly Patient.

"Patience, my dear, patience," said Harkins blandly to his wife one morning at the breakfast table when she spoke a trifle sharply to one of the children for dropping his bread, buttered side down, on the cloth. "You know that accidents will happen, and we were children ourselves once. I'm sure that Bertie didn't mean to—great Jupiter! There goes Harold's glass of milk all over my new trousers. If I don't—oh, you'd better skedaddle from the table, young man. It beats everything. Get a cloth, somebody, and clean up this mess. It beats thunder that a man can't sit at his own table without being tormented and bespattered as I am every time I try to eat a meal under my roof. Look at these trousers—absolutely and utterly ruined. Just wait till I get hold of that boy. Just wait till I lay hands on him, and I'll teach him how to deliberately throw a glass of milk over a guinea pair of trousers. Don't tell me that he didn't mean to do it. He came to the table with the intention of doing it, and I—I—well, you'll see what I'll do when I get hold of him."—Strand Magazine.

A Cemetery Story From Maine.

In a quaint old cemetery at Bass Harbor, Me., lies an aged couple who were noted in their life for their piety and their active interest in meetings and other good works. The old gentleman in his exhortation would often speak of wearing the crown, while the old lady often spoke of blossoming as the rose. After the tombstones had been erected at their graves with their names and ages duly chronicled thereon there appeared on his tombstone distinctly outlined the figure of a crown, while on hers appeared the figure of a full blown rose. The fact is well authenticated by many people who have visited the cemetery on purpose to see this wonderful sight.—Deer Isle Gazette.

Missouri ranks first among the states in the production of poultry and second only to Ohio in the extent of egg product.

In Sokotra.

The population of the island is made up of several races. On the coast one finds a mongrel blend of Arabs and negroes. Among the mountains the villagers are Bedouin pure and simple, with chocolate colored skins and handsome features. But, taken as a whole, the inhabitants of Sokotra do not impress one favorably. They are extremely greedy, and "robeeah" is a word scarcely ever out of their mouths. The rupee has ousted the old Maria Theresa dollar from this island, as from other oriental countries, but the islanders are not yet accustomed to the use of the smaller Indian currency, and often looked askance at the 2 anna pieces we offered them for milk or butter. Only once during our stay did we meet with any real generosity or hospitality, and that was from an alien, a merchant of Muscat.

Woe to the unhappy traveler whose money gave out in Sokotra, or to the still more hapless mariner cast upon these shores without any possessions. The sultan, it is true, receives £90 a year from the British government and is required by treaty to befriend Englishmen who may be wrecked on this coast, but the abominable treatment we received at the hands of this mean and avaricious ruler would not lead one to expect much in the way of generosity toward poor or penniless outcasts. When we wished to leave the island before the change of the monsoon had cut off all possibility of such a thing, the sultan prevented any boat from making a bargain with us, in order to force us to employ his own dhow, for the hire of which he demanded the outrageous sum of £120. We ultimately secured the wretched buggalow for £50, an extortionate price.—Longman's Magazine.

St. Andrew's by Wardrobe.

The tiny churchyard of St. Andrews-by-Wardrobe has many associations. It is even Shakespearean. In his last will the poet left a house in the parish to his daughter, Susannah Hall, "situate, lying and being in Blackfriars, in London, nere the Wardrobe." "But why Wardrobe?" will be asked by such as remember Betsy Trotwood's "Why Rookery?" In a palace built in the fourteenth century by Sir John Beauchamp, the same whose tomb in St. Paul's churchyard became the resort of the dinnerless, who believed it to be that of the good Duke Humphrey, Edward III deposited all the old court clothes. The exhibition was a sort of sartorial library, as somebody has remarked. Now its site over against the northeast corner of the church is covered by Wardrobe Chambers. In the churchyard lie two of "Vandyke's men," and his daughter was baptized there, so there are artistic as well as poetic associations. Indeed, Faithorn, the engraver, was buried there. An old epitaph is preserved in Maitland, but no trace of it is now to be found:

When God was pleased (the world unwilling
yet)
Helias James to Nature paid his debt,
And here reposes: as he lived he dy'd,
The saying in him strongly verified.
Such life, such death, then a long truth to tell,
He lived a godly life and dy'd as well.

Helias James was evidently of those whose hand is subdued to what it works in.—Westminster Gazette.

Silas In New York.

A figure that was for a time familiar in up town streets has now appeared down town. It is that of a man in the garb of a countryman carrying an old fashioned valise, upon which an advertisement is painted. Up town he returned at intervals to the shore he came from, looked up at the sign over the door and then walked in, to start out again presently on another round.

Down town he carries two valises, a small, flat valise of the alligator mouth kind, upon the side of which is marked the name "Silas." The other, a big, square, glazed valise, bears the name and announcement of a down town hotel.

Silas, wearing clothes from way back, his trousers tucked in his boots, and a red bandanna around his neck, smooth faced and wearing spectacles, and with a look of profound innocence upon his countenance, wanders about through the busy streets in the lower part of the city. He attracts attention, and that is his business. Incidentally he adds one to the many odd, picturesque and interesting features of the city's varied show.—New York Sun.

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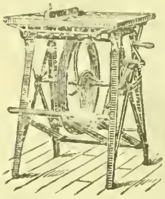

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Honey and Beeswax Market Report.

Below we give the latest and most authentic report of the Honey and Beeswax market in different trade centers:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 22. 1897.—The demand for honey is fair. Good supply. Price of comb 10 to 12c per lb. Extracted 4 to 6c per lb. Good demand for Beeswax at 25c per lb. Light supply.
HAMBLIN & BEARSS, 514 Walnut St.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov 23. 1897.—Slow demand for honey. Good supply Price of comb 10 to 13c per lb. for best white. Extracted 3½ to 6c per pound. Good demand for Beeswax. Fair supply. Prices 20 to 25c per lb. on arrival for good to choice yellow.
CHAS. F. MUTH & SON
S. E. Cor, Freeman and Central Aves.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 20. 1897.—Good demand for honey and large supply. Price of comb 7 to 8c for buckwheat and 10 to 12c per lb. for choice white. Good demand for beeswax. Buckwheat honey plenty but supply of clover limited.
CHAS. W. MCCOLLOUGH & Co., 380 Broadway.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 24. 1897.—Good demand for honey. Ample supply. Fancy white cartoons 13c per lb. No. 1 white 11 to 12c. Fancy amber 9 to 10c per lb. Extracted 6@7c per lb. Good demand for beeswax, Supply very light. Price 28c per lb.
BLAKE, SCOTT & LEE, 57 Chatham St.

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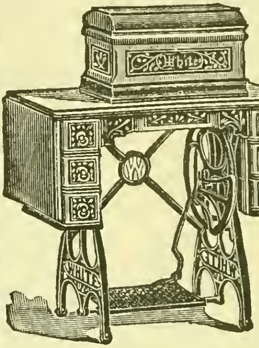

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